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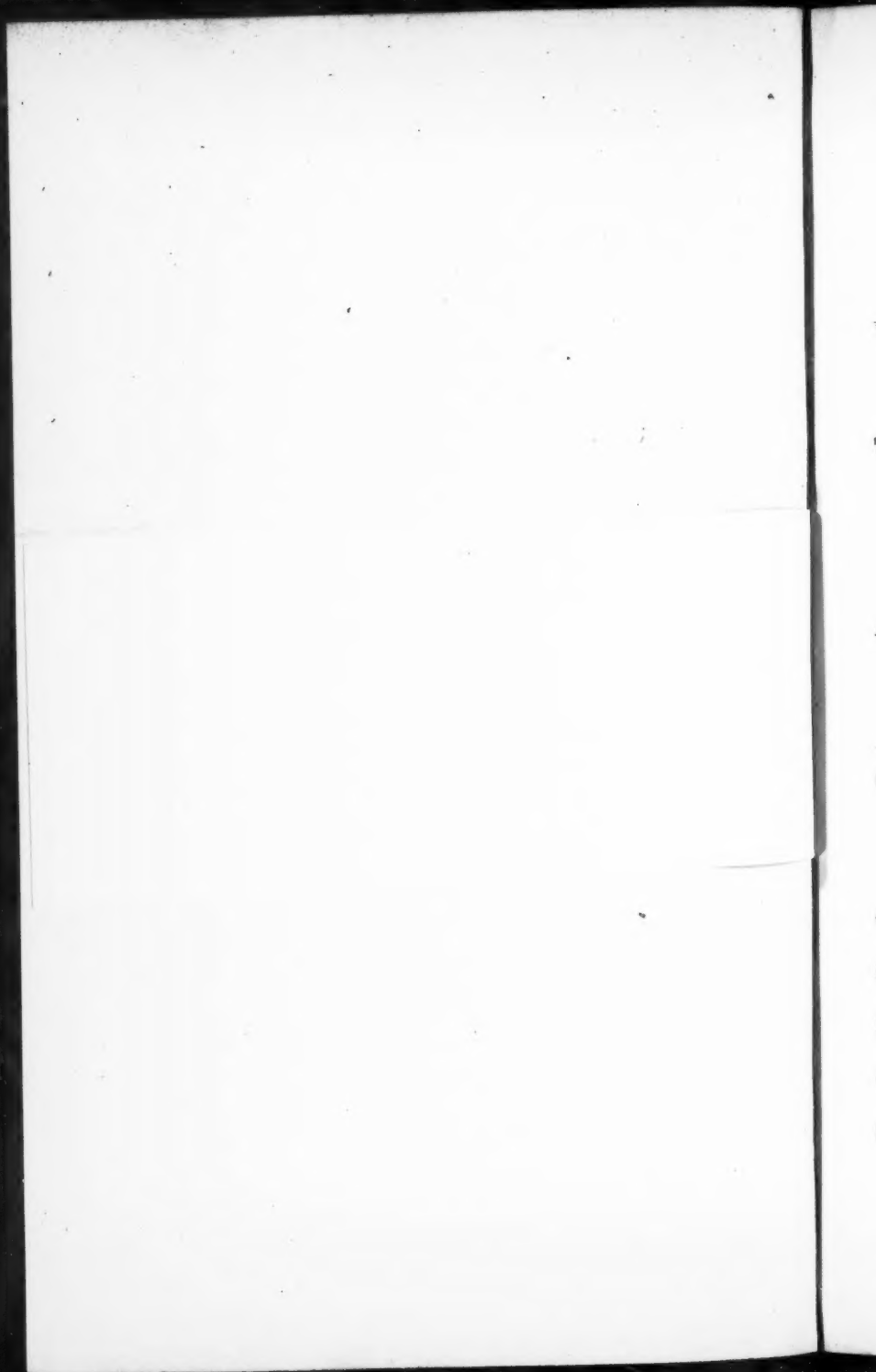
No. II.
OCTOBER, 1855.

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By an unfortunate inadvertence, the Title and Index to the First Volume of the NATIONAL REVIEW, consisting of the two numbers now published, have not been prepared. They shall, however, be issued to our Readers with our next number.



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The close-press’d leaves, unoped for many an age,
The dull red edging of the well-fill’d page ;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll’d,
Where yet the title stands in tarnish’d gold.”

And the change in the appearance of books has been accompanied—has been caused—by a similar change in readers. What a transition from the student of former ages!—from a grave man, with grave cheeks and a considerate eye, who spends his life in study, has no interest in the outward world, hears nothing of its din, and cares nothing for its honours, who would gladly learn and gladly teach, whose whole soul is taken up with a few books of “Aristotle and his Philosophy,”—to the merchant in the railway, with a head full of sums, an idea that tallow is “up,” a conviction that teas are “lively,” and a mind reverting perpetually from the little volume which he reads to these mundane topics, to the railway, to the shares, to the buying and bargaining universe. It is no wonder that the outside of books is so different, when the inner nature of those for whom they are written is so changed.

It is, indeed, a peculiarity of our times, that we must instruct so many persons. On politics, on religion, on all less important topics *à fortiori*, every one thinks himself competent to think,—in some casual manner does think,—to the best of our means must be taught to think rightly. Even if we had a profound and far-seeing statesman, his deep ideas and long-reaching vision would be useless to us, unless we could impart a confidence in them to the mass of influential persons, to the unelected Commons, the unchosen Council, who assist at the deliberations of the nation. In religion the appeal now is, not to the technicalities of scholars, or the fictions of reclusive schoolmen, but to the deep feelings, the sure sentiments, the painful strivings of all who think and hope. And this appeal to the many necessarily brings with it a consequence. We must speak to the many so that they will listen,—that they will like to listen,—that they will understand. It is of no use addressing them with the forms of science, or the rigour of accuracy, or the tedium of exhaustive discussion. The multitude are impatient of system, desirous of brevity, puzzled by formality. They agree with Sydney Smith: “Political economy has become, in the hands of Malthus and Ricardo, a school of metaphysics. All seem agreed what is to be done: the con-

tention is, how the subject is to be divided and defined. *Meddle with no such matters.*" We are not sneering at the last of these sciences; we are concerned with the essential doctrine, and not with the particular instance. Such is the taste of the public.

There is, as yet, no Act of Parliament compelling a *bonâ fide* traveller to read. If you wish him to read, you must make reading pleasant. You must give him short views, and clear sentences. It will not answer to explain what all the things which you describe, are *not*. You must begin by saying what they are. There is exactly the difference between the books of this age, and those of a more laborious age, that we feel between the lecture of a professor and the talk of the man of the world—the former profound, systematic, suggesting all arguments, analysing all difficulties, discussing all doubts, very admirable, a little tedious, slowly winding an elaborate way, the characteristic effort of one who has hived wisdom during many studious years, agreeable to such as he is, anything but agreeable to such as he is not—the latter, the talk of the manifold talker, glancing lightly from topic to topic, suggesting deep things in a jest, unfolding unanswerable arguments in an absurd illustration, expounding nothing, completing nothing, exhausting nothing, yet really suggesting the lessons of a wider experience, embodying the results of a more finely tested philosophy, passing with a more Shakspearian transition, connecting topics with a more subtle link, refining on them with an acuter perception, and what is more to the purpose, pleasing all that hear him, charming high and low, in season and out of season, with a word of illustration for each and a touch of humour intelligible to all, fragmentary yet imparting what he says, allusive yet explaining what he intends, disconnected yet impressing what he maintains. This is the very model of our modern writing. The man of the modern world is used to speak what the modern world will hear; the writer of the modern world must write what that world will indulgently and pleasantly peruse.

In this transition from ancient writing to modern, the review-like essay and the essay-like review fill a large space. Their small bulk, their slight pretension to systematic completeness, their avowal, it might be said, of necessary incompleteness, the facility of changing the subject, of selecting points to attack, of exposing only the best corner for defence, are great temptations. Still greater is the advantage of "our limits." A real reviewer always spends his first and best pages on the parts of a subject on which he wishes to write, the easy comfortable parts which he knows. The formidable difficulties which he

owns, you foresee by a strange fatality he will only reach two pages before the end; to his great grief there is no opportunity for discussing them. As a young gentleman, at the India House examination, wrote "Time up" on nine unfinished papers in succession, so you may occasionally read a whole review, in every article of which, the principal difficulty of each successive question is about to be reached at the conclusion. Nor can any one deny that this is the suitable skill, the judicious custom, of the craft.

Some may be inclined to mourn over the old days of systematic arguments and regular discussion. A "field-day" argument is a fine thing. These skirmishes have much danger and no glory. Yet there is one immense advantage. The appeal now is to the mass of sensible persons. Professed students are not generally suspected of common sense; and though they often show acuteness in their peculiar pursuits, yet they naturally want the various experience, the changing imagination, the feeling nature, the realized detail which are necessary *data* for a thousand questions. The *Edinburgh Review* was, at its beginning, a material step in the change. No doubt the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, and such-like writings, had opened a similar vein, but their size was too small. They could only deal with small fragments, or the extreme essence of a subject. They could not give a view of what was complicated, or analyse what was involved. The modern man must be told what to think, shortly no doubt, but he must be told it. The essay-like criticism of modern times is about the length which he likes. The *Edinburgh Review*, which began the system, may be said to be, in this country, the commencement on large topics of suitable views for sensible persons.

The circumstances of the time were especially favourable to such an undertaking. Those years were the commencement of what is called the Eldonine period. The cold and haughty Pitt had gone down to the grave in circumstances singularly contrasting with his vigorous and prosperous youth, and he had carried along with him the inner essence of half-liberal principle, which had clung to his tenacious mind from youthful associations, and was all that remained to the Tories of abstraction or theory. As for Lord Eldon, it is the most difficult thing in the world to believe that there ever was such a man. It only shows how intense historical evidence is, that no one really doubts it. He believed in everything which it is impossible to believe in—in the danger of Parliamentary Reform, the danger of Catholic Emancipation, the danger of altering the Court of Chancery, the danger of altering the Courts of Law, the danger of abolishing capital punishments for

trivial thefts, the danger of making landowners pay their debts, the danger of making anything more, the danger of making anything less. It seems as if he maturely thought, "Now I know the present state of things to be consistent with the existence of John Lord Eldon; but if we begin altering that state, I am sure I do not know that it will be consistent." As Sir Robert Walpole was against all committees of inquiry, on the simple ground, "If they once begin that sort of thing, who knows who will be safe?"—so that great Chancellor (who is still regretted by the somewhat ponderous gentlemen said to be acute in the Court of Chancery) looked pleasantly down from the woosack, and seemed to observe, "Well, it is a queer thing that I should be here, and here I mean to stay." With this idea he employed, for many years, all the abstract intellect of an accomplished lawyer, all the practical *bonhomie* of an accomplished courtier, all the energy of both professions, all the subtlety acquired in either, in the task of maintaining John Lord Eldon in the cabinet, and maintaining a cabinet that would suit John Lord Eldon. No matter what change or misfortunes happened to the Royal house,—whether the most important person in court politics was the old King or the young King, Queen Charlotte or Queen Caroline—whether it is a question of talking grave business to the mutton of George the Third, or queer stories beside the champagne of George the Fourth, there was the same figure. To the first he was tearfully conscientious, and at the second the old northern circuit stories (how old, what outlasting tradition shall ever say?) told with a cheerful *bonhomie*, and a strong conviction that they *were* ludicrous, really seemed to have pleased as well as the more artificial niceties of the professed wits. He was always agreeable, and always serviceable. No little peccadillo offended him: the ideal, according to the satirist, of a "good-natured man," he cared for nothing until he was himself hurt: he ever remembered the statute which absolves all obedience to a king *de facto*. And it was the same in the political world. No matter what politicians came and went—and a good many, including several that are now scarcely remembered, did come and go,—the "Cabinet-maker," as men called him, still remained. "As to Lord Liverpool being Prime Minister," continued Mr. Brougham, "he is no more Prime Minister than I am. I reckon Lord Liverpool a sort of member of opposition; and after what has recently passed, if I were required, I should designate him as 'a noble lord with whom I have the honour to act.' Lord Liverpool may have collateral influence, but Lord Eldon has all the direct influence of the Prime Minister. He is Prime Minister to all intents and purposes.

and he stands alone in the full exercise of all the influence of that high situation. Lord Liverpool has carried measures against the Lord Chancellor; so have I. If Lord Liverpool carried the Marriage Act, I carried the Education Bill, &c., &c." And though the general views of Lord Eldon may be described,—though one can say at least negatively and intelligibly that he objected to everything proposed, and never proposed anything himself,—the arguments are such as it would require great intellectual courage to endeavour at all to explain. What follows is a favourable specimen.

"Lord Grey," says the biographer, "having introduced a bill for dispensing with the declarations prescribed by the acts of 25 and of 30 Car. II., against the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and the Invocation of Saints, moved the second reading of it on the 10th of June, when the Lord Chancellor again opposed the principle of such a measure, urging that the law which had been introduced under Charles II. had been re-enacted in the first parliament of *William III.*, the founder of our civil and religious liberties. It had been thought necessary for the preservation of these, that *papists* should not be allowed to sit in parliament, and some test was necessary by which it might be ascertained whether a man was a Catholic or Protestant. The only possible test for such a purpose was an oath declaratory of religious belief, and as *Dr. Paley* had observed, it was perfectly just to have a religious test of a political creed. He entreated the House not to commit the crime against posterity of transmitting to them in an impaired and insecure state the civil and religious liberties of England." And this sort of appeal to Paley and King William, is made the ground—one can hardly say the reason—for the most rigid adherence to all that was established.

It may be asked, how came the English people to endure this? They are not naturally illiberal; on the contrary, though slow and cautious, they are prone to steady improvement, and not at all disposed to acquiesce in the unlimited perfection of their rulers. On a certain imaginative side there is or was a strong feeling of loyalty, of attachment to what is old, love for what is ancestral, belief in what has been tried. But the fond attachment to the past is a very different idea from a slavish adoration of the present. Nothing is more removed from the Eldonine idolatry of the *status quo* than the old cavalier feeling of deep idolatry for the ancient realm—that half-mystic idea that consecrated what it touched; the moonlight, as it were, which

"Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

Why, then, did the English endure the everlasting Chancellor?

The fact is, that Lord Eldon's rule was maintained a great deal on the same motives as that of Louis Napoleon. One can fancy his astonishment at hearing it said, and his cheerful rejoinder, "That whatever he was, and Mr. Brougham was in the habit of calling him strange names, no one should ever make him believe that he was a *Bonaparte*." But, in fact, he was, like the present Emperor, the head of what is called in our modern phrase the party of order. Everybody knows what keeps Louis Napoleon in his place. It is not attachment to him, but dread of what he restrains—dread of revolution. The present may not be good, and having such newspapers,—you might say no newspapers,—is really dreadful; but it is better than no trade, bankrupt banks, loss of income, loss of old savings; your mother beheaded on destructive principles; your eldest son shot on conservative ones. Very similar was the feeling of Englishmen in the year 1800. They had no liking at all for the French system. Statesmen saw its absurdity, holy men were shocked at its impiety, mercantile men saw its effect on the 5 per cents. Everybody was revolted by its cruelty. That it came across the Channel was no great recommendation. A witty writer of our own time says, that if a still Mussulman, in his flowing robes, wished to give his son a warning against renouncing his faith, he would take the completest, smartest, dapperest French dandy out of the streets of Pera, and say, "There, my son, if you ever come to forget God and the Prophet, you may come to look like *that*." Exactly similar in old conservative speeches is the use of the French Revolution. If you proposed to alter anything, of importance or not of importance, legal or social, religious or not religious, the same answer was ready. "You see what the French have come to. They made alterations; if we make alterations, who knows but we may end in the same way?" It was not any peculiar bigotry in Lord Eldon that actuated him, or he would have been powerless; still less was it any affected feeling which he put forward (though, doubtless, he was aware of its persuasive potency, and worked on it most skilfully to his own ends); it really was genuine, hearty, craven fear; and he ruled naturally the commonplace Englishman, because he sympathized in his sentiments, and excelled him in his powers.

There was, too, another cause beside fear which then inclined, and which in similar times of miscellaneous revolution will ever incline, subtle rather than creative intellects to a narrow conservatism. Such intellects require an exact creed; they want to be able clearly to distinguish themselves from

those around them ; to tell to each man where they differ and why they differ ; they cannot make assumptions ; they cannot, like the merely practical man, be content with rough and obvious axioms ; they require a theory. Such a want it is difficult to satisfy in an age of confusion and tumult, when old habits are shaken, old views overthrown, ancient assumptions rudely questioned, ancient inferences utterly denied, when each man has a different view from his neighbour, when an intellectual change has set father and son at variance, when a man's own household are the special foes of his favourite and self-adopted creed. A bold and original mind breaks through these vexations, and forms for itself a theory satisfactory to its notions, and sufficient for its wants. A weak mind yields a passive obedience to those among whom it is thrown. But a mind which is searching without being creative, which is accurate and logical enough to see defects, without being combinative or inventive enough to provide remedies, which, in the old language, is discriminative rather than discursive, is wholly unable, out of the medley of new suggestions, to provide itself with an adequate belief ; and it naturally falls back on the *status quo*. This is, at least, clear and simple and defined ; you know at least what you propose—where you end—why you pause ;—an argumentative defence it is, doubtless, difficult to find ; but there are arguments on all sides ; the world is a medley of arguments ; no one is agreed in which direction to alter the world : what is proposed is as liable to objection as what exists ; nonsense for nonsense, the old should keep its ground : and so in times of convulsion, the philosophic scepticism—the ever-questioning hesitation of Hume and Montaigne—the subtlest quintessence of the most restless and refining abstraction—becomes allied to the stupidest, crudest acquiescence in the present and concrete world. You may sometimes observe in conservative literature (the remark is as true of religion as of politics) alternations of sentences, the first an appeal to the coarsest prejudice,—the next a subtle hint to a craving and insatiable scepticism. You may trace it sometimes even in Vesey junior. Lord Eldon never read Hume or Montaigne, but occasionally, in the interstices of cumbrous law, you may find sentences with their meaning, if not in their manner ; “ Dumpor's case always struck me as extraordinary, but if you depart from Dumpor's case, what is there to prevent a departure in every direction ? ”

The glory of the Edinburgh Review is that from the first it steadily set itself to oppose this timorous acquiescence in the actual system. On domestic subjects the history of the first thirty years of the eighteenth century is a species of duel between the Edinburgh Review and Lord Eldon. All the ancient

abuses which he thought it most dangerous to impair, they thought it most dangerous to retain. "To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*," says one of the founders, "the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated. The Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed. The game-laws were horribly oppressive; steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel. Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind. Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments. The principles of political economy were little understood. The laws of debt and conspiracy were on the worst footing. The enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated. A thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and noble men have since lessened or removed: and these efforts have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*." And even more characteristic than the advocacy of these or any other partial or particular reforms is the systematic opposition of the *Edinburgh Review* to the crude acquiescence in the *status quo*; the timorous dislike to change because it was change; the optimistic conclusion, "that what is, ought to be;" the sceptical query, "How do you know that what you say will be any better?"

In this defence of the principle of innovation, a defence which it requires great imagination (or, as we suggested, the looking across the Channel) to conceive the difficulty of now, the *Edinburgh Review* was but the doctrinal organ of the Whigs. A great deal of philosophy has been expended in endeavouring to fix and express theoretically the creed of that party: various forms of abstract doctrine have been drawn out, in which elaborate sentence follows hard on elaborate sentence, to be set aside, or at least vigorously questioned by the next or succeeding inquirers. In truth Whiggism is not a creed, it is a character. Perhaps as long as there has been a political history in this country there have been certain men of a cool, moderate, resolute firmness, not gifted with high imagination, little prone to enthusiastic sentiment, heedless of large theories and speculations, careless of dreamy scepticism; with a clear view of the next step, and a wise intention to act on it; with a strong conviction that the elements of knowledge are true, and a steady belief that the present world can, and should be, quietly improved.

These are the Whigs. A tinge of simplicity still clings to the character; of old it was the Country Party. The limitation of their imagination is in some sort an ad-

vantage to such men; it confines them to a simple path, prevents their being drawn aside by various speculations, restricts them to what is clear and intelligible, and at hand. "I cannot," said Sir S. Romilly, "be convinced without arguments, and I do not see that either Burke or Paine advance any." He was unable to see that the most convincing arguments,—and some of those in the work of Burke, which he alludes to, are certainly sound enough,—may be expressed imaginatively, and may work a far firmer persuasion than any neat and abstract statement. Nor are the intellectual powers of the characteristic element in this party exactly of the loftiest order; they have no call to make great discoveries, or pursue unbounded designs, or amaze the world by some wild dream of empire and renown. That terrible essence of daring genius, such as we see it in Napoleon, and can imagine it in some of the conquerors of old time, is utterly removed from their cool and placid judgment. In taste they are correct, as it is called, better appreciating the complete compliance with explicit and ascertained rules, than the unconscious exuberance of inexplicable and unforeseen beauties. In their own writings, accordingly, they display the defined neatness of the second order, rather than the aspiring hardihood of the first excellence. In action they are quiet and reasonable rather than inventive and overwhelming. Their power indeed is scarcely intellectual; on the contrary, it resides in what Aristotle would have called their *ηθος*, and we should call their nature. They are emphatically pure-natured and firm-natured. Instinctively casting aside the coarse temptations and crude excitements of a vulgar earth, they pass like a September breeze across the other air, cool and refreshing, unable, one might fancy, even to comprehend the many offences with which all else is fainting and oppressed. So far even as it is intellectual, their excellence consists less in the supereminent possession of any single talent or endowment, than in the simultaneous enjoyment and felicitous adjustment of many or several;—in a certain balance of the faculties which we call judgment or sense, which placidly and easily indicates to them what should be done, and which is not preserved without an equable calm, and a patient, persistent watchfulness. To a singular degree in such men the moral and intellectual nature seem to become one. Whether, according to the Greek question, manly virtue can be taught or not, assuredly it has never been taught to them; it seems a native endowment; it seems a soul—a soul of honour—as we speak, within the exterior soul; a fine impalpable essence, more exquisite than the rest of the being; as the thin gauze-like pillar of the cloud, more

beautiful than the pure blue of heaven, governing and guiding a simple way through the dark wilderness of our world.

To descend from such elevations, among people Sir Samuel Romilly is the best-known type of this character. His admirable "Life," we mean the biography, has enshrined, as it were, and yet made public his admirable virtues. Yet it is probable that among the aristocratic Whigs, persons as typical of the character can be found. This species of noble nature is exactly of the kind which hereditary associations tend to purify and confirm; exactly that casual, delicate, placid virtue which it is so hard to find, perhaps so sanguine to expect, in a rough tribune of the people. Defects enough there are in this character, on which we shall say something; yet it is wonderful to see what an influence in this sublunary sphere it gains and preserves. The world makes an oracle of its judgment. There is a curious living instance of this. You may observe that when an ancient liberal, Lord John, or any of the essential sect, has done anything very queer, the last thing you would imagine anybody would dream of doing, and is attacked for it, he always answers boldly, "Lord Lansdowne said I *might*;" or if it is a ponderous day, the eloquence runs, "A noble friend with whom I have ever had the inestimable advantage of being associated from the commencement (the infantile period, I might say) of my political life, and to whose advice, &c. &c. &c."—and a very cheerful existence it must be for my noble friend to be expected to justify—for they never say it except they have done something very odd—and dignify every aberration. Still it must be a beautiful feeling to have a man like Lord John, to have a stiff, small man bowing down before you. And a good judge certainly suggested the conferring of this authority; "Why do not they talk over the virtues and excellences of Lansdowne? There is no man who performs the duties of life better, or fills a high station in a more becoming manner. He is full of knowledge, and eager for its acquisition. His remarkable politeness is the result of good-nature, regulated by good sense. He looks for talents and qualities among all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society, as a botanist does his plants; and while other aristocrats are yawning among stars and garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places, and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palace. Then he is an honest politician, a wise statesman, and has a philosophic mind, &c. &c."* Here is devotion for a carping critic; and who ever heard before of *bonhomie* in an idol?

* Sydney Smith, *Memoirs*, Vol. i. p. 469.

It may strike some that this equable kind of character is not the most interesting. Many will prefer the bold felicities of daring genius, the deep plans of latent and searching sagacity, the hardy triumphs of an overawing and imperious will. Yet it is not unremarkable that an experienced and erudite Frenchman, not unalive to artistic effect, has just now selected this very species of character for the main figure in a large portion of an elaborate work. The hero of M. Villemain is one to whom he delights to ascribe such things as *bon sens, esprit juste, cœur excellent*. The result, it may be owned, is a little dull, yet it is not the less characteristic. The instructed observer has detected the deficiency of his country. If France had more men of firm will, quiet composure, with a suspicion of enormous principle and a taste for moderate improvement; if a Whig party, in a word, were possible in France, France would be free. And though there are doubtless crises in affairs, dark and terrible moments, when a more creative intellect is needful to propose, a more dictatorial will is necessary to carry out a sudden and daring resolution; though in times of inextricable confusion—perhaps the present is one of them—a more abstruse and disentangling intellect is required to untwist the ravelled perplexities of a complicated world; yet England will cease to be the England of our fathers, when a large share in great affairs is no longer given to the equable sense, the composed resolution, the homely purity of the characteristic Whigs.

It is evident that between such men and Lord Eldon there could be no peace; and between them and the Edinburgh Review there was an equally natural alliance. Not only the kind of reforms there proposed, the species of views therein maintained, but the very manner in which those views and alterations are put forward and maintained, is exactly what they would like. The kind of writing suitable to such minds is not the elaborate, ambitious, exhaustive discussion of former ages, but the clear, simple, occasional writing (as we just now described it) of the present times. The opinions to be expressed are short and simple; the innovations suggested are natural and evident; neither one nor the other require more than an intelligible statement, a distinct exposition to the world; and their reception would be only impeded and complicated by operose and cumbrous argumentation. The exact mind which of all others dislikes the stupid adherence to the *status quo*, is the keen, quiet, improving Whig mind; the exact kind of writing most adapted to express that dislike is the cool, pungent, didactic essay.

Equally common to the Whigs and the Edinburgh Review is

the enmity to the sceptical, over-refining Toryism of Hume and Montaigne. The Whigs, it is true, have a conservatism of their own, but it instinctively clings to certain practical rules tried by steady adherence, to appropriate formulæ verified by the regular application and steady success of many ages. Political philosophers speak of it as a great step when the idea of an attachment to one organized code and system of rules and laws takes the place of the exclusive oriental attachment to the person of the single monarch. This step is natural, is instinctive to the Whig mind; that cool impassive intelligence is little likely to yield to ardent emotions of personal loyalty; but its chosen ideal is a body or collection of wise rules fitly applicable to great affairs, pleasing a placid sense by an evident propriety, gratifying the clear capacity for business by a constant and steady applicability. The Whigs are constitutional by instinct, as the Cavaliers were monarchical by devotion. It has been a jest at their present leader that he is over-familiar with public forms and parliamentary rites. Their first wish is to retain the constitution; their second—and it is of almost equal strength—is to improve it. Their creed is, that the body of laws now existing is, in the main and in its essence, excellent; but yet that there are exceptional defects which should be remedied, superficial inconsistencies that should be corrected. The most opposite creed in the world is that of the sceptic, who teaches that you are to keep what is because it exists; not from a conviction of its excellence, but from an uncertainty that anything better can be obtained. The one is an attachment to precise rules for specific reasons; the other an acquiescence in the present on grounds that would be equally applicable to its very opposite, from a disbelief in the possibility of improvement, and a conviction of the uncertainty of all things. And equally adverse to an unlimited scepticism is the nature of popular writing. It is true that the greatest teachers of that creed have sometimes, and as it were of set purpose, adopted that species of writing; yet essentially it is inimical to them. Its appeal is to the people; as has been shown, it addresses the *élite* of common men, sensible in their affairs, intelligent in their tastes, influential among their neighbours. What is absolute scepticism to such men? a dream, a chimera, an inexplicable absurdity. Tell it to them to-day, and they will have forgotten it to-morrow. A man of business hates elaborate trifling. "If you do not believe *your own* senses," he will say, "there is no use in *my* talking to you." As to the multiplicity of arguments and the complexity of questions, he feels them little. He has a plain, simple, as he would say, practical way

of looking at the matter; and you will never make him comprehend any other. He knows the world can be improved. And thus what we may call the middle species of writing,—which is intermediate between the light, frivolous style of merely amusing literature, and the heavy, conscientious elaborateness of methodical philosophy—the style of the original Edinburgh—is, in truth, as opposed to the vague, desponding conservatism of the sceptic, as it is to the stupid conservatism of the crude and uninstructed; and substantially for the same reason—that it is addressed to men of cool, clear, and practical understandings. The periodical which began the new system naturally showed its efficiency and exemplified its relations.

It is, indeed, no wonder that the Edinburgh Review should be agreeable to the Whigs, for the people who founded it were Whigs. Among these, three stand pre-eminent,—Horner, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith. Other men of equal ability may have contributed—and a few did contribute—to its pages; but these men were, more than any one else, the first Edinburgh Review.

Francis Horner's was a short and singular life. He was the son of an Edinburgh shopkeeper. He died at thirty-nine; and when he died, from all sides of the usually cold House of Commons great statesmen and thorough gentlemen got up to deplore his loss. Tears are rarely parliamentary: all men are arid towards young Scotchmen; yet it was one of that inclement nation whom statesmen of the species Castlereagh, and statesmen of the species Whitbread—with all the many kinds and species that lie between the two—rose in succession to lament. The fortunes and superficial features of the man make it more singular. He had no wealth, was a briefless barrister, never held an office, was a conspicuous member of the most unpopular of all oppositions—the opposition to a glorious and successful war. He never had the means of obliging any one. He was destitute of showy abilities: he had not the intense eloquence or overwhelming ardour which enthral and captivate popular assemblies: his powers of administration were little tried, and may possibly be slightly questioned. In his youthful reading he was remarkable for laying down, for a few months of study, enormous plans, such as many years would scarcely complete; and not especially remarkable for doing anything wonderful towards accomplishing those plans. Sir Walter Scott, who, though by no means illiberal in his essential intellect, was a keen partizan on superficial matters, and no lenient critic on actual Edinburgh Whigs, used to observe, "I cannot admire your Horner; he always reminds me of Obadiah's bull, who, though he never certainly did produce a calf, nevertheless went about his business with so much gravity,

that he commanded the respect of the whole parish." It is no explanation that he was a considerable political economist: no real English gentleman, in his secret soul, was ever sorry for the death of a political economist: he is much more likely to be sorry for his life. There is an idea that he has something to do with statistics; or, if that be exploded, that he is a person who writes upon "value;" says that rent is—you cannot very well make out what; talks excruciating currency; who may be useful as drying machines are useful; but the notion of crying about him is absurd. You might as well cry at the death of a cormorant. Indeed, how he can die is very odd. You would think a man who could digest all that arid matter; who really preferred "sawdust without butter;"* who liked the tough subsistence of rigid *formulae*, might defy by intensity of internal constitution all stomachic or lesser diseases. However, they do die, and people say that the dryness of the Sahara is caused by a deposit of similar bones. Yet it is not grief for his loss in an economical capacity that will explain the mourning for Francis Horner.

The fact is that Horner is a striking example of the advantage of keeping an atmosphere. This may sound like nonsense, and yet it is true. There is around some men a kind of circle or halo of influences, and traits, and associations, by which they infallibly leave a certain uniform and distinct impression on all their contemporaries. It is very difficult, even for those who have the best opportunities, to analyze exactly what this impression consists in, or why it was made—but it *is* made. There is a certain undefinable keeping in the traits and manner, and common speech and characteristic actions of some men, which inevitably stamps the same mark and image. It is like a man's style. There are some writers who can be known by a few words of their writing; each syllable is instinct with a certain spirit: put it into the hands of any one chosen at random, the same impression will be produced by the same casual and felicitous means. Just so in character, the air and atmosphere, so to speak, which are around a man, have a delicate and expressive power, and leave a stamp of unity on the interpretative faculty of mankind. Death dissolves this association, and it becomes a problem for posterity what it was that contemporaries marked and revered. There is Lord Somers. Does any one know why he had such a reputation? He was Lord Chancellor, and decided

* "Horner is ill. He was desired to read amusing books: upon searching his library, it appeared he had no amusing books, the nearest approach to a work of that description being the *Indian Trader's Complete Guide*."—*Sydney Smith's Letter to Lady Holland.*

a Bank case, and had an influence in the Cabinet; but there have been Lord Chancellors, and Bank cases, and influential Cabinet ministers not a few, that have never attained to a like reputation. There is little we can connect specifically with his name. Mr. Macaulay, indeed, says that he spoke for five minutes on the bishop's trial; and that when he sat down, his reputation as an orator and constitutional lawyer was established. But this must be a trifle eloquent; hardly any orator could be fast enough to attain such a reputation in five minutes. The truth is, that Lord Somers had around him that inexpressible attraction and influence of which we speak. He left a sure, and if we may trust the historian, even a momentary impression on those who saw him. By a species of tact they felt him to be a great man. The ethical sense—for there is almost such a thing in simple persons—discriminated the fine and placid oneness of his nature. It was the same on a smaller scale with Horner. After he had left Edinburgh several years, his closest and most confidential associate writes to him,—“There is no circumstance in your life, my dear Horner, so enviable as the universal confidence which your conduct has produced among all descriptions of men. I do not speak of your friends, who have been near and close observers; but I have had some occasions of observing the impression which those who are distant spectators have had, and I believe there are few instances of any person of your age possessing the same character for independence and integrity, qualities for which very little credit is given in general to young men.”* Sydney Smith said “the ten commandments were written on his countenance.” Of course he was a very ugly man, but the moral impression in fact conveyed, was equally efficacious; “I have often,” said the same most just observer, “told him, that there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest credit to any evidence against him. There was in his look a calm settled love of all that was honourable and good—an air of wisdom and of sweetness. You saw at once that he was a great man, whom nature had intended for a leader of human beings; you ranged yourself willingly under his banners, and cheerfully submitted to his sway.” From the somewhat lengthened description given of what we presume to define as the essential Whig character, it is evident how agreeable and suitable such a man was to their quiet, composed, and aristocratic nature. It was agreeable to all English gentlemen: a firm and placid manliness, without effect or pretension, is what

* Letter from Lord Murray.

they like best; and therefore it was that the House of Commons grieved for his loss—unanimously and without distinction.

Some friends of Horner's, in his own time, mildly criticized him for a tendency to party spirit. The disease in him, if real, was by no means virulent; but it is worth noticing as one of the defects to which the proper Whig character is specially prone. It is evident in the quiet agreement of the men. Their composed, unimaginative nature is inclined to isolate itself in a single view; their placid disposition, never prone to self-distrust, is rather susceptible of friendly influence; their practical habit is concentrated on what should be done. They do not wish—they do not like to go forth into various speculation; to put themselves in the position of opponents; to weigh in a refining-scale the special weight of small objections. Their fancy is hardly vivid enough to explain to them all the characters of those whom they oppose; their intellect scarcely detective enough to discover a meaning for each grain in opposite arguments. Nor is their temper, it may be, always prone to be patient with propositions which tease, and persons who resist them. The wish to call down fire from heaven is rarely absent in pure zeal for a pure cause.

A good deal of praise has naturally been bestowed upon the Whigs for adopting such a man as Horner, with Romilly and others of that time; and much excellent eulogy has fallen to the lot of the close boroughs, which afforded to the Whig leaders a useful mode of showing their favour. Certainly we have just said that the character of Horner was one altogether calculated to ingratiate itself with the best and most special Whig nature. But as for the eulogy on the proprietary seats in Parliament, it is certain that from the position of the Whig party, the nomination system was then most likely to show its excellences, and to conceal its defects. Nobody but an honest man would bind himself thoroughly to the Whigs. It was evident that the reign of Lord Eldon must be long; the heavy and common Englishman (after all the most steady and powerful force in our political constitution) had been told that Lord Grey was in favour of the "Papists," and liked Bonaparte; and the consequence was a long, painful, arduous exile on "the other side of the table,"—the last place any political adventurer would wish to arrive at. Those who have no bribes will never charm the corrupt; those who have nothing to give will not please those who desire that much shall be given them. There is an observation of Niel Blane, the innkeeper, in *Old Mortality*. "'And what are we to eat ourselves, then, father,' asked Jenny, 'when we hae sent awa the haile meal in the ark and the girdel?' 'We maun gaur wheat flour serve us for a blink,'

said Niel, with an air of resignation. 'It is not that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty and kindly to a Scotchman's stomach as the curney aitmeal is: the Englishers live amaist upon it,' &c." It was so with the Whigs; they were obliged to put up with honest and virtuous men, and they wanted able men to carry on a keen opposition; and after all, they and the "Englishers" like it best.

In another point of view, too, Horner's life was characteristic of those times. It might seem, at first sight, odd that the English Whigs should go to Scotland to find a literary representative. There was no place where Toryism was so intense. The constitution of Scotland at that time has been described as the worst constitution in Europe. The nature of the representation made the entire country a government borough. In the towns, the franchise belonged to a close and self-electing corporation, who were always carefully watched; the county representation, anciently resting on a property qualification, had become vested in a few titular freeholders, something like lords of the manor, only that they might have no manor; and these, even with the addition of the borough freeholders, did not amount to three thousand. The whole were in the hands of Lord Eldon's party, and the entire force, influence, and patronage of Government were spent to maintain and keep it so. By inevitable consequence, Liberalism, even of the most moderate kind, was thought almost a criminal offence. The mild Horner was considered a man of "very violent opinions." Jeffrey's father, a careful and discerning parent, was so anxious to shield him from the intellectual taint, as to forbid his attendance at Stewart's lectures. This seems an odd place to find the eruption of a liberal review. Of course the necessary effect of a close and common-place tyranny was to engender a strong reaction in searching and vigorous minds. The Liberals of the north, though far fewer, may perhaps have been stronger Liberals than those of the south; but this will hardly explain the phenomenon. In fact, the education of Scotland seems to have been designed to teach men to write essays and articles. There are two kinds of education, into all the details of which it is not now pleasant to go, but which may be adequately described as the education of facts, and the education of speculation. The system of facts is the English system. The strength of the pedagogue and the agony of the pupil are designed to engender a good knowledge of two languages; in the old times, a little arithmetic; now also a knowledge, more or less, of mathematics and mathematical physics. The positive tastes and tendencies of the English mind confine its training to ascertained learning

and definite science. In Scotland it was very different. The time of a man like Horner was taken up with speculations like these: "I have long been feeding my ambition with the prospect of accomplishing, at some future period of my life, a work similar to that which Sir Francis Bacon executed about two hundred years ago. It will depend on the sweep and turn of my speculations, whether they shall be thrown into the form of a discursive commentary on the '*Instauratio Magna*' of that great author, or shall be entitled to an original form, under the title of a '*View of the Limits of Human Knowledge and a System of the Principles of Philosophical Inquiry*.' I shall say nothing at present of the audacity," &c. &c. And this sort of planning, which is the staple of his youthful biography, was really accompanied by much application to metaphysics, history, political economy, and such like studies. It is not at all to our present purpose to compare this speculative and indeterminate kind of study with the rigorous, accurate education of England. The fault of the former is sometimes to produce a sort of lecturer *in vacuo*, ignorant of exact pursuits, and diffusive of vague words. The English now and then produce a learned creature like a thistle, prickly with all facts, and incapable of all fruit. But passing by this general question, it cannot be doubted that, as a preparation for the writing of various articles, the system of Edinburgh is enormously superior to that of Cambridge. The particular, compact, exclusive learning of England is inferior in this respect to the general, diversified, omnipresent information of the north; and what is more, the speculative, dubious nature of metaphysical and such like pursuits tends, in a really strong mind, to cultivate habits of independent thought and original discussion. A bold mind so trained will even *wish* to advance its peculiar ideas, on its own account, in a written and special form; that is, as we said, to write an article. Such are the excellencies of the system in this respect of which Horner is an example. The defects tend the same way. It tends, as is said, to make a man fancy he knows everything. "Well then at least," it may be answered, "I can write an article on everything."

The facility and boldness of the habits so produced were curiously exemplified in Lord Jeffrey. It has been proved that he wrote his own size. He was a little man, which makes it less extraordinary; but it seems that if you commenced a layer of literature on the soles of shoes, you would actually have enough—and in the way of reviews only—to fill with his writing up to the crown of a real hat. During the first six years of the Edinburgh Review he wrote as many as seventy-nine articles; in a

like period afterwards he wrote forty. This is often not nearly enough remembered. When you hear a man's style criticised, you should ask, how high up has he written? Elaborate men never get up to their knees; Gray was never up to his ankles; Tennyson's poems amount to socks. You may venture to look very minutely at these little productions; but when you confront a *body* of composition, you should really be careful how you examine his voluminous interior. You will be sure to find little things you do not expect; we must not go into the subject; not quite pleasant trifles; little undigested things; any analyst will tell you what. It is so with Lord Jeffrey. Any one who should expect to find a pure perfection in these miscellaneous productions, should remember their bulk. If all his reviews were reprinted, they would be very many. And all the while he was a busy lawyer, was editor of the Review, did the business, corrected the proof sheets; and, more than all, what one would have thought a very strong man's work, actually managed Henry Brougham. You must not criticise papers like these, rapidly written in the hurry of life, as you would the painful words of an elaborate sage, slowly and with anxious awfulness instructing mankind. Some things, a few things, are for eternity; some, and a good many, are for time. We do not expect the everlastingness of the Pyramids from the vibratory grandeur of a Tyburnian mansion.

The truth is, that Lord Jeffrey was something of a Whig critic. We have hinted, that among the peculiarities of that character, an excessive partiality for new, arduous, overwhelming, original excellence, was by no means to be numbered. Their tendency inclining to the quiet footsteps of custom, they like to trace the exact fulfilment of admitted rules, an exact accordance with the familiar features of ancient merit. But they are most averse to mysticism. A clear, precise, discriminating intellect shrinks at once from the symbolic, the unbounded, the indefinite. The misfortune is that mysticism is true. There certainly are kinds of truth, borne in as it were instinctively on the human intellect, most influential on the character and the heart, yet hardly capable of stringent statement, difficult to limit by an elaborate definition. Their course is shadowy; the mind seems rather to have seen than to see them, more to feel after than definitely to apprehend them. They commonly involve an infinite element, which of course cannot be stated precisely, or else a first principle—an original tendency—of our intellectual constitution, which it is impossible not to feel, and yet which it is hard to extricate in terms and words. Of this latter kind is what has been called the religion of nature, or more exactly perhaps, the religion of

the imagination. This is an interpretative faculty. To it the beauty of the world has a meaning, its grandeur a soul, its sublimity an expression. As we gaze on the faces of those whom we love; as we watch the light of life in the dawning of their eyes, and the play of their features, and the wildness of their animation; as we trace in changing lineaments a varying sign; as a charm and a thrill seem to run along the tone of a voice, to haunt the mind with a mere word; as a tone seems to roam in the ear; as a trembling fancy hears words that are unspoken; so in nature the mystical sense finds a notion in the mountains, and a power in the waves, and a meaning in the long white line of the shore, and a thought in the blue of heaven, and a gushing soul in the buoyant light, an unbounded being in the vast void air, and

“Wakeful watchings in the pointed stars.”

There is a philosophy in this which might be explained, if explaining were to our purpose. It might be advanced that there are original sources of expression in the essential grandeur and sublimity of nature, of an analogous though fainter kind, to those familiar, inexplicable signs by which we trace in the very face and outward lineaments of man the existence and working of the mind within. But be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Wordsworth preached this kind of religion, and that Lord Jeffrey did not believe a word of it. His cool, sharp, collected mind revolted from its mystery; his detective intelligence was absorbed in its apparent fallaciousness; his light humour made sport with the sublimities of the preacher. His love of perspicuity was vexed by its indefiniteness; the precise philosopher was amazed at its mystic unintelligibility. Finding a little fault was doubtless not unpleasant to him. The reviewer's pen—*φορον ηρωεσσιν*—has seldom been more poignantly wielded. “If,” he was told, “you could be alarmed into the semblance of modesty, you would charm everybody; but remember my joke against you” (Sydney Smith *loquitur*) “about the moon. D—n the solar system—bad light—planets too distant—pestered with comets: feeble contrivance; could make a better with great ease.” Yet we do not mean that in this great literary feud, either of the combatants had all the right, or gained all the victory. The world has given judgment. Both Mr. Wordsworth and Lord Jeffrey have received their reward. The one had his own generation; the laughter of men, the applause of drawing-rooms, the concurrence of the crowd: the other a succeeding age, the fond enthusiasm of secret students, the lonely rapture of lonely

minds. And each has received according to his kind. If all cultivated men speak differently because of the existence of Wordsworth and Coleridge; if not a thoughtful English book has appeared for forty years, without some trace for good or evil of their influence; if sermon-writers subsist upon their thoughts; if 'sacred poets' thrive by translating their weaker portion into the speech of women; if, when all this is over, some sufficient part of their writing will ever be fitting food for wild musing and solitary meditation, surely this is because they possessed the inner nature—"an intense and glowing mind," "the vision and the faculty divine." But if, perchance, in their weaker moments, the great authors of the lyrical ballads did ever imagine that the world was to pause because of their verses; that Peter Bell would be popular in drawing-rooms; that Christabel would be perused in the City; that people of fashion would make a handbook of the *Excursion*,—it was well for them to be told at once that this was not so. Nature ingeniously prepared a shrill artificial voice, which spoke in season and out of season, enough and more than enough, what will ever be the idea of the cities of the plain concerning those who live alone among the mountains; of the frivolous concerning the grave; of the gregarious concerning the recluse; of those who laugh concerning those who laugh not; of the common concerning the uncommon; of those who lend on usury concerning those who lend not; the notion of the world of those whom it will not reckon among the righteous—it said,* "This won't do!" And so in all time will the lovers of polished Liberalism speak, concerning the intense and lonely prophet.

Yet if Lord Jeffrey had the natural infirmities of a Whig critic, he certainly had also its extrinsic and political advantages. Especially at Edinburgh, the Whigs wanted a literary man. The Liberal party in Scotland had long groaned under political exclusion; they had suffered, with acute mortification, the heavy sway of Henry Dundas, but they had been compensated by a literary supremacy; in the book-world they enjoyed a social domination. On a sudden this was rudely threatened. The fame of Sir Walter Scott was echoed from the southern world, and appealed to every national sentiment—to the inmost heart of every Scotchman. And what a ruler! A lame Tory, a jocose Jacobite, a laughter at liberalism, a scoffer at metaphysics, an unbeliever in political economy. What a gothic ruler for the modern Athens!—was this man to reign

* The first words of Jeffrey's review of the *Excursion* are, "This will never do."

over them? It would not have been like human nature, if a strong and intellectual party had not soon found a clever and noticeable rival. Poets, indeed, are not made "to order;" but Byron, speaking the sentiment of his time and circle, counted reviewers their equals. If a Tory produced "*Marmion*," a Whig wrote the best article upon it; Scott might, so ran Liberal speech, be the best living writer of fiction; Jeffrey, clearly, was the most shrewd and accomplished of literary critics.

And though this was an absurd delusion, Lord Jeffrey was no every-day man. He invented the trade of editorship. Before him an editor was a bookseller's drudge; he is now a distinguished functionary. If Jeffrey was not a great critic, he had, what very great critics have wanted, the art of writing what most people would think good criticism. He might not know his subject, but he knew his readers. People like to read ideas which they can imagine to have been their own. "Why does *Scarlett* always persuade the jury?" asked a rustic gentleman. "Because there are twelve *Scarletts* in the jury-box," replied an envious advocate. What *Scarlett* was in law, Jeffrey was in criticism; he could become that which his readers could not avoid being. He was neither a pathetic writer nor a profound writer; but he was a quick-eyed, bustling, black-haired, sagacious, intrusive, agreeable, man of the world. He had his day, and was entitled to his day; but a gentle oblivion must now cover his already subsiding reputation.

Sidney Smith was an after-dinner writer. His words have a flow, a vigour, an expression, which is not given to hungry mortals. You seem to read of good wine, of good cheer, of beaming and buoyant enjoyment. There is little trace of labour in his composition; it is poured forth like an unceasing torrent, rejoicing daily to run its course. And what courage there is in it! There is as much variety of pluck in writing across a sheet, as in riding across a country. Cautious men have many adverbs, "usually," "nearly," "almost:" safe men begin, "it may be advanced:" you never know precisely what their premises are, nor what their conclusion is; they go tremulously like a timid rider; they turn hither and thither; they do not go straight across a subject, like a masterly mind. A few sentences are enough for a master of sentences. A practical topic wants rough vigour and strong exposition. This is the writing of "*Sidney Smith*." It is suited to the broader kind of important questions. For anything requiring fine nicety of speculation, long elaborateness of deduction, evanescent sharpness of distinction, neither his style nor his mind was fit. He had no patience for long

argument, no acuteness for delicate precision, no fangs for recondite research. Writers, like teeth, are divided into incisors and grinders. Sidney Smith was a "molar." He did not run a long sharp argument into the interior of a question; he did not, in the common phrase, go deeply into it; but he kept it steadily under the contact of a strong, capable, heavy, jaw-like understanding,—pressing its surface, effacing its intricacies, grinding it down. But as we said, this is done without toil. The play of the "molar" is instinctive and placid; he could not help it; it would seem he had an enjoyment in it.

The story is, that he liked a bright light; that when he was a poor parson in the country, he used, not being able to afford more delicate luminaries, to adorn his drawing-room with a hundred little lamps of tin metal and mutton fat. When you know this, you see it in all his writings. There is the same preference of perspicuity throughout them. Elegance, fine savour, sweet illustration, are quite secondary. His only question, as to an argument, was, "will it tell?" as to an example, "will it exemplify?" Like what is called "push" in a practical man, his style goes straight to its object; it is not restrained by the gentle hindrances, the delicate decorums of refining natures. There is nothing more characteristic of the Scandinavian mythology, than that it had a god with a hammer. There is no better illustration of our English humour, than the great success of this huge and healthy organization.

There is something about this not exactly to the Whig taste. They do not like such broad fun, and rather dislike unlimited statement. Lord Melbourne, it is plain, declined to make him a bishop. In this there might be a vestige of Canningite prejudice, but on the whole, there was the distinction between the two men which there is between the loud wit and the *recherché* thinker—between the bold controversialist and the discriminative statesman. A refined *noblesse* can hardly respect a humourist; he amuses them, and they like him, but they are puzzled to know whether he does not laugh at them as well as with them; and the notion of being laughed at, ever, or on any score, is alien to their shy decorum and suppressed pride. But in a broader point of view, and taking a wider range of general character, there was a good deal in common. More than any one else, Sydney Smith was Liberalism in life. Somebody has defined Liberalism as the spirit of the world. It represents its genial enjoyment, its wise sense, its steady judgment, its preference of the near to the far, of the seen to the unseen; it represents, too, its shrinking from difficult dogma, from stern statement, from imperious superstition. What health is to the

animal, Liberalism is to the polity. It is a principle of fermenting enjoyment, running over all the nerves, inspiring the frame, happy in its mind, easy in its place, glad to behold the sun. All this Sydney Smith, as it were, personified. The biography just published of him will be very serviceable to his fame. He has been regarded too much as a fashionable jester, and metropolitan wit of society. We have now for the first time a description of him as he was,—equally at home in the crude world of Yorkshire, and amid the quintessential refinements of Mayfair. It is impossible to believe that he did not give the epithet to his parish: it is now called Forton *le Clay*. It was a "mute inglorious" Sydney of the district, that invented the name, if it is really older than the century. It is a heavy parish of obtuse soil, inhabited by stiff-clayed Yorkshiremen. There was nobody in the parish to speak to, only peasants, farmers, and such like (what the clergy call parishioners *par excellence*), and an old clerk who thought every one who came from London a fool, "but you I do zee, Mr. Smith, be no fool." This was the sort of life.

"I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

"I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson) with a face like a full-moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furnish my house.' You see the result!

"At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment; after diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York Coach-maker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay, (but for Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties,) we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms: it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring; I christened it the *Immortal*; it was known all over the neighbourhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but 'Faber meæ fortunæ' was my motto, and we had no false shame.

"Added to all these domestic cares, I was village parson, village

doctor, village comforter, village magistrate, and Edinburgh Reviewer; so you see I had not much time left on my hands to regret London."

It is impossible not to be reminded of, and to compare this with the life of Sir Walter Scott. There is the same strong sense, the same glowing, natural pleasure, the same power of dealing with men, the same power of diffusing common happiness. Both enjoyed as much in a day, as an ordinary man in a month. The term "animal spirits" peculiarly expresses this bold enjoyment; it seems to come from a principle intermediate between the mind and the body; to be hardly intellectual enough for the soul, and yet too permeating and aspiring for crude matter. Of course there is an immense imaginative world in Scott's existence to which Sydney Smith had no claim. But they met upon the present world; they enjoyed the spirit of life; "they loved the world, and the world them;" they did not pain themselves with immaterial speculation—roast beef was an admitted fact. A certain, even excessive practical caution which is ascribed to the Englishman, Scott would have been the better for. Yet his biography would have been the worse. There is nothing in the life before us comparable in interest to the tragic, gradual cracking of the great mind; the overtaking of the great capital, and the ensuing failure; the spectacle of heaving genius breaking in the contact with misfortune. The anticipation of this pain increases the pleasure of the reader; the commencing threads of coming calamity shade the woof of pleasure; the proximity of suffering softens the *ύβρις*, the terrible, fatiguing energy of enjoyment.

A great deal of excellent research has been spent on the difference between "humour" and "wit," into which metaphysical problem "our limits," of course, forbid us to enter. There is, however, between them, the distinction of dry sticks and green sticks; there is in humour a living energy, a diffused potency, a noble sap; it grows upon the character of the humourist. Wit is part of the machinery of the intellect; as Madame de Staël says, "*La gaieté de l'esprit est facile à tous les hommes de l'esprit.*" We wonder Mr. Babbage does not invent a punning-engine; it is just as possible as a calculating one. Sydney Smith's mirth was essentially humorous; it clings to the character of the man; as with the sayings of Dr. Johnson, there is a species of personality attaching to it; the word is more graphic because Sydney Smith—that man being the man that he was,—said it, than it would have been if said by any one else. In a desponding moment, he said he

was none the better for the jests which he made, any more than a bottle for the wine which passed through it: this is a true description of many a wit, but he was very unjust in attributing it to himself.

Sydney Smith is often compared to Swift; but this only shows with how little thought our common criticism is written. The two men have really nothing in common, except that they were both high in the church, and both wrote amusing letters about Ireland. And a critic, whom one would have fancied to have an opposite prejudice, has lately preferred the Drapier's letters to "Peter Plymley."* Of course, to the great constructive and elaborative power displayed in Swift's longer works, Sydney Smith has no pretension; he could not have written "*Gulliver's Travels*;" but so far as the two series of Irish letters goes, it seems to us plain that he has the advantage. Plymley's letters are true; the treatment may be incomplete—the Catholic religion may have latent dangers and insidious attractions which are not there mentioned—but the main principle is sound; the common sense of religious toleration is hardly susceptible of better explanation. Drapier's letters, on the contrary, are essentially absurd; they are a clever appeal to ridiculous prejudices. Who cares now for a disputation on the evils to be apprehended a hundred years ago from adulterated halfpence, especially when we know that the halfpence were not adulterated, and that if they had been, those evils would never have arisen? Any one, too, who wishes to make a collection of currency crotchets, will find those letters worth his attention. No doubt there is a clever affectation of common sense in these, as in all of Swift's political writings, and the style has an air of business; yet, on the other hand, there are no passages which any one would now care to quote for their manner and their matter; and there are many in "Plymley" that will be constantly cited, so long as existing controversies are at all remembered. The whole genius of the two writers is emphatically opposed. Sydney Smith's is the ideal of popular, buoyant, riotous fun; it cries and laughs with boisterous mirth; it rolls hither and thither like a mob, with elastic and commonplace joy. Swift was a detective in a dean's wig; he watched the mob; his whole wit is a kind of dexterous indication of popular frailties; he hated the crowd; he was a spy on beaming smiles, and a common informer against genial enjoyment. His whole essence was a soreness against mortality; show him innocent mirth, he would say, How absurd! He was painfully

* See the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

wretched, no doubt, in himself: perhaps, as they say, he had no heart; but his mind, his brain had a frightful capacity for secret pain; his sharpness was the sharpness of disease; his power the sore acumen of morbid wretchedness. It is impossible to fancy a parallel more proper to show the excellence, the unspeakable superiority of a buoyant and bounding writer.

At the same time, it is impossible to give to Sydney Smith the highest rank, even as a humourist. Almost all his humour has reference to the incongruity of special means to special ends. The notion of Plymley is want of conformity between the notions of "my brother Abraham," and the means of which he makes use; of the quiet clergyman, who was always told he was a bit of a goose, advocating conversion by muskets, and stopping Bonaparte by Peruvian bark. The notion of the letters to Archdeacon Singleton is, a bench of bishops, placid, and pleasantly destroying the church. It is the same with most of his writings. Even when there is nothing absolutely practical in the idea, the subject is from the scenery of practice, from concrete entities, near institutions, superficial facts. You might quote a hundred instances. This is one: "A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he had often observed it was *hereditary* in families." This is what we mean by saying his mirth lies in the superficial relations of phenomena (some will say we are pompous, like the medical man); in the relation of one external fact to another external fact; of one detail of common life to another detail of common life. But this is not the highest topic of humour. Taken as a whole, the universe is absurd. There seems an unalterable contradiction between the human mind and its employments. How can a *soul* be a merchant? What relation to an immortal being have the price of linseed, the fall of butter, the tare on tallow, or the brokerage on hemp? Can an undying creature debit "petty expenses," and charge for "carriage paid?" All the world's a stage;—"the satchel, and the shining morning face"—the "strange oaths;"—"the bubble reputation"—the

"Eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances."

Can these things be real? Surely they are acting. What relation have they to the truth as we see it in theory? What connexion with our certain hopes, our deep desires, our craving and infinite thought? "In respect of itself, it is a good life;

but in respect it is a shepherd's life, it is nought." The soul ties its shoe; the mind washes its hands in a basin. All is incongruous.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Silence. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain.—Is old Double, of your town, living yet?

Silence. Dead, Sir.

Shallow. Dead. See! See! He drew a good bow,—and dead. He shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head.—Dead! He would have clapped i' the clout at fourscore, and carried you a forehandshaft, a fourteen and fourteen and-a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be; a score of ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead!—

It is because Sydney Smith had so little of this Shakespearean humour, that there is a glare in his pages, and that in the midst of his best writing, we sigh for the soothing superiority of quieter writers.

Sydney Smith was not only the wit of the first Edinburgh, but likewise the divine. He was, to use his own expression, the only clergyman who in those days "turned out" to fight the battles of the Whigs. In some sort this was not so important. A curious abstinence from religious topics characterizes the original Review. There is a wonderful omission of this most natural topic of speculation in the lives of Horner and Jeffrey. In truth, it would seem, that living in the incessant din of an essentially Calvinistic country, the best course for thoughtful and serious men was to be silent,—at least they instinctively thought so. They felt no involuntary call to be theological teachers themselves, and as refined and gentle men necessarily recoiled from the coarse admonition around them. Even in the present milder time, few cultivated persons willingly think on the special dogmas of distinct theology. They do not deny them, but they live apart from them: they do not disbelieve them, but they are silent when they are stated. They do not deny the existence of Kamschatka, but they have no call to busy themselves with Kamschatka; they abstain from peculiar tenets. Nor in truth is this, though much aggravated by existing facts, a mere accident of the present times. There are some people to whom such a course

of conduct is always natural: there are certain persons who do not, as it would seem cannot, feel all that others feel; who have, so to say, no *ear* for much of religion: who are in some sort out of its reach. "It is impossible," says a late divine of the Church of England, "not to observe that innumerable persons (may we not say the majority of mankind?) who have a belief in God and immortality; have, nevertheless, scarcely any consciousness of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. They seem to live aloof from them in the world of business or of pleasure, 'the common life of all men,' not without a sense of right, and a rule of truth and honesty, yet insensible' to much which we need not name. "They have never in their whole lives experienced the love of God, the sense of sin, or the need of forgiveness. Often they are remarkable for the purity of their morals; many of them have strong and disinterested attachments and quick human sympathies; sometimes a stoical feeling of uprightness, or a peculiar sensitiveness to dishonour. It would be a mistake to say that they are without religion. They join in its public acts; they are offended at profaneness or impiety; they are thankful for the blessings of life, and do not rebel against its misfortunes. Such men meet us at every step. They are those whom we know and associate with; honest in their dealings, respectable in their lives, decent in their conversation. The Scripture speaks to us of two classes, represented by the church and the world, the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats, the friends and enemies of God. We cannot say in which of these two divisions we should find a place for them." They believe always a kind of "natural religion." Now these are what we may call, in the language of the past, Liberals. Those who can remember, or who will re-read our delineation of the Whig character, may observe its conformity. There is the same purity and delicacy, the same tranquil sense; an equal want of imagination, of impulsive enthusiasm, of shrinking fear. You need not speak like the above writer of "peculiar doctrines," the phenomenon is no speciality of a particular creed. Glance over the whole of history, as the classical world stood beside the Jewish; as Horace beside St. Paul; like the heavy ark and the buoyant waves, so are men in contrast with one another. You cannot imagine a classical Isaiah; you cannot fancy a Whig St. Dominic; there is no such thing as a Liberal Augustine. The deep sea of mysticism lies opposed to some natures; in some moods it is a sublime wonder; in others an "impious ocean,"—they will never put forth on it at any time.

All this is intelligible, and in a manner beautiful as a

character; but it is not equally excellent as a creed. A certain class of Liberal divines have endeavoured to petrify into a theory a flowing and placid disposition. In some respects Sydney Smith is one of these; his sermons are the least excellent of his writings; of course they are sensible and well-intentioned, but they have the defect of his school. With misdirected energy, these divines have laboured after a plain religion; they have forgotten that a quiet and definite mind is confined to a placid and definite world; that religion has its essence in awe, its charm in infinity, its sanction in dread; that its dominion is an inexplicable dominion; that mystery is its power. There is a reluctance in all such writers; they creep away from the unintelligible parts of the subject; they always seem to have something behind; not to like to bring out what they know to be at hand. They are in their nature apologists; and, as George the Third said, "I did not know the Bible needed an apology." As well might the thunder be ashamed to roll, as religion hesitate to be too awful for mankind. The invective of Lucretius is truer than the placid patronage of the divine. Let us admire Liberals in life, but let us keep no terms with Paleyans in speculation.

And so we must draw to a conclusion. We have in some sort given a description of, with one great exception, the most remarkable men connected at its origin with the *Edinburgh Review*. And that exception is a man of too fitful, defective, and strange greatness to be spoken of now. Henry Brougham must be left to after-times. Indeed he would have marred the unity of our article. He was connected with the Whigs, but he never was one. His impulsive ardour is the opposite of their coolness; his irregular, discursive intellect contrasts with their quiet and perfecting mind. Of those whom we have spoken, let us say, that if none of them attained to the highest rank of abstract intellect; if the disposition of none of them was ardent or glowing enough to hurry them forward to the extreme point of daring greatness; if only one can be said to have a lasting place in real literature, it is clear that they vanquished a slavish cohort; that they upheld the name of freemen in a time of bondsmen; that they applied themselves to that which was real, and accomplished much which was very difficult; that the very critics who question their inimitable excellence, will yet admire their just and scarcely imitable example.

ART. II.—DECIMAL COINAGE.

Reports of the Commissioners for the Restoration of the Standard of Weight and Measure, 1841 and 1854.

Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Decimal Coinage. 1853.

Decimal Association. Debate in the House of Commons on Decimal Coinage, June 12, 1855; with Remarks on the Speech of the Hon. Member for Kidderminster.

Publications of the Decimal Association (various), 1854 and 1855.

Journal of the Society of Arts, August 10, 1855. List of Books and Pamphlets on the Decimal Coinage Question. (About 100 Publications in 1853, 1854, 1855.)

IT seems pretty well settled that we are to have a *decimal coinage*. Nobody now resists the principle, or denies the alleged advantages. One particular plan has, from the very commencement, commanded all but unanimous assent. Two Royal Commissions, a Committee and finally a vote of the House, have decided strongly in favour of it: and a powerful association, supported by more than two hundred Members of Parliament, by the Bank of England, and by private bankers and merchants, has been organized for its promotion. Discussions at the Society of Arts, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institute of Actuaries, and the British Association, terminated to the satisfaction of its advocates. All but one of those who offered evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons were on the same side,—men of science, men of accounts, large merchants, small shopkeepers. The exception was Mr. Headlam, M.P., and his opposition was entirely based on his own belief that the proposed plan required more change than any Government would dare to make. Nevertheless, his name appears in the Decimal Association; and, we believe, on the principle that their plan is a very good one, if—as he would say—the country will venture on it. This unanimity of evidence has been attributed to the management of the Committee itself, by some few opponents.

But we know that in one case, and probably in more, the Committee requested a gentleman of eminence in political and statistical science, who was opposed to their views, to come forward, and the request was not attended to.

On all these grounds, Lord Palmerston (July 9) announced his intention of appointing a new commission, not to decide on the mode of carrying the vote of the Commons into effect, but to examine into the whole subject. It is understood that the commission will consist of Lord Monteagle, Lord Overstone, and Mr. Hubbard, late Governor of the Bank. We make every allowance for this cautious determination. The change involves some interference, Lord Palmerston does not know how little, with the habits of the lower orders: and his step in advance was urged upon him, by the Decimal Association, at a moment when the supineness of the Cabinet with regard to the proceedings of private Members had very recently produced startling effects. The mob, on a Sunday, got hold of the maxim of Horace, *Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, and—in spite of the police, who thought that Horace was not a Sunday book—they construed it into such plain English that the House understood it. No wonder that the Prime Minister chose to be supported by one commission more. It might be worth a reform bill if the Cabinet should become quick to remember that the House is elected by the sovereign people, and not by the shilling and sixpenny people.

All the sovereign people who have advocated the plan proposed by the Committee, declare and maintain that this plan is by far the best for the sixpenny people; and the shopkeepers, who know the sixpenny people, assent. This is the question. If the two *must* be placed in opposition, let the convenience of the fare yield to that of the driver. In this discussion a coin is but a coin, be its value what it may; and the man of *two* sixpences is of more importance than the man of *one* sovereign.

We have never joined any party on this subject; but a party has joined us. Long before any discussion arose, we were in favour of the system which we now hope to see adopted, as combining advantages for all ranks of the community. We advocated it at a time when we heard an official of the Government declare that no such plan could be carried until the Cabinet was composed of men of science. We are not come to that yet: in fact there is reason to believe that when the Commons passed their resolution, the science of the Cabinet stood at less than its ordinary stint of school arithmetic.

By a *decimal reckoning* we mean one in which, in every case, ten of a sort make one of the next sort; as in 10 mils make a cent, 10 cents make a florin, 10 florins make a

pound : so that the *carriage* of arithmetical processes is always in tens, hundreds, &c. For common people, and usual transactions, we have nothing to do with *decimal fractions*. No one will learn from this article how mathematicians write decimal fractions, or what they do with them. Some of our opponents have talked grand nonsense about decimals ; and, perhaps, some of our advocates have talked too much grand sense. No wonder frightened souls should think that grim science means to send them back to school. No such thing is intended. Simplification is the object, and when the first embarrassment of the change is over, which we do not believe will last three days, that simplification will be fully achieved. To most persons, money arithmetic consists in adding sums of money together. We put side by side two corresponding questions, one in each system, and we write the processes of both in detail. On the change from one system to the other, and the methods of meeting such difficulties as it presents, we shall afterwards speak at length.

Present System.

£	s.	d.
1	17	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
2	11	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	19	11 $\frac{1}{4}$
<hr/>		
9	9	5 $\frac{1}{2}$

Add the farthings, 6, or 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

Add 1, 11, 9, 8, pence, 29, 2s. 5d.

Add 2, 19, 11, 17, shillings, 49, £29s.

Add 2, 4, 2, 1, pounds, £9.

Proposed System

£	f.	c.	m.
1	8	8	6
2	5	8	9
4	9	9	6
<hr/>			
9	4	7	1

Add 6, 9, 6, mills, 21, 2c. 1m.

Add 2, 9, 8, 8, cents, 27, 2f. 7c.

Add 2, 9, 5, 8, florins, 24, 2l. 4f.

Add 2, 4, 2, 1, pounds, £9.

Reader ! if 10 pebbles were a parcel, 10 parcels a basket, 10 baskets a sack, and 10 sacks a load, should you know, without calculation, that 67,234 pebbles would be 6 loads, 7 baskets, 2 sacks, 3 parcels, and 4 odd pebbles ? If yes, it is well, and you have a pretty notion of *decimals* ; if no, you need not be ashamed, for you have comrades among the great people who manage the nation. Again, if 10 pebbles made a packet, 10 packets a pack, 10 packs a heap, and 10 heaps a store, do you see that this is the very same system, differing only in names of collections ? If you do, you see more than our Chancellor of the Exchequer, the chief of our financial arithmetic. The right honourable gentleman, after stating that there are differences of opinion, proceeds to give "some of the plans" which have come under his observation. One is the tenpenny plan, others are as follows :—First, 10 farthings or mills one cent, 10 cents one dime, 10 dimes one prime. Secondly, 10 farthings

or mils one coin unnamed, 10 of these a florin, 10 florins a Victoria. Thirdly, 10 farthings or cash two pence, 100 cash a cent, 10 cents a mil. Fourthly, 10 farthings a lion, 10 lions a florin, 10 florins a queen. To these four plans we crave permission to add two of our own invention, as distinct* from the above as the above are from one another. Our first plan is, 10 farthings a what's-his-name, 10 what's-his-names a how-d'ye-call-it, 10 how-d'ye-call-its a thingembob. Our second plan is, 10 farthings a George, 10 Georges a Cornewall, 10 Cornewalls a Lewis.

Our ministers are alarmed at the difficulties which one and another system would impose upon the labouring classes: they judge of these classes by themselves. It is impossible to teach the legislature how much fitter the humble classes are to practise *any* system, than a great number of the Commons are to discuss the differences between one and another.

Two remarks will enable any one to dispose of most of the few opponents of the proposed system. First, some argue the question as if it were one of money-changing only, and calculation had nothing to do with it. Now our present system is convenient enough for paying and receiving in; it would do well enough if calculation were never required. Secondly, others imagine that we intend *all* our plan for *everybody*; whereas we carefully distinguish between the easy processes which will suffice for ordinary life, and the more elaborate processes by which the accountant will bring the full power of decimal arithmetic into commerce. Observe, therefore, in the case of every opponent, first, whether he fully explains the difficulties of transition, and compares his own system with others in this respect, *especially as to the uneducated*; secondly, whether he is clearly aware of the differing difficulties of different classes, and is careful not to mix them up together.

The pound sterling consists of 960 farthings. In a system which proceeds by *tens*, no larger coin can be 960 times the smaller: it may be 1000 times. All the plans which have been proposed have dropped out of very serious notice, except two; one of these two keeps the present pound, the other keeps the present farthing. The advocates of the unaltered penny will not be pleased at our summary disposal of their plan; but since their alternative is the retention of the pound, which would destroy the decimal character of the system, or else the introduction of a coin of 100 pence, which is too large for silver and too small for gold, the more sober opponents of the

* Did the Chancellor of the Exchequer mean that these plans are all one? As if to prove the contrary, he inserted between the third and fourth a plan of a peculiar kind, which its author calls *octagal*, meaning perhaps *octaval*, and then went on with "The only other plan I shall mention . . ."

approved plan will have nothing to do with them. We shall add a few words on the penny scheme in the sequel.

Pound system, approved by the House of Commons. Let the present pound sterling consist of 1000 new farthings or mils. Let 10 mils be one cent: let 10 cents be one florin, the present florin: let 10 florins be one pound.

Farthing system. Let the farthing remain as at present. Let 10 farthings be, say one *doit* ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d. present money): let 10 doits be a new florin (2s. 1d. present money): let 10 florins be a new pound (£1 0s. 10d. present money).

The representation of new money in terms of old, will be as follows:—

Pound System.

The pound remains the same.
The florin remains the same.
The shilling remains the same.
The penny and the farthing are changed, each losing one 25th part of its value: so that the $\frac{1}{2}$ -shilling, commonly called sixpence, is 25 new farthings, or mils, instead of 24 old ones.

Farthing System.

The new pound is £1 0s. 10d.
The new florin is 0 2s. 1d.
The new shilling is 0 1s. $0\frac{1}{2}$ d.
The penny and the farthing remain unchanged.

In the new coin introduced, the two systems have great resemblance.

Pound System.

The new cent, the fifth part of the unchanged shilling, is ten new farthings, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. present money.

Farthing System.

The new doit, the fifth part of the new shilling, is exactly $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. present money.

But this $\frac{2}{5}$ d. will give no trouble, except for a few days following the change. The pound system abandons the penny, except as a common name for four mils, or new farthings, with those who choose. The advocates of the farthing and penny take care to speak of the cent as $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., instead of the *hundredth part* of a pound, or 10 mils. And one of the chief among them, Mr. Lowe, the member for Kidderminster, actually makes it an argument against the pound system, that people do not *now* buy and sell in coins of $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. We cannot make such an assertion without proof.

Report of Mr. Lowe's Speech.

From a florin they get to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., but who ever bought anything, who ever reckoned or wished to

Answer of the Decimal Association.

Nobody buys anything at a cent, because the cent is not yet in-

reckon in such a coin as that?
(Hear, hear.)

troduced. Nobody reckons in cents, for the same reason. Everybody wishes to reckon in cents, who wishes to combine the advantage of decimal reckoning with the preservation of the pound as the highest unit; among others, a majority of the House of Commons, the Bank of England, the majority of London bankers, the Chambers of Commerce in various places, &c. &c. &c.

All decimal systems are equally good, arithmetically speaking, when once they are established, and the old system is forgotten. Putting out of question the convenience of coinage, as to size and material, the choice between one and another depends on the facilities for passing out of our own system into its substitute. The moon may be a delightful residence, if Whewell and Brewster can finally so arrange; but how are we to get there? Let us first ask a simple workman's question. A man's wages are 16s. 6d. a week; what is the way of paying this sum in the pound and in the farthing systems? In the pound system it is 8 florins and a half-shilling, as now: probably, in mere matter of money-change, it will be called sixteen and sixpence, as now. In accounts, it will be 8 florins 25 mils, or 8f. 2c. 5m., or 825 mils. *In the pound system, what is now even money remains even money: all the gold and silver coinage lasts; even the halfcrown, the most inconvenient piece of all, may be withdrawn gradually, and after the change.*

In the farthing system, all the even money becomes broken money; the silver coinage must be altered throughout, and the gold coinage also. The same of the penny system: to make this really decimal, there must be a coin of ten to the penny, a franc of 10d., and a coin of ten francs, or 8s. 4d. present money.

The workman, in the pound system, is paid his 16s. 6d. in the same silver as now: and when he gets change at the shop, he is to have 25 new farthings or mils for a half-shilling, instead of 24 old ones. Now as to the farthing system. The old coins are gone, and new pounds (£1 0s. 10d.), new florins (2s. 1d.), doits ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.), and farthings, are seen in their places. To turn old money into new, *the old money must first be turned into farthings.* One may do it in one way, another in another; but it must be done. The workman must find out that 16s. 6d.

is 792 farthings; and then he knows that he is to receive 7 new florins, 9 doits, 2 farthings.

But, vexatious as this constant reduction to farthings would be, it would not be the worst. There would be a prospect to face, which few ministers would dare to contemplate: the crowd may find another bit of Horace to construe, and those who pay wages may not be so apt to see their construction as those who vote supplies. Since the new shilling is but a halfpenny more than the old one, it may strike the workman that even money would not only be a nice thing *per se*, but an acceptable saving of arithmetic. Just issue a new shilling of $12\frac{1}{2}$ d. and demand of the working man a good knowledge of reduction to farthings *up to one pound* before he can know what is due to him, and see whether he will not discover that the new money is Latin for a rise in wages, and that $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the shilling is a better thing than learning how to do without it by the multipliers 12 and 4. So that, to save a legislative adjustment of tolls, postages, &c., which are all within the power of Parliament, it is proposed by some to throw upon the whole country such a question of adjustment of wages, with which Parliament neither can nor will meddle, as might almost amount to a commercial revolution.

It is not unlikely that the name of shilling might be retained, if such a confusion as the farthing system were to be successful; and 16s. 6d. (old) would come out 15s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. (new). Those who work in their heads would do it as follows:—In 16s. and 12 halfpence, not halfpence enough, say 15s. and 36 halfpence (old), taking off 15 halfpence, say 15s. and 21 halfpence (new), or 15s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. This kind of headwork would never become general. We see in the existing state of things hundreds of abbreviating processes which, demanding a little mental calculation, are the property of a small class, even among educated arithmeticians. To the world at large, all that can be held out as generally feasible, is the reduction into pence and farthings. To turn 16s. 6d. into new money, the great mass of uneducated calculators must find out that 16 times 12 is 192, and 6 is 198, and four times 198 is 792, whence 7 new florins, 9 doits, 2 farthings, or 15 new shillings, 4 doits, 2 farthings, or 15s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d., if they prefer this form. We should enjoy seeing half a dozen advocates of the farthing system contriving the uneducated man's *vade mecum* during the embarrassment of the change; we strongly suspect it would end in a proposal to have it printed on a card, with 'Persons who cannot read are recommended to learn' at the top.

So far as even money is concerned, the superiority of the pound system is indisputable. Let us now consider the broken money. It is unquestionably *the* disadvantage of the system,

and the only one, that small money must be invented, which is not changeable with the small money now in use. It would be requisite, by proclamation, to make the half-shilling consist of 25 of the coins now called farthings, instead of 24. A man with six *pence* in his pocket, would need another farthing to make up the half-shilling. On the day on which the proclamation takes effect, this would be his loss. On every other day, it would be neither loss nor gain; for the additional farthing would come in before it has to go out; it would come from the same quarter from whence the six *pence* came. Those who collect their incomes by *pence*, as the sweepers of crossings, would lose four per cent. for a while: but when the *five mil pieces* became frequent, they would gain much more than they had previously lost. If, as has been proposed, the proclamation made the large, or rimmed, *pence* pass for five *mils* and others for four, the petty effects of the change would be made still less.

It would be necessary to make a positive enactment upon the last, or broken, half-shilling of outstanding debts. The fairest way would be to make farthings payable by new farthings, or *mils*, up to 3d., or 12 *mils*; and afterwards to make one additional *mil* payable. Suppose that, on the day of the change, a master owes his workman 16s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. for work and small money laid out. Here 16s. is 8 florins, as before, and the workman knows better than his master that 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. is 15 farthings. Now 15 new farthings, or *mils*, is too little, and 16 *mils* is too much: but, because the sum exceeds 3d., the 16 *mils* is paid. Mr. Lowe, of Kidderminster, is of opinion, that if a poor man owed another a penny, for which 4 *mils* is too little, and 5 *mils* too much, this *mil* between them would lead to a *mill* between them: and some of the conscript fathers cheered him. If men were left to themselves on the point, there might be cases in which that which was all but a quarrel before might come to a crisis on the difference between 4 *mils* and 4 farthings: but there is no need to say that a legislative arrangement would remove all difficulty, on a matter which can happen but once.

To those who keep no books, there is nothing to do except to remember "25 new farthings, or sixpence farthing, if four new *mils* be still called a penny, to the half-shilling." It was very well observed by Lord Stanley, in the debate, that those who please may even keep their accounts in pounds, shillings, and *pence*, as now. All they have to do is to draw off 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for the shilling, instead of 12d. For example, the *pence* column gives 42; at present, we write down 6d. and carry on 3s.: in the new system we take off 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. from this 6d. and write down 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., that is, put one halfpenny more on to each of the shillings, carry-

ing 3s. as before. Many a good housewife, whose only practice in arithmetic is adding bills once a week, will adopt this plan for a time.

The opponents of the pound system, whether they hold by the farthing or the penny, are very careful not to come to close quarters with its advocates, in comparison of the modes of learning the systems, and especially in the case of the uneducated. As before noticed, they talk only of coinage, and not of calculation. They assault the arithmetic of their opponents, but no amount of defiance will bring out their own. The Russians will come out of Cronstadt and attack the allied fleets, before they will dare to put forward the way in which the poor man is to learn and practise one of their systems, in opposition to our single rule of 25 new farthings to the half-shilling, and everything else as now. All the modes of attack which they employ may be reduced to five, as follows:—

First, they parade the mathematical mode of writing decimals, and charge the advocates of the pound with forcing this mode and all the higher notions of arithmetical process upon the uneducated world. Mr. Lowe, after talking more learnedly than any expert arithmetician would have done about reducing fractions of a pound to decimals, observed that this was a pleasant sum for an old apple-woman: and some of the conscript fathers cheered him.

Secondly, they persist in the tacit assumption that contracts and sales will still be made in old pence, and ask how they are to be *exactly* rendered in the new money.

Thirdly, they magnify the advantage of retaining exact expression to the utmost fraction of a farthing, and diminish the disadvantage of losing the shilling and the pound as coins of exchange and of estimation.

Fourthly, they exaggerate the difficulties of detail which will arise in the adjustments of postage duties, stamp duties, bridge and other tolls, &c.

Fifthly, they introduce sarcasm and something approaching to reflection upon motives. To this there is no great objection, as they thereby render the task of the other party somewhat more easy, by the power of reprisal which they give.

As to the first point, the charge of forcing decimal fractions on the poor by Act of Parliament. No system, pound or farthing, decimal or common, *forces any fractions at all*, in the sense in which the word is used by the accusers. There are two ways of treating the relation of part and whole: in one, a foot is compounded of 12 inches; in the other, an inch is taken off as the twelfth part of a foot. There seems not much to choose, and both methods are convenient to a practised arith-

metician: but there are two kinds of persons to whom the matter is not indifferent. The first kind, including the uneducated and beginners in arithmetic, find multiplication more easily conceived than division. For them was contrived that excellent old mode of expression by which "seven-nineteenths of a foot" was described as "seven of those parts of which nineteen make a foot." With the beginner in arithmetic there is some trouble: but by practice the two expressions are conjoined. With the uneducated world there is none at all: their wants are supplied by the notion of multiplication, and all that is fractional may be kept out of view. They require to know that 12 pence make a shilling: it matters little whether or not they attach a distinct idea to the statement that a penny is the 12th part of a shilling. For them all tables are constructed in ascent: they are led up from the farthing to the pound, not down from the pound to the farthing. The advocates of the pound may reason downwards, but they will teach upwards.

The second class of persons to whom we have alluded form a considerable portion, but not the whole, of our opponents. Among these we find some rational arithmeticians who, starting on what we believe to be a mistaken estimate of convenience and inconvenience, find their way to a conclusion opposite to ours, in what we can readily admit to be the proper mode of handling premises to which they have a full right, though we believe them wrong. But there are others who, we feel confident, deserve the following description.

They have some idea of the phraseology of fractions, and employ it in framing arguments against the pound system, on the supposition that its promoters are as much given to abuse the idea of fractions as themselves. They make a dangerous thing of their little knowledge, by assuming that they are fit to discuss the attempts of those who have more to benefit those who have none. They hold that men of long and practised acquaintance with arithmetic cannot communicate with the world at large, except through their own inbroglio of half-understood terms, and their own farrago of doubly-loaded routine. They attribute to the working man their own incapacity to learn, and to the man of knowledge their own inaptitude to teach: and having thus divided themselves, they go to buffets, and call the contest a picture of society. In comparing systems of coinage, they describe what they prefer in the simplicity of ascent by multiplication, and what they oppose in the complexity of descent by division: and this is their only way of intimating that they know the difference. They frighten a poor man with decimal fractions: though in truth there is no

more occasion to tell him that the new system is *decimal*, than that the old one is *quarto-duodecimo-vicesimal*. They declare that an apple-woman must deal with decimal places *ad infinitum*, or else have a ready reckoner: they talk of incommensurables, of finite ratios, of reducing vulgar fractions to decimals, &c. They teach a working man that the *proper way* of representing a thousandth part is .001, and triumph in his perplexity as a thing brought about by the advocates of the pound system. Their arithmetic is never higher than school-boy routine, sometimes lower. We have heard one of them,—a man employed by the country in its arithmetic, at a tolerable salary,—maintain that there is no difference worth speaking of between the trouble of dividing by 10 and dividing by 12: and we saw reason to suspect that his mode of finding out the tens in 287 involved “28 times 10 make 280, and 7 over.” Mr. Lowe announced his opinion that it would be a hard thing for members of the House to turn $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ into mils; and he was cheered. From the glimpses he gave of his own idea of arithmetical process, and the frequent occurrence of allusion to turning common fractions into decimals, we have no doubt he had in his head the computation on the left, opposite to which we place our own.

$$\begin{aligned} 4\frac{1}{2}d &= 18 \text{ farthings} \\ &= \text{£} \frac{18}{960} \\ &= \frac{18}{960} \times 1000 \text{ mils.} \end{aligned}$$

$$960)1800(18\frac{3}{4} \text{ mils.}$$

96

—

840

768

—

$$\frac{72}{96} = \frac{3}{4}$$

Since a farthing is a mil and one 24th of a mil, 18 farthings is 18 mils and 18-24ths of a mil, or $18\frac{3}{4}$ mils.

Mr. Lowe has written his name on the history of this question in legible, and perhaps lasting, characters. He was the only member who made a specific attack upon the proposed system: and, for a few days, he enjoyed the reputation of having done a clever thing. A journalist apologises for him, and condemns the Association for answering, on the ground that he was only attempting to bring some humorous help to the government in delaying the question. This we doubt; there was too much argument in his humour, too much elaboration in his argument: but there can be no objection to his friends putting him to death to save him from slaughter. With great respect for decimals, he denied having any very profound knowledge of them: for a time there were some who thought that this was only modesty. The presumptuous manner in which he tried to raise

a laugh at the opinions of those who had studied a question of which he knew nothing, calls for castigation. Let a man who really knows his subject be tolerated when he teaches by ridicule, and be applauded if he do it well; for there is good elucidation in good joking, and a dry discussion is all the better for the introduction. But the sayer of yesterday's lesson, especially when he only grafts the blunders of a novice upon the teaching of an ignoramus, deserves no mercy if he try to be smart upon his betters.

Neither Mr. Lowe, nor any of the minority, ventured to propose any system in opposition to that which ends in the pound. We now take our leave of those who imagine that the technicalities of decimal fractions are part of the proposed plan, and proceed to meet those who insist on it that all sums payable in the old coinage should be capable of exact representation in the new.

The matter in dispute never amounts to a farthing in calculation, and need not amount to half a farthing in payment, as already seen. Let us first inquire *what sort of exactness prevails in actual business*. Do men neglect to set down results to the uttermost fraction? Do they ever abandon a farthing for the sake of facility? Do they ever pay a fraction of a farthing more than the goods ought to cost, because there is no coin less than a farthing? Does every man in business, and every customer, do one or more of these things usually, frequently, day after day, and year after year? If all these questions must be answered affirmatively, it follows that a fraction of a farthing, lost or gained on each transition from old money to new, can only be a great matter to one whose power of judging is a small matter.

And first we take the farthing customer at a chandler's shop. It appears in evidence, that when he buys goods which require the fraction of a farthing to complete the payment, the shopkeeper always takes the whole farthing. This makes a "keen calculator," as one witness called it, of the customer, who has to ask himself, and settle for himself, whether the next quality will be so much higher in price as to overpass the farthing. For instance, buying half an ounce of three-and-sixpenny tea, by which he will forfeit a fraction of a farthing for want of smaller coin, he finds out whether that fraction would or would not enable him to buy the quantity of three-and-ninepenny tea. What a question for those members of the House of Commons, who, according to Mr. Lowe, would find it hard to turn $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. into mils at 25 mils to 24 farthings! We may now guess one reason why neither the small shopkeepers nor their customers would have anything to do with the *half-farthings*, which the

Mint tried to introduce more than twenty years ago. Precisely the same sort of trouble would have occurred with fractions of this half-farthing, with more elaborate fractions, and for smaller results.

We thus see that the poorest are constantly obliged either to sacrifice a fraction of a farthing, or to make, every now and then, what their *bettors* (but not in arithmetic) would call an intricate calculation. If this calculation were never made, the average loss would be half-a-farthing: probably, the calculation reduces this average to a quarter of a farthing. This is the loss which the necessary subdivisions of retail business impose upon every small purchaser on the average of his small dealings. Now a quarter of a mil is more than the average loss which would be sustained, once for all, on the day of the change, by enacting payment of outstanding copper debts at a mil for the farthing, with a mil additional above 3d.

Is it impossible to make people understand that they can secure a very great advantage to themselves and their children, at no greater cost than running the risk of sustaining, on some one particular day, and on debts below 6d., that loss which they cheerfully sustain on all the days of the year, and which they would rather bear than trouble themselves with coins less than a farthing?

Let us now look at the manufacturer and the tradesman. We need hardly say that they neglect fractions of a farthing in accounts. The more important question with them is the pricing of small articles under the new system. To the wholesale dealer this question does not occur. He sells by the gross or by the thousand, and when he quotes goods at one-32nd or one-64th of a penny a piece, it is only a mode of quotation. This wholesale dealer asks nothing of the House of Commons but to give him decimal coinage, and to keep its arithmetic to itself. The retail trader has a harder question; but it is one of policy, not of arithmetic. Goods are priced at three-farthings a piece: what shall he do when the change comes? Sell at 3 mils, and abandon 4 per cent.? or sell at a penny (4 mils), and take chance of competition? This is no new question for him: the like comes upon him every day of his life; but he is a good administrator, and the details of each hour are linked in his mind to the system of his business. He knows that in very many cases, in a great majority of all, his prices have been adjusted to the farthing or the penny above the result of his calculation of necessary profits; and this to a greater extent than 4 per cent. of the whole. He knows, too, that the facilities of a decimal coinage would be worth to him more than 4 per cent. on his capital.

As an instance of the complicated character of business calculations, we subjoin what is called a *cost* of a manufactured

article. Mr. Bennoch, of Wood-street, Cheapside, for whom thousands of such costs are calculated every year, states his belief, in his evidence before the Committee, that results which now take minutes to produce would take only a fraction of a minute, if the proposed system were introduced :—

lb.	oz.			£	s.	d.
1	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Silk	24s. 8d.	1	8	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	Fine Cotton	4s. 6d.	1	7	$\frac{1}{4}$
4	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	Coarse Cotton	1s. 2d.	4	8	$\frac{1}{2}$
7	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	Sewings	17s. 0d.	6	3	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
	149 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pieces making	7d.	4	7	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	Gross making up	5d.	15	6	$\frac{3}{4}$
				13	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Expenses				1	19	1

Cost of 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ gross, 8s. 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per gross. £14 19 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

In the first six lines, no money result is perfectly exact: nor is any such thing necessary. The prices are all in even pence, and this is mainly for facility of calculation. A decimal system, instead of forcing fractions of coinage upon those who do not want them, would give great power of introducing fractions to those who do want them, and who cannot with sufficient ease make them available under our present system. Not only would the mil become much more common than the farthing is now, but the minute fractions of a penny, which are sometimes spoken of, would be supplanted by the *decimil*, or tenth of a mil, and the *centimil*, or hundredth of a mil.

We now come to the banker, bill-discounter, &c.; and here we shall find that more than a farthing is wilfully neglected. Every one knows that the Bank of England, and the private bankers, recognize nothing under a penny: but this is not all. We heard, some time ago, of a sententious individual who, by way of damaging a particular place of education, said, "I asked a boy educated at ———, what was the difference between *interest* and *discount*, and he answered that they were the same; which of course is wrong." Some of the opponents of the pound system have followed this worthy man in drawing ideas from old school books, instead of from actual business in our own day. The boy was right; interest and discount *ought* to be different things, but for ease of calculation *are* made the same.

When a bill of £100 has three months to run, it is discounted at 4 per cent., by deducting three months' interest from £100, leaving £99. This, in three months, amounts to £99 19s. 9d.,

not to £100 : what ought to be paid is £99 0s. 2½d. This two-pence-halfpenny is cheerfully abandoned, to save a little amount of calculation.

In truth, all this difficulty about neglecting, *during the change*, a portion of the lowest coin in use, is of that disposition to exaggerate trifles which always arises during discussion, acting upon imperfect knowledge of actual business. An advocate of decimal division, Lowe (not the member for Kidderminster, but quite a different person, *Solomon Lowe*, who published on arithmetic in 1749), says, speaking of the error committed, “. . . if it is brought so low as to be less than any quantity of that kind which is used (for example, the smallest real coin, or weight, &c., that has any name or distinct being in society), then the defect is not to be complained of . . .” And this is, and always was, the common sense of the question; and nothing but a strain upon the cleverness, such as is caused by party discussion, ever brings out any opposition to it.

Before proceeding to the third point, we shall venture a little further into arithmetic, to show how very easily, *and by head-work alone*, any degree of approach towards a perfect reconciliation between the two systems may be made. It is due to the member for Kidderminster that we dare venture on such a thing; for he paraded the rules of reduction of common into decimal fractions, and such results as .00104166666 *ad infinitum*, as necessary for apple-women. Surely, then, we are justified in showing our readers, whom we can trust to turn 4½d. into mils, how much less than Mr. Lowe's allowance of arithmetic for an apple-woman will do for the highest clerks in a bank.

On our lowest scale of conversion, *twenty-five new farthings to the half-shilling*, we need only further remark that the man who has nothing to do with *accounts* needs no more. To him the florin is but a two-shilling piece, and the cent is but a coin of 10 new farthings, a *new twopence-halfpenny*. He exchanges these coins, but he does not reckon with them. No one can teach him half so well as he will teach himself, upon the basis of the words in italics.

The second step will suffice for ordinary book-keeping. It runs thus:—*Mils are farthings below sixpence, with a Parliament mil put on at sixpence*. Not a Parliament *mil*, Mr. Lowe! we cannot afford a column for debates. The victim, as the penny wise would call him, must manage, below the shilling, to turn pence and farthings into farthings; he must be clear in a moment that 9½d. is 39 farthings. Equally ready must he be at adding on to 50 anything less than 49; he must be strong in the power of seeing that 50 and 39 make 89. Is he too much

of a victim? The penny wise, if they had him, would draw harder upon him. We put down the requisites which the two systems require, *headwork both*, to obtain equal expertness in converting old money into new.

Pound System.

He must be able to turn pence and farthings, *under a shilling*, into farthings: to add less than 50 to 50, and thus to arrive at any number under 99.

He omits a fraction of a mil, which we shall show how to supply, *when needful*, at much less trouble than that of turning mixed sums into farthings.

Farthing System.

He must be able to turn *pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings* into farthings.

His answer is perfectly exact.

Our book-keeper must learn to allow 100 for each florin or pair of shillings, 50 for the odd shilling, if any, and mil for farthing on the rest, with the Parliament mil at sixpence. Say it is, in old money, £42 11s. 9½d. Here we see 5 florins and an odd shilling, say 550; 39 farthings, say 39 mils, with the *Parliament mil*, 40 mils; altogether 590 mils. Accordingly,

$$42l. 11s. 9\frac{1}{2}d. = 42l. 590m. = 42l. 5f. 9c. 0m. = 42,590m.$$

Suppose the farthing system established, what then? Turn £42 11s. 9½d. into farthings—in the head, if you can,—but turn it into farthings. The answer is 40,887 farthings. Accordingly, the given sum is 40 new pounds, 8 new florins, 8 doits, and 7 farthings.

If the fraction of a mil be worthless, as it will be in almost every case, we stop here. But what is this fraction of a mil? As many 24ths as there are farthings above sixpence, or, if not a whole sixpence, above the shillings. We put down a few examples, and we ask Mr. Lowe, as an honest man who knows the trouble of canvassing—assuming always that men may be honest who have gone through that *mill*—whether any member would not cheerfully work three dozen of them to get a single vote.

Old Money.	Approximate new Money.	Fraction of a mil omitted.	Numbers employed in the process.
0s. 7½d.	0f. 3c. 1m.	6 twenty-fourths	30, 1.
1s. 2¾d.	0f. 6c. 1m.	11 "	50, 11.
2s. 0½d.	1f. 0c. 2m.	2 "	100, 2.
17s. 10¾d.	8f. 9c. 4m.	19 "	800, 50, 43, 1.
18s. 6d.	9f. 2c. 5m.	0 "	900, 24, 1.
19s. 11¾d.	9f. 9c. 8m.	23 "	900, 50, 47, 1.

A great many persons will not readily bring themselves to write in *mils*, that is, put down 925*m*. instead of 9*l*. 2*s*. 5*m*. They will distrust such facility: they will doubt if it can be lawful alchemy which turns copper into gold and silver without real tough division. That 4*l*. 3*s*. 7*c*. 9*m*., and 43*s*. 7*c*. 9*m*., and 437*c*. 9*m*., and 4379*m*., and 4*l*. 379*m*., and 43*s*. 79*m*., &c., should be obtained by reduction at sight, instead of by the good old multipliers 4, 12, 20, will seem almost too easy to be true. And we have sometimes been amused by hearing advocates of the pound system settling how to provide by Act of Parliament for the manner in which people are to read. We feel pretty certain that, any act to the contrary notwithstanding, they will read in pounds, florins, and mils. When one banker's clerk now checks another, the latter reads £53 1*l*. 4*d*. as *fifty-three, eleven, four*: in the decimal system, 53*l*. 2*s*. 6*c*. 3*m*. will probably be read short, *fifty-three, two, sixty-three*, as if it were 53*l*. 2*s*. 63*m*. However it may be, opinion and not law will settle the matter.

The conversion into *mils*, above described, will serve ordinary purposes. But it will occasionally happen, for a time, that the rejected 24ths of a *mil* are wanted by the *higher order of book-keepers* in tenths, hundredths, &c. of a *mil*, or in *decimils*, *centimils*, &c. Those who want to make this conversion in their heads, must become quick at the multiplication table of *fours* up to 4 times 23. Tell this to the representative of Kidderminster, and let him set the House in a roar, which he will not fail to do, by representing us as demanding this acquisition from apple-women and members. But we can point out how such multiplication is within the power of numerical expertness of a degree far below that of an ordinary clerk.

When children first count, they sometimes forget to take a new departure from ten, and go on as in twenty-nine, twenty-ten, twenty-eleven, &c. In adding, say thirty-four to fifty-nine, in the head, the best way is to imitate the children; call it *eighty-thirteen*, and then ninety-three. Similarly, four times 17 is forty-twenty-eight, or 68; four times 19 is forty-thirty-six, or 76; and so on. Having mastered this by practice, the method of treating the rejected fraction of a *mil* is as follows:—Take four times the number of farthings above the shillings, or above the odd sixpence, if there be one, and add one for every complete *six* which that number contains; the result is the number of centimils, a fraction of a centimil being rejected. For example, 17*s*. 10½*d*. As already described, using 800, 50, 41, 1, we have 892*m*. Above the sixpence we have 4½*d*., or 17 farthings (having 2 complete sixes). Four times 17 and 2

make 70, whence 17s. 10½d. is only a fraction of a centimil (cm.) above 892m. 70cm., or 89,270cm. Again, 14s. 8¾d. gives (700, 35, 1) 736m. to begin with: 4 times 11 and 1 is 45, and 14s. 8¾d. is 736m. 45cm., or 73,645cm. Suppose now that a *wholesale* trader who has sold at 2¾d. a piece, old money, wants to price the goods in new money, so as to be within one-hundredth of a farthing. Here 2¾d. is 11m. and a fraction: 4 times 11 and 1 is 45; so that 11m. 45cm., or 1145cm. is the price. This means 0f. 1c. 1m. 4dm. 5cm. a piece, or 1l. 1f. 4m. 5dm. per hundred, or 11l. 4f. 5m. per thousand. This may be his mode of sale, and the hundred or the thousand will soon supplant the gross: while 1145cm. will be his mode of pricing the single article. But so long as he continues to use the gross, he will use 1145×144 , or 164,880cm. the gross; that is, stopping at mils, 1l. 6f. 4c. 8m. per gross.

We have now got to what the learned call five decimal places, denominated, for the higher sort of arithmeticians, florins, cents, mils, decimils, centimils. But Mr. Lowe will not let us stop here; he parades his interminables *ad infinitum*; so that, to diminish the terror which he excited, we shall show how easily all the following places are obtained. Strike out all the shillings and every *three-halfpence* out of the pence. If no farthings be left, say 000. . . . ; if 1 farthing, say 1666. . . . ; if 2 farthings, say 3333. . . . ; if 3 farthings, say 5000. . . . ; if 4 farthings, say 6666. . . . ; if 5 farthings, say 8333. . . .

A fair trial given to these rules will show that the method of turning old money into new can hardly be said to involve calculation up to mils, and can be carried with great ease, and without any writing, except of the result, up to any fraction of a mil. But if the country were to be burdened with the farthing system, it is easily shown that in turning old money into new, the shortest method would be to pass through the pound system by the preceding rules. Deduct 4 per cent. from the representation in the pound system, and the result is that in the farthing system the five places will be sufficient. For example:—

£136 13s. 4¾d. is	£136 66979 cm.
4 per cent. of this is	5 46679

Difference £131 203

Hence £136 13s. 4¾d., present money, is, in the farthing system, 131 new pounds, 2 new florins, and 3 farthings. The given sum contains 131,203 farthings.

Thus it appears that the preference of the farthing to the pound system would be, so far as business calculations are

concerned, precisely the same thing as avoiding York by going to Edinburgh and stopping at York on the way.

We now come to the exaggeration of the importance of the farthing, at the expense of the shilling and pound. We have two evils to choose between, either of which will be compensated at last by an immense balance of advantage: but this consideration does not affect our comparison. A prudent man does not buy even a large diamond for a shilling, if he can get it for a penny. The farthing system adds $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. both to the shilling and the pound: the pound system deducts 4 per cent. from the farthing. Since the rate of alteration is nearly the same in both, any argument which turns on the smallness of the change in the pound and shilling, is met by the smallness of the change made in the farthing.

The pound is to the rich, and the shilling to the poor, the coin in which affairs of weight are transacted, the coin of all dealings on which thought is expended and conduct depends, the coin of their hopes and anxieties, the coin in which this year is compared with last year. The wages of the week, the income of the year, are told in shillings and pounds. The farthing and penny are only the purchasers of to-day's supply: goods bought in copper undergo changes of price from day to day, sometimes from hour to hour, almost always from shop to shop, of more than 4 per cent. Those who are used to *rapid* fluctuations of price, are used to fluctuations of coin, so far as calculation is concerned. Show any reason for altering even the shilling, to say nothing of the pound, and it can instantly be shown that there is better reason for throwing the change upon the farthing, and leaving the shilling unaltered. Nineteen out of twenty see this at once: it has been recognized by every public assembly which has discussed the question. The best thing that could happen would be some association in favour of the farthing or penny, of sufficient weight and notoriety to create an impression that possibly it might succeed. Let the general community once fairly realise the notion that the shilling and the pound are in danger, and we shall have a rising in their favour which will settle the question. At present, there is no combined attack upon the pound system: the scattered and divided opposition which it has met with, is just enough to terrify a prime minister, and no more.

The fourth point, the question of stamps, tolls, &c., is one which is insisted upon rather to frighten the Government than the people. If the postage stamp and receipt stamp be raised to five new farthings or mils, the revenue will gain half-a-million, and no one will object: the war may demand an augmentation independently of the coinage. Toll, as has been

shown, can easily be adjusted by allowing an additional mil for a term of years. There is no need to do more than refer to the evidence given on these points before the Committee of the House. All the objections of this kind are but make-weights. Never a session passes without adjustments of far more difficulty being made, without agitation or subsequent complaint.

The penny, or tenpenny scheme, is one of so peculiar a character, that there is little use in arguing it in connexion with that of the farthing. If its advocates proposed to start from the penny, and to have coins of 10d. and 100d. on the one side, and of $\frac{1}{10}$ d. on the other, their system would be intelligible. The proposer of this system, we believe, adheres to the coin of 100d., which is too large for silver, and too small for gold. If, indeed, all other points presented advantage, the country might perhaps afford the wear and tear of a coin less than the half-sovereign for its principal gold coin. But we need hardly say, that all the difficulties which we have pointed out in the farthing system, would, in almost if not quite as great a degree, attach to the tenpenny system. But others (as the writer in the city article of the *Times*, and a writer in the *Spectator*, who has much more power of explaining himself) tell us that *every existing coin is to remain*; that, *calculating* in tenpences, we are to *pay* in shillings and pounds. That is, they repudiate decimal coinage, and propose a decimal *system of accounts*; which amounts to nothing more than a permission to those who like to turn sums into pence, and use the number of pence in reckoning. Their only direct action upon the coinage would be to divide the penny into ten parts, thus introducing a coin of a degree of smallness which the whole community has deliberately rejected when it was offered; for the Government never could introduce half-farthings.

We are informed, that in all probability, people in general would prefer pounds and shillings for daily payments. No doubt they would: but would they learn to calculate in pence, tenpences, &c., when they must reduce the result to pounds and shillings, in order to know what to pay? This could be done already, if it were convenient, without asking Parliament to interfere. What is to hinder any one from keeping his books in pence, calling tenpence a franc, one hundred pence a Victoria, &c., if he pleases? And bankers, who use no farthings, could at once have a system of this kind for their books. They would probably answer, that the trouble of reducing into pence, and back again, would overbalance any advantage which would accrue from the strictly decimal character of the summations. When this tenpenny scheme of *accounts without coinage* comes fairly before the commission, in juxtaposition with either that

of the pound or that of the farthing, it will soon be disposed of. No such absurdity raised its head before the Committee of the Commons.

There is one argument in favour of the tenpenny unit, which may excite a smile. Its promoters have found out that it takes a smaller number of fractional places to go down to a farthing, than are required when the pound is a unit. They say the pound system requires *three* places of fractions, the tenpenny system only *two*. Let the pound system be read with the *florin* as a unit, and then the pound system requires only two places. These arithmeticians do not remember that in a decimal system the very homogeneity of the scale enables any one, either in expression or in calculation, to treat which place he pleases as the unit.

The Decimal Association, answering Mr. Lowe, states as follows :—

It is one of the advantages of a decimal system, arising from its perfect uniformity of mode of transition, that all classes of the community may choose their units. At present it would be absurd to allow a man to sue his debt in farthings. But if a decimal system were established, no matter what, any one might choose his unit out of the system. Thus, in ours, a creditor might, without inconvenience, bring into the County Court for 2638 mils, a debtor who wishes to shirk payment of 263 cts. 8 m., by an attorney who is sternly indignant at the wickedness of cheating a fellow-creature out of 26 fl. 3 cts. 8m., before a judge who would calmly award payment of £2 6 fl. 3 cts. 8 m. and costs, and might be reported as having awarded £2 6 fl. 38 m. by one newspaper, 26 fl. 38 m. by another, and £2 638 m. by a third.

In leaving the direct advocacy of the system of the *pound and mil*, we remark that we believe our unbiased readers will clearly see the distinction between the easy rule by which the uneducated man may pay and receive, the easy calculation, if it deserve such a name, by which the ordinary book-keeper may render old money into new, and the by no means difficult process by which the higher order of accountants may carry this conversion to any extent. But it would no way surprise us if opponents were to be found who should, even after this warning, represent us as intending the whole of our rule of conversion for applewomen, bakers' boys, costermongers, &c. Against these we can only contend, by taking the precaution of the Irishman's postscript :—"P.S. If you do not receive this, let me know." We desire the readers of such opponents, if they have not seen our article, to be sure to refer to it.

We have now, for several generations, had a very simple coinage, consisting of few pieces. We are apt to imagine that

the world at large would be unable to contend with the difficulties of a very complicated and varied system. We shall, therefore, proceed to show what kind of money our ancestors possessed. And we do this, not merely because it is of consequence to point out how much more can be endured than it is proposed we should endure, in the way of meeting changes, but also because the information we shall give is not to be obtained from any of the works in which it would naturally be looked for. Histories of the coinage* are not written by men who know how to consult old books on arithmetic: and those who go to old books on arithmetic are seldom interested in numismatics.

From very old time our *reckoning* has been in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings; but this does not mean that these *coins of account* have always existed as coins of exchange. The common law implicitly supposes that people must have had a complicated variety of pieces of money from all time: before Edward III. *all* the coinage was *small silver*. By the old law, the tenant was bound to tender his rent at such time before sunset as would leave the landlord time to count it by daylight. What may this mean? Twenty marks would seldom have been paid at once for house-rent. In our day, any sunset which is preceded by daylight, or by anything better than London fog, would leave light enough for any one who can count to verify the rent of any three houses, paid in any collection of coins which is legal tender. We shall read the riddle as soon as we come to examine the state of the coinage.

Passing over the time of small silver, our first opportunity is afforded by the book of arithmetic of old Robert Recorde, the "Grounde of Artes," published in 1540. In this book, accounts are kept, as usual, in pounds, shillings, and pence; but the description given of the coinage, in modern spelling, is as follows:—

Gold coins: Sovereign, £1 2s. 6d.; half-do., 11s. 3d.; royal, 11s. 3d.; half-royal, 5s. 7½d.; quarter-royal, 2s. 9¾d.; old noble, 10s.; half-do., 5s.; angel, 7s. 6d.; half-do., 3s. 9d.; George noble, 6s. 8d.; half-do., 3s. 4d.; quarter-do., 1s. 8d.; crown, 5s.; half-do., 2s. 6d.; another crown, best known by the rose having no crown over it, but four fleurs-de-lys round it, 4s. 6d.

Silver coins: Groat,† 4d.; harp-groat, 3d.; penny of 2 pence, 2d.; dandiprat, 1½d.; penny; halfpenny; farthing, to be distin-

* For example, Camden, *Clarencieux King at Arms*, states that Henry VII. stamped a small coin called a *dandiprat*, but he did not know its value. Leake, another *Clarencieux*, a good antiquary, follows Camden in his history of the coinage; and can get no further. We shall presently see this coin of 1½d. in its proper place in the *arithmetician's* list.

† *Groat* and *great* are the same words: it means the *largest* silver coin.

guished from the smaller halfpence only by a cross and a port-cullis

Here is a sufficient account of the want of daylight for counting money, which must have required either the chequer-board, or pen and paper to write down and then add up. Twenty marks paid in gold, with mixture of half and quarter royals and the two kinds of crowns, would astonish a banker's clerk of our time, who feels it a grievance to have to find out the difference between our threepenny and fourpenny pieces.

This state of things, bad as it was, grew gradually worse. The editor of the edition of 1573 says that the coins were very different from what they were in 1540; meaning, we believe, that there were more of them. He promised a table at the end of the book, and forgot his promise. It may be suspected that the increase of trade, the Spanish marriage, &c., caused an influx of foreign coins; and it is known that the variety of English coins was rapidly increasing. Similar omissions occur in the remaining arithmetical books of the century.

The principal "valuers" of money were the pound, the mark (13s. 4d.), and the shilling; not one of which was a coin in 1540: for though Henry VII. did coin a few shillings, or *groats of 12 pence*, and thereby converted the shilling from a weight into a coin, yet this was merely as a specimen, and the coins were not put into circulation. The complication of actual coins increased, until, at the restoration of the monarchy, it had arrived at a fearful pitch. A multitude of gold pieces were in circulation, at odd pence per piece when of standard weight, and subject to reduction for loss of weight. At the Restoration, the value of every piece was augmented by proclamation, and this by other odd pence; so that, immediately after the Restoration, there were three things to consider, on each of 56 gold coins; the old value, the augmentation, and the loss due to the wear of the particular piece in question. And we do not hear of any very strong complaint, or even dissatisfaction.

William Jeake collected the following list of coins in 1674, and inserted it in his "*Λογιστικηλογία*, or Arithmetick Surveighed and Reviewed," which was not published till 1696, in folio. The values are given before and after the proclamation: the initial letters are those of the sovereigns who issued them.

GOLD COINS.

	1640.			1660.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Old double rose noble	1	16	4 ..	1	18	8
Double do. H8. E6. PM. El.	1	16	0 ..	1	18	4

	1640.	1660.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Great sovereign J. }	1 13 0 ..	1 15 3
Double rose noble. }		
Double rose royal or real	1 10 0 ..	1 12 0
Double old sovereign	1 6 8 ..	1 8 5
Best double sovereign H. }	1 3 10 ..	1 5 5
Double sovereign E6. El. }		
Double sovereign (Jacobus)	1 2 0 ..	1 3 10
Laureat or 20s. piece J. }	1 0 0 ..	1 1 4
20s. piece of Cl. }		
Old rose noble	0 18 2 ..	0 19 4
Spur royal. H8, E6, PM. El.	0 18 0 ..	0 19 2
Spur royal J.	0 16 6 ..	0 17 7
Double noble El. }	0 16 0 ..	0 17 1
Old noble H. }		
Rose royal	0 15 0 ..	0 16 0
Old sovereign	0 13 4 ..	0 14 2
Best sovereign H. }	0 11 11 ..	0 12 8
Sovereign E6, El. }		
Old angel noble H.	0 12 1 ..	0 12 10
Last angel noble H8, E6, PM. El. }	0 11 11 ..	0 12 8
First angel J. }		
Sovereign J. (double Britain crown)	0 11 0 ..	0 11 9
George noble	0 10 10 ..	0 11 6
Last angel J.	0 11 0 ..	0 11 9
Half-laureat J.	0 10 0 ..	0 10 8
10s. piece Cl	0 10 0 ..	0 10 8
Angel Cl.	0 10 0 ..	0 10 8
Half-spur-royal	0 9 0 ..	0 9 7
First crown H.	0 8 0 ..	0 8 5
Single noble El. }	0 8 0 ..	0 8 6
Half old noble }		
Salute	0 7 11 ..	0 8 5
Base crown H., Rose crown }	0 5 11 ..	0 6 4
Crown E6, El. }		
Half angel noble H.	0 6 0 ..	0 6 5
Half last angel H. }		
Half-angel E6, PM. El. }	0 5 11 ..	0 6 4
Half first angel J. }		
Britain crown J.	0 5 6 ..	0 5 10
Half George noble	0 5 5 ..	0 5 9
Half last angel J	0 5 6 ..	0 5 10
New crown J. }	0 5 0 ..	0 5 4
Crown Cl. }		
Two parts [thirds] of salute	0 5 3 ..	0 5 7
Half first crown H.	0 4 0 ..	0 4 2
Half salute	0 3 11 ..	0 4 2
Half rose crown }	0 2 11 ..	0 3 2
Half crown E6, El. }		

	1640.	1660.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Quarter old angel noble	0 3 0 ..	0 3 2
Quarter last angel H.	}	0 2 11 ..
Quarter angel E6, PM. El.		
Quarter first angel J.		
Half Britain crown J. }	0 2 9 ..	0 2 11
Quarter last angel J. }		

SILVER COINS.

	s. d.
Crown E6, El. J., C1, C2.	5 0
Half crown do. do.	2 6
Shilling E6, PM., El., J., C1, C2.	1 0
Sixpence do. do.	0 6
Groat old H8, last H8, M. El. C1.	0 4
Threepence El. C1.	0 3
Twopence H8, El., J, C1, C2.	0 2
Three halfpence El.	0 1½
Penny H8, E6, M., El., J., C1, C2.	0 1
Three farthings El.	0 0¾
Halfpenny El., J., C1, C2.	0 0½

If this confusion had run through the silver coinage, it would perhaps have been wholly unbearable. But the labouring man must have had a tolerable share of it. Sixteen at least of the current gold coins were lower than, or nearly the same as, the highest silver coin. Every man who dealt with sums of five shillings was liable to come in contact with this part of the gold circulation, and with its changes. And we do not know the worst: for Jeake does not pretend to give all the gold "yet current" in 1674, only "most" of it. We should like to have heard a speech from Mr. Lowe on the proclamation.

The renovation of the coinage which was completed by Newton in 1699, appears to have had no reference to the complexity of the pieces in number and value: the great cause of complaint was the depreciation. Of course, in calling in the battered mass, simplicity was observed in the new issue. We have often wondered why the details of this new issue are not matter of the utmost notoriety: it may easily be found that such is not the case. The histories of the coinage do not state the particulars of the new system. At the Mint, the controlment-rolls of the recoinage of 1699 do not give the denominations, though sufficiently full in other respects; and this is the only official record. And for the omission we find, on examination, a very simple reason. Whatever he had to do with calling in old coins, Newton had nothing to do in issuing new ones, except only to continue what his immediate predecessors had

been doing: he found simplicity of issue established. From Charles II. downwards, the silver issued had consisted of crowns, halfcrowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, threepences, twopences, and pence: the gold of five-pound pieces, double-guineas, guineas, and half-guineas. The only coin peculiar to Newton's administration is the quarter-guinea of 1718, but this coin was found too small for use; a lesson to those who would give us gold of 8s. 4d. Nevertheless, it continued in circulation at least to Wilkes's time; for Sam Johnson, speaking contemptuously of the petitions which that hero excited, said that with a little hot wine he would undertake to get up a petition against the half-guinea or the quarter-guinea.

The old gold coins were not entirely called in at the recoinage. The Carolus (£1 3s.) and the Jacobus (£1 5s.) retained some circulation till 1740, at least; for so late are they set down as "usual coins" in books of arithmetic.

It is not worth while to trace the copper coinage, an idea of the seventeenth century, or rather an idea of Elizabeth, carried into practice by her successors. The first English copper coin, *so called*, was the adulterated silver of Henry VIII, some of which had little more than the sixth part of its exchangeable value; as to which "Sir John Rainsford meeting Parson Brocke, the principall devisor of the Copper Coyne, threatned him to breake his head, for that he had made his Sovereigne Lord, the most beautifull Prince, King Henry, with a red and Copper Nose." It may be that these experiments upon the silver first suggested the notion of using copper, *ipso facto*, as a circulating medium.

Our readers will have remarked that for a long time, the bulk of the coin was gold, silver being, as copper now is, a base substitute for very small amounts. It is sometimes popularly stated that Henry VII. coined *gold pence*, but this golden coin was of a large value, though called a *penny*. It should follow, one might suppose, that the popular notion of a mass of coin, taken as it came, would be that of a larger bulk of gold, and a smaller bulk of silver: in our day, the result of putting together many mixed sums would be, that the bulk of silver would be greater than the bulk of gold. It so happened that, while writing on this subject, we chanced to read over that most excellent old ballad, the "Heir of Linne," which, though reputed (wrongly, we believe) Scottish, will serve our purpose, since the Scotch and English coinage were of the same character. The prodigal finds his father's hoard in *three* chests:—

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The *third* was full of white monéy.

So that the ballad notion of a hoard of coin seems to have been that there would be two bulks of gold to one of silver.

Seeing what our ancestors could endure, and did endure, and taking into account all the advantages which we have over them in the power of spreading information over the country, we ask whether the conversion of the half-shilling into 25 farthings instead of 24, is more than could easily be mastered. It is certain that at a very low estimate, by many thought much too low, this proceeding would set free five hours out of every hundred employed in education throughout the whole country: that is to say, ninety-five hours would do what one hundred now do. This takes in all kinds of education: to the poorer classes the proportion per cent. set free is larger. And further, the much greater facility given to money calculation would throw competition for clerks' and book-keepers' places among those who have at present no chance. It may be doubted whether the opening of the civil service and the East India service will be so large a boon to the middle classes, as the establishment of this simple coinage would be to the lower classes.

When the question had been carried in the House of Commons, the Decimal Association, desiring to proceed towards the change in the most cautious manner, recommended to the Government, by two deputations, one to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one to the Prime Minister, to take the following course:—First, to cease from coining halferowns, and from issuing the halferowns which return into the Mint; supplying their place by issue of florins and of sixpences. Secondly, to stamp on every new sixpence issued from the Mint the words "half-shilling, 25 mils;" not thereby meaning, at this time, to interfere with the existing farthing, but only to signify the advent of a new name, and to excite inquiry as to what this new name might mean. The Association was of opinion that, so far as the most ignorant classes are concerned, this sixpence, so stamped, *would be the only book wanted*. They urged upon the ministers that this step pledged the Crown to nothing, and gave nothing to retrace, if the plan were even finally abandoned.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave the deputation to understand that the Government would do nothing. He denied—and in doing so he gave reason to doubt that he knew the meaning of a *decimal coinage*—that the resolutions of the House contained an affirmation of the principle of retaining the pound. He maintained that it might be construed in favour of the penny. The resolutions were as follows:—"That in the opinion of this House, the initiation of the *decimal* system of coinage, by the issue of the *florin*, has been eminently successful and satisfactory."—"That a *further extension of such system* will be of great public advantage."

It was pointed out to Sir G. Lewis, that a *decimal* system proceeds only by *tens*; that a decimal system which contains the *florin*, must contain 10 florins, which is not a penny; and the 10th part of a florin, which is not a penny; and the 100th part of a florin, which is not a penny. "That," said he, "is one construction; but there are others." How the penny is to be retained in a decimal system which adopts the pound and florin, he did not point out; and we know no more than our readers what he meant.

Lord Palmerston, when the Association waited on him a few days afterwards, showed an utter want of Exchequer ingenuity, and much more aptitude at understanding logical necessity and arithmetical meaning. He did not for a moment fence with constructions, but admitted the plain English of the Resolutions, threw himself behind the barrier of ministerial discretion, and announced his intention to seek information through a Commission. Though some imagined that this was only a method of hanging up the question, yet, for ourselves, independently of the circumstances mentioned at the beginning of this article, we are inclined to think that Lord Palmerston saw clearly enough that the change—the *pound and mil* change—is sure to come. We do not believe that he ever entertained the idea of overturning *three* Committees by a Committee of *three*; but we suspect that, like all other ministers of our time, he did not want trouble upon a matter which is not a question of party, nor an outwork of the august city of ministerial power.

The opponents of the Association affirm that the commercial world takes no interest in the question; and one of their organs fathers upon Mr. Rogers an assertion that this is because the pound and mil scheme is simply impracticable. How exquisite the irony of fastening upon Nestor a dictum which would show an utter ignorance of mankind! Do large masses of men remain not only inactive, but uninterested, when a change affecting themselves is carried in the House of Commons, because they believe that such change, if attempted, would not succeed? Do they not know that the attempt, if seriously made, must either succeed to their gain or loss, or fail to their loss? Have the men of commerce a joint but unexpressed feeling that a measure carried in the House, approved by the mayors of cities and towns by the fifty, petitioned for by chambers of commerce by the dozen—to say nothing of advocacy not so directly commercial—can be trusted to work its own failure? The supposition is simply absurd. The commercial classes are *interested*, but not *excited*. They are generally in favour of the House of Commons plan, the only plan which has secured a combination. The opponents of this plan cannot

combine. There is neither unity among themselves, nor numerical force to back them. The commercial classes do not trouble themselves about the opposition, because they know next to nothing about it; they are not readers of pamphlets, and they only skim the correspondence of the newspapers.

In truth, the commercial feeling of the country acts in a very quiet way; as, for instance, in the question of limited liability, which the press did not lash one-half as much as the question whether or no the Hon. Major C. D. has been unjustly preferred to Captain A. B. Commerce *carwigs* its representatives, and shows itself in the results of the division: it was so in the present instance. Secure in this power, its organs of the press are mild and argumentative. There is no occasion to fume or fret, for as the commercial mind wills, so will the commercial measure be. It is only when the trade of the country comes into opposition with some other interest, as in the case of the corn-laws, that we see the excitement, the want of which our opponents call want of interest. We have no doubt that, in the present question, there is nothing left to overcome, except the inertia of the executive Government. Should the proceedings of the Commission now appointed fail to rouse ministers to action, the division of next session will be more effective. Members will not again be sent away by the dozen on the faith of the declaration of a government manager of debates, that *in all probability there will be no division*.

Since writing the preceding article, we have had the advantage of seeing the report (in the Journal of the Society of Arts) of a lecture by Mr. F. J. Minasi, an advocate of the tenpenny system, and we believe, the best arithmetician of his class. It is the most recent publication on the subject, and has much condensed information on other systems, and on the history of the whole question. The *pound and mil* system, which we have advocated, is traced by Mr. Minasi to a writer who signs himself *Mercator* in the *Pamphleteer*, for July 1814. Earlier versions of the same proposition will no doubt be found; for it is difficult to imagine any one turning his mind to the subject, without this plan suggesting itself, whether with approbation or not.

Mr. Minasi propounds the tenpenny system as we have set it forth: that is, not as an *adoption* of a decimal system, but as an *option*. The *franc* of tenpence, a silver coin, very likely to be confounded with the shilling, and the *imperial* of one hundred pence, a gold coin of 8s. 4d., very likely to be confounded with the half-sovereign, are proposed to be added to

our existing currency; and those who like may then calculate decimally in pence, francs, and imperials. The farthing and halfpenny are to be left for the poorer classes, or *perhaps*, if found desirable, the penny is to be divided into ten *mites*. The immediate effect would be, that this hash of different pieces of money would not deserve to be called *currency*, that which runs about, but rather *claudicancy*, that which halts most wofully: poor Mammon would immediately become a *diable boiteux*, a devil on two sticks of unequal length, one of twelve pence the other of ten. Suppose a person to hand over as his payment to the tax-gatherer, who calls at the door, four sovereigns, three half-sovereigns, four imperials, seven shillings, eight francs. How is the amount of this to be told? It would never be done with any certainty, without setting down and adding up, £4, £1 10s., 8s. 4d. \times 4, or £1 13s. 4d., 7s., 10d. \times 8, or 6s. 8d. To reimpose this kind of chequer-board work, from which we have been so happily delivered since the time of Newton, would be a piece of insanity of which no legislature could be capable. The period of confusion would last until all the present currency had found its way back to the Mint, which Sir J. Herschel supposed would take twenty years: and the decimal calculation would be introduced with the utmost slowness. The truth is that, as appears by the earlier publications, the advocates of the tenpenny scheme at first intended to propose the grand measure of *calling in all the coinage*, all the silver at least, except the half-crowns. As soon as their eyes began to open to the impracticability of this scheme, and to the immense advantage which the pound and mil scheme possessed in retaining all the silver, except the 3d. and 4d. pieces, at its *present value*, they hit upon this plan of mixing a decimal and a duo-decimal currency, with the option we have described. Our readers would not thank us for wasting further space upon a hybrid scheme, which carries its own condemnation with it.

The tenpenny scheme is the admiration of those who wish to assimilate the English and French coinage. It so happens that the two parliamentary movers of a decimal scheme are men singularly well acquainted with the coinage of foreign countries, and both are decidedly against this attempt. Sir John Bowring, to whom the florin is due, has seen the decimal system at work in all parts of the world. Mr. William Brown has long been acquainted with the American system in the country itself, and in his large mercantile transactions at home. We now leave the question to the Commission, trusting that the opponent systems will be so pitted against each other, that each side shall have full and immediate knowledge of what is brought forward by the others.

We conclude with a remark upon the assertion of some advocates of decimal reckoning, that practice, the rule of three, &c., will be banished from arithmetic. No notion can be more unfounded : every good plan of arithmetical operation is sure to find its way into every possible system. Relative advantages may be altered, and the questions in which one or another rule is advantageous may change places. All the difficulties of mere calculation will be greatly simplified by *any* decimal system : those of thought and arrangement will not be affected in any way.

ART. III.—SIR G. C. LEWIS ON EARLY ROMAN HISTORY.

An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History.
By the Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis. In Two Volumes. London : John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1855.

MORE than forty years have now elapsed since Niebuhr published the first edition of his History of Rome. The novelty of his views attracted immediate attention in Germany, and they were controverted by authors of great eminence,—A. W. Schlegel, in the *Litteratur-Zeitung* of Jena, and Creuzer, in the *Jahrbücher* of Heidelberg. But in this country his work was long altogether unknown, except from an article of Dr. Arnold's in the *Quarterly Review*. His fame and authority amongst us date from the appearance of Hare and Thirlwall's Translation of his Second Edition, in 1828 ; and for some years after that time it required no little boldness to express any doubt respecting the reality of his discoveries. One of the literary journals of the day,* in a notice of the first volume of this translation, ventured to controvert his favourite theory of the derivation of the Roman History from ballad poetry, his definition of the *populus* as a patrician body, which is the foundation of his whole constitutional history, and his exclusion of the clients from the general body of the *plebs* : but in general his opinions were received with profound acquiescence. All were dazzled for a time by the sudden brilliancy of the light which had burst upon them. The immense learning and great sagacity of Niebuhr seemed to place him above the reach of

* See Westminster Review for October, 1829.

criticism by ordinary men. There was an attractive earnestness, as well as an imposing self-confidence, in his style. Those who doubted the origin of the Roman History from poetical lays were told "that they might continue blind to their existence if they pleased; they would be left more and more alone every day; on this point there could be no going backward for generations." His friends and translators caught and imitated his earnestness of conviction and confidence of statement; and being placed where they had the influence of station and office over the minds of the young—Arnold, at Rugby, Hare and Thirlwall, at Trinity College, Cambridge—they imbued the rising generation of scholars with their own faith in the infallibility of Niebuhr. Arnold united his critical fragments into a continuous narrative, more popular and intelligible than the original. Macaulay lent the aid of his brilliant talent to the belief in the poetical origin of Roman History. Who could doubt that the story of Horatius Cocles and the Battle of the Lake Regillus had originally been ballad poetry, when he saw what admirable ballads had been made out of them? unless, indeed, it had happened to occur to him that the Roman history had furnished very little to the ballad, and that it owed nearly all its poetry to the modern composer.

Of late years the symptoms of reaction have been visible, both at home and abroad. Not only has the poetical theory been called in question,* but the theory of an originally patrician constitution, and even Niebuhr's explanation of the Agrarian laws, long deemed the unassailable point of his discoveries. Almost all the late publications on the Roman history in Germany have attacked some of his assumptions, and indications have not been wanting that Livy and Dionysius were about to be restored to their ancient dominion. Accordingly, MM. Gerlach and Bachofen have recently published a portion of a work, in which the voyage of Æneas to Italy, and the wars described in Virgil, resume their place as authentic facts. It

* Niebuhr himself appears to have felt some distrust of his own poetical theory; for he says, Vol. II. p. 6. Eng. Translation, "The rhythmical form is a secondary matter, the one main point is that those very stories which speak to the soul are treated by tradition freely and creatively; that it does not give back the chain of incidents one by one, as it receives them; that in proportion as a story is listened to with general interest, it is more liable to be transformed without any limit, until it becomes fixed in some book; while on the other hand, what excites no emotion comes down just as it was recorded to the historian, who likes to employ himself in putting some life into it." This amounts to no more than that imagination and patriotic feeling seize on certain events for their exercise, and neglect others, and is a very different thing from saying that every one must be blind who does not acknowledge the existence of incorporated lays in Livy's history, traceable at this day by their metre: which was Niebuhr's original dictum.

was impossible to study Niebuhr's writings, and compare his statements with his authorities—a process hardly ever performed by the first readers—and not to perceive how much his feelings and imagination had influenced his judgment. No writer was ever more remarkable for what the Germans call *subjectivity*. He has himself described the excitement under which he wrote. "The consequence of the continued exertion of all my faculties, directed to a single object for sixteen months without any intermission, except now and then a very few days, was that my sight grew dim in its passionate efforts to pierce into the obscurity of the subject." * Elsewhere he compares himself to the youth in the Slavonic tale, beneath whose yearning gaze of love a scarcely visible ærial form rises out of the mist, and takes the body of an earthly maiden, † in shape and substance. We have no doubt that he describes faithfully the emotions of his own mind; but we cannot regard this state of *nympholepsy* as a clairvoyance favourable to the divination of historic truth. It rather resembles that to which the religious devotee reduces himself by intense concentration of his thoughts and affections on one object—a state in which he sees visions and dreams dreams with an entire conviction of their reality.

The author of the work before us is in every respect, but extent of knowledge, the very opposite of Niebuhr. Happily for the tax-payers of England, their Chancellor of the Exchequer is altogether a man of facts and figures. He brings with him to his investigations of history, the habits of a mind trained in economy and statistics. He will accept no inferences, no analogies, no conjectures, no second-hand reports as substitutes for precise, contemporaneous, well-authenticated written documents. Where these begin, there, to him, history begins; all that precedes them he abandons to those who are willing to waste their time in building houses of cards, to be blown down by their successors at this idle and endless work, or in grinding the wind in a treadmill from which no grist can ever issue.

Accordingly he considers the Italian expedition of Pyrrhus as fixing the time at which the Roman history begins to be a profitable study. The learning and sagacity employed in constructing a history of the preceding five centuries have been wasted; the hypotheses which speculative men produce may be more or less ingenious and attractive, but they are equally unsusceptible of proof, and no increase of our knowledge can result from them.

"The main cause of the great multiplicity and wide divergence of opinions which characterize the recent researches into early

* Preface. Vol. ii. p. 4.

† Vol. ii. p. 14.

Roman history, is the defective method, which not only Niebuhr and his followers, but most of his opponents, have adopted. Instead of employing those tests of credibility which are consistently applied to modern history, they attempt to guide their judgment by the indications of internal evidence, and assume that the truth can be discovered by an occult faculty of historical divination. Hence, the task which they have undertaken resembles an inquiry into the internal structure of the earth, or into the question whether the stars are inhabited. It is an attempt to solve a problem, for the solution of which no sufficient data exist.

"The consequence is, that ingenuity and labour can produce nothing but hypotheses and conjectures which may be supported by analogies, and may sometimes appear specious and attractive, but can never rest on the solid foundation of proof. There will, therefore, be a series of such conjectural histories; each successive writer will reject all or some of the guesses of his predecessors, and will propose some new hypothesis of his own. But the treatment of early Roman history, though it will be constantly moving, will not advance; it will not be stationary, but neither will it be progressive; it will be unfixed and changeable, but without receiving any improvement; and it will perpetually revolve in the same hopeless circle. Like the search after the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, it will be constantly varying its aspect, under the treatment of different professors of the futile science; but truth and certainty, the aim of all rational employment of the intellect, will always be equally distant. Each new system of the early Roman constitution will be only (to use Paley's words) one guess among many; whereas, he alone discovers who proves. There is indeed no doubt that long habit, combined with a happy talent, may enable a person to discern the truth where it is invisible to ordinary minds, possessing no peculiar advantages. This may be observed, not only in historical researches, but in every other department of knowledge. In order, however, that the truth so perceived should recommend itself to the convictions of others, it is a necessary condition that it should admit of proof which they can understand. Newton might have perceived, by a rapid and intuitive sagacity, the connexion between the fall of an apple and the attraction of the earth to the sun; but unless he could have demonstrated that connexion by arguments which were intelligible and satisfactory to the scientific world, his discovery would have been useless, except as a mere suggestion. In like manner, we may rejoice that the ingenuity and learning of Niebuhr should have enabled him to advance many novel hypotheses and conjectures respecting events in the early history, and respecting the form of the early constitution, of Rome. But unless he can support those hypotheses by sufficient evidence, they are not entitled to our belief. It is not enough for a historian to claim the possession of a retrospective second-sight, which is denied to the rest of the world; of a mysterious doctrine, revealed only to the initiated. Unless he can prove as well as guess; unless he can produce evidence of the fact, after he has intuitively perceived its existence, his historical system cannot be received."

The allusion in this passage to the fruitlessness of the inquiry whether the stars are inhabited, we leave to be digested by the eminent philosophers who have lately occupied themselves with this question ; but our author is not happy when he classes with it an inquiry into the internal structure of the earth. He had perhaps Burnet and Whitehurst in his mind. But when Arago sinks an Artesian well to the depth of two thousand feet, and brings up water of the temperature of 85° of Fahrenheit, or Airy ascertains the vibrations of the pendulum at the bottom of a coal-pit, they do give us information respecting the internal structure of the earth. And as regards the earth's revolution around the sun, we should maintain that one who preferred the Pythagorean to the Ptolemaic system, even while both were hypotheses, showed a sound and philosophical judgment, grounded on the best evidence which was then attainable. Can we be said, indeed, even now to have any proof of the Copernican system, except that it solves the phenomena, the test by which every historical hypothesis claims to be tried, however inadequately it may often fulfil the condition ?

Niebuhr's historical investigations divide themselves into several periods—that which preceded the rise of Rome—the regal government—from the expulsion of the kings to the burning of the city—and from the rebuilding of the city to the war with Pyrrhus. Through all these Sir George Lewis follows him, for the purpose of establishing the thesis laid down in the extract which we have given above, and showing that, instead of solid and well-guaranteed facts, his work presents us with nothing but arbitrary assumptions and fanciful combinations. Occasionally he has a graver charge to prefer, of assertions made without proof, and evidence incorrectly stated, through the zeal of an advocate in the cause which he had undertaken. These criticisms on the work and its author are not hastily made. Sir George has evidently studied the whole history of Rome, with a view to the present discussion, in the original writers ; he has besides consulted every author, even the most recent, who could throw any light upon the subject. His tone is decisive, but dispassionate ; and could we agree with him as to the limit within which he would confine history, and the sources from which it must be derived in order to deserve its name, we should find little to object to against his special criticisms. As may be anticipated, he has no difficulty in showing that the attempts to construct a connected and credible history out of the traditions of the Italian nations who preceded the rise of Rome, have been attended with little success. His method is to place one in opposition to another, and then dash them together in order to pulverize both. The following extract will

show in what light estimation he holds this whole class of inquiries :—

“When we come to examine the evidence on which the ethnological theories of the majority of antiquarian treatises are founded, our wonder at their wide, and indeed almost unlimited divergences is at an end. No probability is too faint, no conjecture is too bold, no etymology is too uncertain, to resist the credulity of an antiquarian in search of evidence to support an ethnological hypothesis. Gods become men, kings become nations, one nation becomes another nation, opposites are interchanged, at a stroke of the wand of the historical magician. Centuries are to him as minutes; nor indeed is space itself of much account, when national affinities are in question. Chronology, as Niebuhr remarks in the passage quoted above, forms no part of such history; dates, in such a context, are misleading and deceptive. To ask for the ordinary securities of historical truth—determinate assignable witnesses, whose credibility can be weighed and estimated—would be an impertinence; would imply an ignorance of the conditions of the problem, which are, that the events are antecedent to the period of regular history and contemporaneous registration.

“Niebuhr remarks, that ‘unless some boldness of divination be allowable, all researches into the early history of nations must be abandoned. The subject may be interesting, and our curiosity may be great; but because the authentic information is scanty, we must not therefore assume the liberty of setting aside well-ascertained rules of historical evidence. To permit boldness of divination to supply the place of well-attested fact in inquiries into primitive ethnology, is similar to the ancient legal maxim, now happily exploded, that, in trials for atrocious crimes, a less degree of proof, than in ordinary cases, would suffice, and that the judge might outstep the law.’”

The ethnologists who have exercised themselves on the problem of the early population of Italy, would hardly admit that they have proceeded on a principle equally bad in law and logic. They would probably allege that they have only followed out the sound maxim, that when primary and positive evidence is not to be obtained, secondary and circumstantial may be admitted; and that, not because it would be a great dishonour to the law that a crime should be committed and no one be punished for it, but because experience has shown that such evidence is capable of furnishing a safe conclusion. No doubt much evidence is tendered on this subject which is of no value, and some has been admitted which did not deserve reception, but the sweeping condemnation in which our author involves the whole, appears to us not to be deserved. He makes no discrimination between witnesses according to their character and means of knowledge; indeed, he assumes that none of them

did or could know anything of times preceding the establishment of the Roman power, and that therefore none of them should be listened to. This we think an unfounded assumption. Herodotus and Dionysius are at variance on the subject of the origin of the Etruscans or Tyrrhenians. Dionysius, writing immediately before the Christian era, pronounced them to be in no way related to the Lydians, either in religion, language, or manners. Herodotus, in the fifth century, B.C., tells us that they were a colony from Lydia.* Is no account to be made, in weighing their authorities against each other, of the circumstances that one lived four centuries and a-half before the other; that Herodotus knew both Lydia and Italy, and had seen the Lydians when their traditions were so much more recent, and their manners and institutions so much less changed, than in the days of Dionysius? There is no perspective in Sir G. Lewis's estimate of evidence; what does not stand in the foreground of contemporary testimony vanishes at once from his view, be it nearer or more remote. Nor does he allow any weight to the traditional belief and historical consciousness of a nation, in regard to its own origin, which we should consider, when its existence can be ascertained, as at least good *prima facie* evidence, to be received and held valid till it can be proved also groundless. It is true that Niebuhr has said, and our author repeats the assertion, that popular belief requires no long time, in spite of the most obvious facts, and the clearest historical proofs, to become national, provided people are only roundly told that it was what their forefathers knew and believed. Niebuhr was very inconsistent, for he often argues from this belief as evidence of a true historical tradition: Sir G. Lewis is consistent in its rejection. We should hesitate to lay down an absolute rule. First of all, indeed, it must be ascertained that the belief *is* national, and not a mere literary or poetic fiction, like the deduction of the Britons from Brutus the Trojan, or the Milesian colony in Ireland. If it be truly national, its evidence is not to be set aside by any general assertion that it may have been produced by bold asseverations of its truth; the burden of proof is fairly thrown on those who maintain its falsehood. We do not mean, of course, that they are bound to show when and by whose means it originated, for it is not a thing of individual creation and instantaneous birth; but neither is it generated by the wind, or produced by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. It is a fact, for which a cause has to be assigned, a phenomenon, which demands an explanation, not indeed an explanation of every ornamental circumstance or minute variation in the story, but of that which is its substance

* Ant. Rom. i. 30. Herod. i. 94.

and underlies all its forms. Our author has collected from different ancient writers a number of traditions or legends respecting the original population of Italy. We readily concede to him that there is no one which deserves to be set up as history to the exclusion of the rest, and that to select from each what we think probable would be an arbitrary and uncritical proceeding. Yet they all involve an historical consciousness on the part of their authors, that in the language, religion, and customs of the Latins, to whom the Roman people owed their origin, there was a large infusion of a Grecian element, along with another which was not Grecian. Further, they all denote the existence of a conviction that it was not in any recent time, or from the Grecian people in any of its later divisions of Æolians, Dorians, Ionians, that this element was derived. They were Pelasgians,* the predecessors of the Hellenes, not any of the branches of the Hellenes themselves, who were believed to have crossed the Adriatic into Italy; or Arcadians, older than the moon, the primeval possessors of the Peloponnesus, who settled in Latium, and brought with them some of the arts of life and the simplest form of the alphabet.† If these accounts of Greek colonization were nothing but fictions, the effect of a desire on the part of the Romans to claim for themselves the respectability of a Greek origin, how has it happened that they correspond so well with facts so little popular and obvious as the agreement of the Latin language with the oldest form of Greek, of the oldest Italian alphabet with the most archaic Greek letters, and the worship of the Roman Penates with the primitive mythology of the Pelasgian Cabiri? Etymology may have amused itself with tracing a resemblance between the Roman *palatium* and the Arcadian town Pallantium; but if there had not been some other and better reason for fixing on Arcadia as the special source of the Grecian colony, this similarity of name, though something greater than that between Macedon and Monmouth, would hardly have given origin to the legend. We do not claim historical reality

* Sir G. Lewis says (i. 282, note 50) that two opposite and inconsistent views respecting the Pelasgians prevailed in antiquity, one representing them as a fixed and stationary, the other, as a migratory people; and he thinks this radical inconsistency a proof that the accounts of them rest on no historical basis. He quotes Herodotus i. 56, as an instance of the former opinion; but the words οὐδαμῇ καὶ ἐξέχωρῃσε refer only to the Pelasgians of Attica, who, according to him, were the progenitors of the Ionian population. In the next section he speaks of the Pelasgians migrating into the countries which they occupied in his own time.

† Livy i. 7. Plin. vii. 58. Repertores literarum Cadmus ex Phœnice in Greciam et Evander ad nos transtulerunt literas numero sedecim. Gramm. ap. Putsch. 2458. In Latium literas attulerunt Pelasgi. Plin. vii. 56.

for the expedition of Evander, though affirmation is as easy as denial; all we maintain is that this legend, and others of the same class, give evidence of historical truth, though not of their own truth. The gain, it may be said, is not great; we have better proof of the affinity between primæval Greece and Latium than any legend. This is true; but we might have had the legend alone, without the corroboration of language and archeology, and it is important to know that it is something more than an idle invention, and might have been safely used if it had stood alone. The Etruscan nation differed essentially from the Roman. It had a language wholly unlike the Greek in roots and structure, joined with an art manifesting the closest resemblance to archaic Greek art,* and an alphabet not only corresponding generally with the old Greek alphabet, but specially with that of which we have remains in the Phrygian and Lycian inscriptions. And while these circumstances point to a connexion between Etruria and the coast of Asia Minor, we are told by the father of history that the Tyrrhenians emigrated from Lydia, a country in contact or close contiguity with Phrygia and Lysia. The supposition of an emigration from the coast of Asia to Etruria, and its incorporation with a people of a wholly different language from the Greek, explains the phenomenon, and is in entire accordance with all that we know of the progress of art, letters, and population in the ancient world. Nothing opposes it but the absence of any account of such an emigration in the Lydian history of Xanthus—an uncertain argument at all times, but especially in the case of an author, the genuineness of whose reputed works was doubted by ancient critics.† We cannot therefore accede to Sir G. Lewis's decision, when he pronounces that "all the elaborate researches of modern scholars, respecting the national races of Italy, are as unreal as the speculations concerning judicial astrology, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life." There is no analogy between the two cases. One inquires after the explanation of a fact; the other goes in search of a nonentity.

Our author proceeds in the same manner to inquire into the

* We speak of Etruscan art as seen in the remains of it which have inscriptions in the Etruscan character; they are chiefly engraved stones and funeral monuments. The fictile vases have, with hardly an exception, Greek inscriptions, and the resemblance of their style with that of the Corinthian vases (see Abeken *Mittel-Italien*, p. 290) confirms the account of Pliny (35, 43) that the ceramic art was introduced into Etruria from Corinth. Eucheir and Eugrammus no doubt are fictitious names, representing skill in manipulating the clay and painting the vase, but the historical and archeological fact is not rendered doubtful by this admixture of myth.

† *Athen.* xii. 57.

historical evidence for the arrival of the Trojans under Æneas in Italy, the succession of the Alban kings, the foundation of Rome, the legislation and religious system of Numa. Respecting these there is at present little difference of opinion among scholars; they are regarded as partly fabulous, partly uncertain. We pass on to the legislation of Servius Tullius, which appears to offer a firm resting-place for the foot, after the shifting sands of the preceding reigns. His constitution was not revealed to him by the inspiration of any nymph or god; it was a work of mere political human wisdom; it was not a thing lost and forgotten, about which fables might be promulgated at pleasure, but existed, and was in operation in historical times, and reasoned upon by Roman statesmen with the most entire belief in its reality. Yet its history and character are by no means clear; Sir G. Lewis points out some of the difficulties which are inherent in the common accounts of it. It appears to him incredible, that if every Roman citizen had previously enjoyed a right of individual voting,* the poorer classes should have consented to be rendered powerless by an arrangement which threw the control of the votes completely into the hands of the rich, by assigning to them either an absolute majority, or at least a decided preponderance. He thinks that Servius could never have obtained the character of a popular king, had he thus robbed the democracy of their prerogatives, and that royalty could not co-exist with such a development of the political activity of the wealthier classes. The system bears to him the appearance of having been the slow and deliberate result of a compromise between the different orders of the state. Yet we think the consideration of this part of the Roman history rather tends to establish its trustworthiness than its uncertainty, as far as the changes of the constitution are concerned. For we should make a strong distinction between this and personal anecdotes, so uncertain in their tradition, or military events, so apt to be distorted by patriotic feeling. Three first-rate authorities, Cicero, Dionysius, Livy,† though they differ in the arrangement and number of the Servian centuries, agree in the general principle that they were designed to throw all real power in the comitia into the hands of the rich, and at the same time to lay on them the chief burden of taxation and military service. We feel no reliance on the argument that the

* "Such a state of things," he says, "cannot have existed in any Greek or Italian republic at the time assigned to the reign of Servius, 557, 35 B.C., shortly after the legislation of Solon." This positive assertion of an impossibility comes oddly from an author who maintains that we have no historical documents or trustworthy traditions respecting this age.

† Cic. Rep. ii. 22. Dion. Ant. iv. 16. Liv. i. 42.

people could not have been so blind to their own interests as to allow themselves to be juggled out of their rights, and to accept exemption from taxation and military service, as a compensation for the loss of political power. There are times when nations are so sensitive in regard to their rights, that to lift a finger against them is to excite an insurrection; others—and not necessarily separated by a long interval—when they are so apathetic, that they will not lift a finger in their defence. At one time they are jealous of their exclusion from political power; at another impatient of the burdens of citizenship, but indifferent about political power. Arguments which assume sagacity, foresight, and stability of purpose on the part of popular bodies, must be always very uncertain. That the statements of ancient authors should vary in respect to the particulars of the Servian arrangement, affords no reasonable ground for supposing that they had no authority for their assertions. Surely such a difference as Livy's making the assessment of the fifth class 11,000 asses, while Dionysius makes it 12,500, Cicero and Gellius 15,000, is sufficiently accounted for by their quoting from memory, which is so treacherous in regard to numbers. The suggestion that the Servian constitution was the slow and deliberate result of a compromise between the orders of the state is, we think, inconsistent with the position which the reign of Servius holds between those of the two Tarquins, Priscus and Superbus. The policy of the former was aristocratico-monarchical;* the latter was a tyrant; where then can we find time for the slow and deliberate growth of a popular institution? The facility with which it was infringed, and the shortness of the time during which it remained in force, are a presumption against its having that depth of root which a gradual formation would have given to it.

Another circumstance which we think entitles us to claim a truly historical character for the reign of Servius, is the existence of at least one contemporaneous document. When Ulpian tells us, in the reign of Alexander Severus, that the bills of mortality of Servius's time were extant, and employs them as the groundwork for calculating the average of life among the Romans, we may reasonably doubt their being the autograph returns of the censors. But Dionysius† says, that there remained to his age a *stele* in the temple of Diana, in archaic Greek characters, on which were inscribed the decree of the delegates of Rome and Latium, respecting the *panegyris*

* Centum in patres legit: *factio haud dubia regis*, cujus beneficio in curiam venerant. Livy, i. 35.

† Dion. Ant. iv. 26.

to be annually held in the temple of Diana, and the names of the towns who were parties to this league. We think Sir G. Lewis a little captious in his observations on this remarkable monument. He says (i. 502, note 86) "this inscription was doubtless of great antiquity, and contained a list of the towns of the Latin league, and the rules of the federal festival; but *there is nothing to show* that the name of Servius occurred in it." Now Dionysius distinctly says, *στήλην κατασκευάσας χαλκῇν ἐγράψεν ἐν ταύτῃ τὰ δόξαντα τοῖς συνέδροις κ.τ.λ.* This could only be known by his name occurring in it, and it is too much to require that Dionysius should have anticipated the scepticism of a future age, by telling us this in so many words. We must believe him till his critic can produce *something to show* that Servius was not mentioned in the tablet; and if he was mentioned, he must certainly be something more to us than what Niebuhr makes him, "serving the same purpose as x , the symbol of an unknown magnitude in mathematics."

The second volume of Sir G. Lewis's Inquiry opens with the History of Rome from the expulsion of the Kings to the burning of the city by the Gauls, and he thus describes the aspect of the period:—

"We now enter upon a period of one hundred and twenty years, which resembles the previous period of two hundred and forty-four years in being prior to all regular contemporary history, but differs from it in approaching more closely to the time when oral traditions were committed to the sure custody of writing. The reminiscences from which this portion of the history was written down were fresher, and more distinct, and had passed through a shorter series of reporters; and hence they probably adhered more closely to the truth, and contained a larger portion of real fact, than the legends out of which the previous history was formed. As the story advances, we cease to float about in entire uncertainty, and we observe some points of fixed and immovable land rising on the horizon. The mists of night begin to disperse, and we discover some faint traces of real objects.

Jamque rubescibat stellis Aurora fugatis,
Quum procul obscuro colles humilemque videmus
Italiam.

But although, when we descend to the siege of Veii and the burning of the city, we come to events of which the substance is clearly historical, we can perceive but little difference in character between the narrative of the early years of the Republic, and that of the last years of the kings. In external evidence they stand on the same ground; and the internal features of the accounts are similar."

Whatever cause the historical inquirer may have to regret the uncertainty of the Roman history during the first five cen-

turies, he has none to complain of the Roman historians themselves, who have not concealed the imperfection of their materials. It is from Livy we learn that the use of writing was rare in the ages which preceded the burning of the city by the Gauls, 390 B.C., and that of the written documents which existed in the commentaries of the pontiffs, and other public and private monuments, the greater part perished by that event. He acknowledges that the remoteness of those times made their occurrences obscure, and when he emerges from them rejoices that he has reached a period of more certain historical light. It is from Livy and Cicero we learn that the vanity of the patrician families at Rome had led them to place false inscriptions on the busts of their ancestors, and that of the plebeian *parvenus* to foist their names into illustrious genealogies. It is from the complaints of the same authors we learn that the funeral orations pronounced over distinguished citizens were full of exaggerations and falsehoods—triumphs never gained, and consulships never held; and they acknowledge that as these perversions and forgeries belonged to times from which no contemporary history had been preserved, it was impossible for the historian, while he pointed out the falsehood, to substitute the truth for it.* It is important to note these characters of honesty in the great Roman writers, as they warrant us in concluding that, however they may have been embarrassed by the scarcity of authentic materials, and the abundance of forgeries, they have not wilfully corrupted history. And if Livy and Dionysius are free from this imputation, Fabius and Macer, on whom they were compelled to rely, as the authors of the earliest continuous histories, stand equally clear of suspicion. After all, the exaggerations and falsehoods of which Livy and Cicero complain do not affect the main course of events, either in the political or constitutional history of Rome. False triumphs may have been claimed, and false names interpolated into the records of real triumphs, but the march of Roman conquest in Italy is unmistakeably traced. The overthrow of royalty, the establishment of the tribunate, the decemviral legislation, the gradual admission of the plebeians to power and office, are all related with personal details, which, when rigidly examined and compared, are found to be inconsistent or improbable, or even chronologically impossible; but the succession and causal nexus between the events themselves, in which the real lesson of the history lies, is not rendered doubtful by these discrepancies. Roman history, at least after the time of Romulus and Numa, never could become mythic. There was no period at which the art

* Cic. Brut. c. 16; Liv. viii. 40.

of writing was unknown,* none at which the people who were to become the masters and legislators of the world did not give anticipations of their destiny by the careful preservation of their laws, decrees, and treaties. And whatever havoc time, accident, and carelessness might make in these records, the Roman history could never lose that character of essential truth and natural development which it had derived from this monumental and documentary origin.

Livy makes no distinction, in point of certainty, between the earlier and later part of the period which preceded the burning of the city; but modern writers have thought that some particular event in the history marked the time at which greater certainty begins, and Niebuhr fixes on the First Secession (493 B.C.) as the dividing line, on one side of which all historical knowledge is unattainable; on the other, the restoration of a genuine, connected, substantially perfect history† is a practicable undertaking. On this point Sir G. Lewis is at issue with him. Considering nothing to deserve the name of history which does not rest on contemporary authority, of course he does not bestow it on what he regards as an unauthenticated combination and arbitrary selection of events; and he examines with great learning and care, the accounts which have come down to us, in order to show their unhistorical character. The history of Coriolanus, as commonly told after Livy and Dionysius, contains so many improbabilities, that even Hooke, though not prone to scepticism, is startled by them. Niebuhr has employed his reconstructive hand with unusual freedom upon this series of events; with what success, in Sir G. Lewis's opinion, may be seen in the following extract:—

“The treatment to which Niebuhr subjects the story of Coriolanus, throws much light upon his historical method in this period of the Roman annals. He considers it to consist of a nucleus of truth enveloped with poetical embellishments. He believes Coriolanus to have taken advantage of a present of corn from Sicily to recover the concession of the tribunate, to have been banished for this offence against the plebeians; and to have avenged himself by joining the enemies of his country: but he gives to these events a totally different complexion, and places them twenty years lower down, after the disaster of the Cremera. He dresses the incidents in a rationalized form, and changes their chronology; thus entirely inverting the historical sequence of this period. He supposes the

* The custom of driving a nail in the temple of Jupiter is often mentioned as if it had been the rude contrivance of an illiterate people for marking their chronology. But it was established by a law, as Livy tells us “*prisca literis verbisque scripta*” (vii. 3); its primary object was religious, its chronological use secondary and derivative.

† Vol. ii. p. 1. Eng. Transl.

famine to have occurred not in the year 492 B.C., two years after the secession, but to be that described in 476 B.C., and he believes Hiero, who then governed at Syracuse, to have sent the present of corn to Rome. According to his reconstruction of the story, the negotiation with Coriolanus typifies the peace made with the Volscians in the year 459 B.C. Coriolanus followed the Volscian standards as the leader of a band of Roman exiles, whose recall, as well as his own, he demanded of his countrymen; but the entreaties of his wife and mother induced him to withdraw his little army: he then returned to the country of the Volscians, and died there an exile in his old age. All detailed examination of a hypothesis which so far transcends the legitimate bounds of historical speculation seems superfluous. If we suppose the story of Coriolanus to be derived from contemporary records, or even from a faithful oral tradition, registered at a subsequent time, we must accept it in the main, as it stands. If, on the other hand, we are unable to trace it up to any trustworthy source, if we find moreover that the extant accounts differ from each other in material points, and that the narrative is deficient in internal probability and consistency, our reliance on its credibility must be slight. But to recast the story, retaining its substance, but rejecting all its accessories, and to transplant it to another chronological period, where it has different antecedents and different consequents, is a process wholly inadmissible. Operations of this sort do not enable Niebuhr to accomplish his promised restoration of 'a genuine, connected, substantially perfect history.'

In one instance only, during this period, have we the power of confronting the popular history of Rome with the evidence of a contemporaneous public document. Porsena, king of Clusium, had taken up arms for the restoration of the exiled Tarquins; he had possessed himself of the Janiculum, and would have been master of Rome, but for the brave defence of the Sublician bridge by Horatius Cocles. While he pressed the siege of the city, Mucius, penetrating into his camp, attempts his assassination, and having killed the secretary by mistake for the king, thrusts his hand into an altar-fire, and so astounds Porsena by his hardihood, and by informing him that he was only one of three hundred noble youths who had sworn to attempt his life, that Porsena sends ambassadors to the Romans and offers them conditions of peace. Hostages are given for the execution of the treaty. Clodia, one of them, induces her companions to escape by swimming across the Tiber; but the Roman commander restores them, and Porsena, charmed with this instance of good faith, abandons the cause of the Tarquins, while the Senate present him in return with a throne and sceptre, and he gives up the contents of his camp as a donation to the Roman people. M. de Beaufort, in his celebrated *Dissertation on the uncertainty of the Roman*

History, was the first, we believe, who pointed out a passage in which Tacitus speaks of the city as having been surrendered to Porsena, and a still more emphatic one in Pliny, who says that he had read in the treaty granted to the Roman people by Porsena, after the expulsion of the kings, a precise stipulation (*nominatim comprehensum invenimus*) that they should not use iron except for agricultural purposes.* Now this is a condition to which no nation that had not been beaten, and thoroughly beaten, would submit. In point of humiliation, the demolition of Dunkirk or Sebastopol is not to be compared with it. It is the exact counterpart of that which the Philistines imposed upon the Israelites, when they had come against them with such an overpowering force, that "they hid themselves in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits."† The glimpse afforded us by the casual mention of this treaty into the difference between the popular and the documentary history of Rome is certainly startling. We see at once that Porsena and the Romans cannot have parted upon those terms of mutual admiration and goodwill which the common story implies, and that the present of the throne and sceptre, if real, must have been an acknowledgment of superiority, not the return of a compliment. And we cannot avoid the reflection, if Roman vanity has so overlaid the truth in regard to a capital event like this, what security have we in cases where no contemporary evidence had been preserved to confront the popular tale? But this is not all. According to Sir G. Lewis, the contradiction goes much deeper than the romantic tale familiar to us from Livy. If the Romans, he asks, were disarmed by Porsena, why did not the Latins, the Veientes, the Sabines, their mortal enemies, fall upon them and crush them? Another document, the treaty with Carthage, made in the first year of the Republic, shows us the Romans as masters of many of the Latin cities; how happened it that they did not throw off the yoke of dependence? How are we to account for the extension of the Roman power in twelve succeeding years? Unless the whole course and tenour of the early history of the Republic are fictitious, we must admit the gradual advance of its military power, and the death of Tarquin in banishment; and these are inconsistent with the subjugation of Rome by Porsena.‡ We do not think the inconsistency so great as it appears to our author. Porsena bargains with the Romans in his treaty that they should use iron only in agriculture; this is something rather different from the disarming of the whole people, the term by which Sir G. Lewis describes it. Suppos-

* Tac. Hist. iii. 72. Plin. H. N. xxxiv. 13.

† 1 Sam. xiii. 19.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 41.

ing that the Senate, in execution of the treaty, even called on the people to deliver up their swords and spears, are such edicts very conscientiously obeyed when they contravene the national spirit? Nothing but continued occupation of the country and repeated visitations for arms could have been effectual. In the parallel case of the Israelites only a few years intervened between the time when they submitted to this humiliating condition, and that at which "Saul fought against his enemies on every side, against Moab and against the children of Ammon, and against Edom, and against the kings of Zobah, and against the Philistines."* An emancipation-war is usually accompanied with an energetic reaction. We think that Sir G. Lewis treats too lightly Niebuhr's argument, that the reduction of the number of the tribes from thirty to twenty-one, after the war with Porsena, is a presumptive proof that the Roman territory had been reduced nearly one-third. "Even if the number of twenty-one for the tribes in 495 B.C., rests on credible evidence (of which we have no warrant) we have nothing to assure us that the number of thirty for the tribes of Servius is authentic." It is difficult to satisfy one who will not take the statements of ancient authors as true, where there is no motive for falsification and no ground for the impeachment of their accuracy. The number of the Servian tribes, four urban, twenty-six rustic, rests on the authority of Fabius, the oldest Roman historian.† He adds, "the emptiness of Niebuhr's explanation is conclusively proved by the fact, that according to Livy the number of twenty-one tribes remained unchanged till 387 B.C. Now, if they were diminished in consequence of a reduction of territory, it is reasonable to conclude that when the territory was regained, which Niebuhr supposes to have speedily taken place, the tribes would be restored to their former complement." The probability of such a restoration hardly warrants the very decisive tone in which Niebuhr's explanation is set aside. If we had ample and continuous knowledge of the history of these times, our inability to assign the reason why the diminished number remained when the cause of diminution was removed, would be a good reason for doubting the explanation. Such knowledge, it is admitted on all sides that we have not, and therefore little weight can be allowed to the objection.

We can only attribute the entire suppression of the fact that Rome surrendered on humiliating conditions to Porsena, to the ignorance of this treaty on the part of the Roman historians. For though the exaggerations of the family memoirs and funeral panegyrics may have occasionally found their way into the history, the suppression of their own reverses is not a fraud

* 1 Sam. xiv. 47.

† Dion. Hal. iv. 13.

with which they are chargeable. They tell us honestly to what straits they were reduced by Coriolanus, how the Fabii were cut off at Cremera, how the city was taken by the Gauls, nor do they attempt to conceal the victories of Pyrrhus and Hannibal. The want of public documents must have rendered it difficult in ordinary cases to sift out the truth. The Roman monuments were not all on perennial brass; we read of linen-books and treatises inscribed on leather, substances obnoxious to damp and rats, from which the Roman *tabularia* were probably not free, any more than our own Record offices. Even when preserved, as the treaty with Porsena was, it might easily escape the notice of Fabius or Cato, in whose time its language was as obsolete as Saxon in our own,* much more of a foreigner like Dionysius, or an easy-going man of letters of the Augustan age, like Livy. He was as little of an antiquary as Hume, and appears, like him, to have composed his history from second-hand sources and superficial materials, trusting to the graces of his style to compensate for the want of laborious research. But we have no ground to impute to him the wilful concealment of a fact, especially in so remote an age, because it was dishonourable to his country. Even Dionysius, to whom Niebuhr has not scrupled to impute wilful falsehood, and whose history does not wear that aspect of a noble candour which characterizes Livy, is vindicated from this charge by Sir G. Lewis.

Our limits will not allow us to follow our author through his detailed examination of the Roman history, and it is the less necessary, as the question at issue between him and those who maintain the credibility of the common story, or the Niebuhrian reconstruction of it, is one rather of principle than detail. His principle may be thus stated:—Every historical event must have fallen under the observation of some living persons, who imparted to others the results of their observations; when, therefore, the question is of the events of a time for which there were no contemporary national historians, the narrative must be traceable to some other contemporary testimony: it may be a poem, an inscription, a register, or an oral tradition subsequently reduced to writing; but in some way we must have a personal attestation, or there would be no distinction between history and romance. Again, if we inquire during what length of time a narrative of an occurrence may be preserved by oral tradition, so that when at last written down it may safely be received as history, we find Polybius restricting it to a single generation, Sir Isaac Newton fixing it to eighty or a hundred

* Polyb. iii. 22. Fabius was hardly one of the *συνεργάται*, who alone could understand the treaty between the Romans and Carthaginians.

years before the introduction of writing, and Volney declaring, that among the Indians of North America there was no accurate tradition of events more than a century old. Now Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus, and Cato, who lived about the time of the Second Punic War, were removed by an interval of more than five centuries from the supposed foundation of the city, nearly three centuries from the expulsion of the kings, one hundred and seventy years from the burning of the city, and one hundred years from the defeat of the Romans at the Caudine Forks. The latest of these events is more remote than the limit to which oral tradition can safely be extended. Fabius and Cincius, therefore, had no authentic sources of information with respect to the first four-and-a-half centuries; and if we could still read their works, our real knowledge of the history of the period would, probably, be little varied.*

We may at once discard from our minds all inferences unfavourable to the authority of oral tradition in Roman history, derived from Sir Isaac Newton's canon, or Volney's testimony respecting the North American Indians. There never was a time when the Romans were ignorant of the art of writing. After the burning of the city the documents relating to civil affairs were ordered to be publicly exhibited (*edita in vulgus* Liv. vi. 1), while those relating to religion were concealed by the priests—a distinction which indicates that the power of reading was not uncommon. There can be no analogy between a state of things in which laws and treatises and the succession of magistrates is preserved by public authority, and the heroic history of Greece, in which, from the absence of all written records, imagination has free scope to invent and vary as it pleases. But the Romans did more than this to preserve the framework, at least, of an authentic history of their state. Cicero tells us that from the beginning the Pontifex Maximus committed an account of the events of each year to writing, and then exhibited it on a board at his house for public inspection. Whether these *Annales Maximi* escaped the conflagration of the capture of the city is disputed, but there can be no doubt that the practice was resumed and continued till the pontificate of Mucius Scævola, the celebrated jurist, contemporary with the Gracchi;† and even if the documents of the preceding age were lost, the knowledge of their contents could not wholly perish. That there was some authentic outline of the history, is evident from the complaints which Cicero and Livy make of the falsification of particular parts, by funeral orations, family

* Vol. i. p. 247; Vol. ii. p. 489. We have combined in the text the statements contained in these two passages.

† Cic. de Orat. ii. 12.

memoirs, and forged inscriptions; how otherwise could they ascertain the falsehood?

It is taken for granted in Sir G. Lewis's argument, that because Fabius Pictor and his contemporaries were the oldest writers of Roman history whom Livy and Dionysius knew and used, it must have originated with them. It is true Dionysius says that there was neither a *συγγραφεὺς* nor a *λογογράφος* of the more ancient times of Rome; but does it follow that because there was no formal history, there were no historical writings? Were the preceding five centuries a blank canvas upon which any one was at liberty to paint a fancy piece, trusting, as Niebuhr says, that if he roundly asserted it was the history of their forefathers, his countrymen would believe him, provided only they recognized a few names and events with which they were familiar? No such intimation is given us by the ancient writers, who complain indeed of a want of careful chronology in Fabius, (not very wonderful in a senator and soldier,) of national partiality, (easily explained from the same cause,) and of brevity in the early part of his narrative, but never impute to him the palming a fictitious history upon the world. Nor can we suppose that a man of his active life, went about collecting hearsays from the oldest inhabitants respecting the five centuries which preceded his time. He must have found the Roman history already reduced into a continuous form, and probably to writing, or at any rate capable of being orally communicated from one generation to another. Niebuhr left us some materials with which to build, in his ballads and lays, while Sir George Lewis reduces us to believe that the history rose like an exhalation out of the mist of the five preceding centuries. But a national history cannot be improvised like a system of philosophy; it must have its warrant in the nation's faith, though no individual member of the community may be master of the whole. In this regular transmission, which can alone account for its universal reception, each generation receives it from its predecessor with a stamp of genuineness, and gives the same confirmation to that which it adds and hands on to the coming age. Only in this way is the formation of a national history conceivable. Imagination, credulity, patriotism may corrupt historical truth; want of knowledge may confound genealogy, chronology, and geography in the popular mind; it may even accept pure fiction respecting a period which passes the limits of its own traditions, but we believe it to be beyond human power or literary talent to impose a tissue of falsehoods on a people, respecting the great series of events which constitute their history. And if the Roman history be examined without a desire to exaggerate its

discrepancies, there will be found in it a coherence and consistency which it could not have possessed had it first come into an organized existence in the time of the Second Punic War. A similar remark may be made respecting the eminent men who figure in the Roman history. Fiction may have hung its wreaths around the names of Valerius Publicola, Virginius, Cincinnatus, Camillus, or Licinius, but the men themselves are as truly historical, as essentially connected with the transactions of their times, as the Gracchi or the Scipios. If, in our exposition, nothing more were required than to show how the national character was formed, how the institutions of the Roman people developed themselves, and their state absorbed all the independent powers of Italy, no difficulty would be felt; for this direction and current of events is clear and intelligible, in the midst of all the wanderings and bifurcations of the stream; our embarrassment begins when it is necessary to reproduce the history in detail, to rectify the chronology, to reduce exaggerations within the bounds of credibility, to discriminate between fact and fiction. The mode of doing this, which to one man seems natural and obvious, another will condemn as arbitrary. Sir George Lewis's advice is, to leave the story as it has come down to us from the ancients; it is a beautiful work of art, which can only suffer by being retouched by the pencil of a modern restorer. This recommendation might be easily adopted if only one picture were in existence. But the writer of a Roman history is in the position of a connoisseur who has several pictures before him, all claiming to be the original, and who must decide, as he best can, which is genuine and which spurious. We are more hopeful than our author in regard to the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory decision by means of internal marks of credibility. The probable and natural connexion of events, which in a work of fiction would be merely a proof of the narrator's skill, becomes an evidence of truth in what we know to be mainly a *bonâ fide* history. Even such bold attempts at reconstruction, as some of Niebuhr's, should not be discouraged, provided conjecture is offered as conjecture, and not propounded for implicit belief. If we can make the pieces of our puzzle fit, we shall be satisfied that we have at last got them into their right position. And the evil of a little occasional waste of ingenuity is much less, than that of sitting down, as Sir George Lewis recommends, in blank despair of ever knowing anything of Roman history before the war with Pyrrhus.

ART. IV.—A NOVEL OR TWO.

Eustace Conyers. By James Hannay. 3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

A Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. Smith, Elder, and Co.

North and South. By the Author of "Mary Barton." 2 Vols. Chapman and Hall.

Clare Hall. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." 2 Vols. Longman.

THE Germans teach of the "retarding nature" essential to a romance. They do not mean that which retards the reader, but that the absence of which is apt to retard the reader,—the retarding elements of the action—the holding back from the coming issue—a sense, throughout the tale, of an end, but a constantly increasing anxiety as to *what* end: a feeling of a convergence of moral destinies to an unseen focus; of a connecting, overhanging Providence waiting to be evolved, but retarded by the slow maturing of the separate elements, or by the counteracting struggles of the actors.

A great artist must stand to the characters he delineates in two distinct relations. He must enter into each individually, and he must bind them all together. He must be in each and over all. He must not only catch and paint the distinct natures, but the uniting purpose which broods over them. He must imbue his tale with the feeling of that secret relation between the characters which suggests the reason why their destinies are interwoven, and which determines the limits of their mutual influence on each other's career. He must, in a certain sense, be the providence to the conceptions he has created, and colour his narrative with the feeling which has prompted him to group them in the same picture. From the beginning there should be a foreshadowing of the coming knot of destiny, though not of its solution; so as to give a unity of meaning to the whole, as well as individual life to the parts.

The best modern writers of fiction seem to be falling into the error of neglecting the tale in delineating the characters. You feel constantly inclined to say of them, as the grateful layman said of the long-winded divine, "It is very good of him to stop at all; for there was no reason why he should." A

recent author sketched three generations successively in his (or her) novel,* and was apparently only deterred from going in as fresh as ever upon the fourth generation, by arriving at the present time. It is getting quite unusual to conclude with the wedding; and even the total extinction of all the first set of heroes and heroines will not be sufficient soon. The reason is, that the strict-experience school of fiction is on the increase, and is carrying out its realism to a faulty extreme. The influence of Dickens and Thackeray, with their wonderful power of insight into special moods and phases of modern character, has tended to shake the conviction, that any art beyond that of genial and penetrating observation, is needed for the delineation of human life, so as to awaken the deepest interest of perusing man. The consequence has been the springing up of a sort of *accidental* school of fiction, in which men are delineated by random dots and lines; (in the case of Dickens, indeed, it is almost delineation by more or less consistent *anecdote*, so little is there of a fixed conceptions of his character;) in which there is neither any scheme for fully drawing out character, nor any obvious reason for selecting the special attitudes into which it happens to be thrown. A character is casually taken, and set up in various casual lights, and turned about, and put in different positions, and socially strained, and inquisitively tapped, and generally put through its paces; and the same thing is done for several other characters, and the aggregate is called a novel. And there would be no reason against this process, if it gave any true picture of real life; or, what is better still, if it taught us to see real life more really. But, in fact, this realistic school of fiction is truly realistic only in its detail. In the tale—the action—lies the proper fusing power for the individual elements; and if these elements have been originally separate studies, no power on earth will successfully group them, so as to bring out all the intended characteristics of each. You may get a bundle of fictitious biographies, and tie them mechanically together. But in the living relations in which men stand to each other, only special aspects of the several actors can be disclosed to the spectator of the whole action. If we want to see *real combinations* of men, we can only have *partial* views of the individuals concerned; since both the nature of the action and the nature of the fellow-actors, will modify and limit the mental qualities that come into play. The neglect of the plot until after the characters have been determined and surveyed, is as fatal as the neglect of statuary grouping till after the individual figures have been modelled. They have been

* See "Thorney Hall," by Holm Lee. Smith, Elder, & Co.

created, perhaps, for the sake of an effect which no art can consistently bring into notice when the figures are naturally arranged. Hence the temptation is great, (how often does Dickens, for example, yield to it!) for an author to make his figures suddenly wheel about and execute all kinds of eccentric and inappropriate manœuvres, that he may display details of character wholly unadapted to the scene and the company into which he may have accidentally dragged a favourite actor. In truth, the minute study of individual parts is a bad preparation for the creation of a whole, unless with a mind of extraordinary self-control, and vivid enough imagination to infer what parts and qualities of the single object will fall into the shade, and what will be drawn out into new light and new modifications by the fresh influences to which it is subjected. As the private biography of a statesman is a very misleading preparation for the historical part played by the subject of it;—as few things are more startling than to see one whom you have learnt to know intimately and in detail, in a critical position, where half his nature is in shadow, and the other half dilated beyond its natural proportions;—so is the minute observation of the strict-experience school of fiction, a totally inadequate and often misleading preparation for the vivid portraiture of a complex story.

We doubt if any really great writer of fiction ever thought *up* from his individual characters, to his scenes and events. The action is conceived first as an organic whole, and then the elements which constitute it are successively elaborated. Not, indeed, that the characters are subordinated to the evolution of the mere events,—the reverse is the case with all the greatest artists; but that the characters cannot be fairly and fully elaborated in their mutual relations, unless the conceptions of the principal relations germinate in the author's mind simultaneously with the conception of the characters themselves. Shakspeare certainly never conceived Lady Macbeth in vacuo, to develope her subsequently into the tempteress and the murderess. Neither did Scott execute his Rebecca in one studio, and Brian de Bois Gilbert in another; and then deliberately bring them into the same group. The *relations* of the Jewess and the Templar, of the Norman Barons and the Saxon Thanes, must have been born in his mind along with the characters themselves, and given as much shape and colour to the individual figures as they took from them.

But it is not only for the sake of the *truth* of delineation, that the *movement* of the plot should be conceived along with the characters; for many novelists do not incur this danger, but conceive simultaneously the whole group of their principal actors, so as to place them in their due relations from the

beginning. Only these writers to whom we now allude, conceive them in a state of equilibrium—like statical forces, or like tableaux vivans,—and then, when they have once sketched them faithfully, they have much ado to stir them into any active and interesting manœuvring. In this case they are excellently conceived and excellently grouped; but this is not all that is needful to delineate human beings. The great interest of human life, after all, is the *becoming*, not the being. Slightly as we ever modify ourselves,—comparatively slightly as we change each other,—yet all our interest is centred on the changes, the moves in the human game, the hasty marches, the eager contests, the doubtful results. What men are, we know. What we breathlessly strive to behold is, what men *shall be*. Nor can we even delineate what they are, except by delineating them in a state of change, without delineating the mutual invasions and surrenders of human individualities. Half the qualities of men are visible only in glowing action and in *continuous* action. No careful sculpture of momentary attitudes,—though they be petrified in the very instant of vivid and vehement purpose,—can delineate men truly. Hence a plot of some rapid movement is of the very essence of art; and hence the unsuitability of ordinary listless hours, and of monotonous life, for revealing what men are. The *latent* heat cannot so be indicated, yet it is an essential part of the real life: you must choose a moment when the latent heat is given out. The statical school of fiction, of which Miss Austen may be said to be by far the most distinguished representative,—the writers, we mean, who throw all their characters into easy attitudes for undisturbed chat, or, when obliged to set them in motion, only lead them gently by the side of a stream of events which wanders along “soft and slow,” with scarcely a ripple or a rock,—produce much elegant literature, describing man as he is on the surface of quiet society, but give you little glimpse of the latent force and complex emotions which sleep beneath the cultivated self-possession of social life.

It may be said, with great truth, that the quiet, chatty school of novelists represent not only the *surface* of human life, but the *whole* of much ordinary life,—that deep feelings and rapid movements of human interest are the exception in the comfortable classes,—and that, even if you could sound the depths of secret emotion with the omniscience assumed by the writer of fiction, in nine cases out of ten the floating bubbles of gossip would give you a very good notion of the strata of life beneath. And this may be nearly true. But in all men there is the capacity for a deeper and higher range of feeling; and it is this capacity which makes man so high a subject of art. As Dutch paintings of

the highest imitative perfection soon weary because the mind cannot rest long on a mere lesson in accurate details, but looks to be taught some deeper insight into beauty and expression, through the finer perception of the artist—so the chatty school of novelists soon weary us, because what we naturally seek after is wanting. One who can see all that we see with so much more discriminating a glance, ought to teach us also to see what we do not see—namely, the points where the small wants and cares of bounded, narrow minds might open out—if we could but catch the hidden and tortuous path—into wide sympathy with the genial beauty and the stormy greatness of human nature.

It is the misery of ordinary natures to be able to bring only the *punctum cœcum* of the mind's eye to bear on those minute spots in other ordinary natures, where the passage into a world of more genial liberty—the escape into immortal attributes—is really to be found. All men can see clearly the shallow bottom of the minds of others; but the darker points, where the springs go deeper, are apt to strike the paralyzed portion of the retina, and we perceive them not. If the literary artist cannot help us here, it is small amends that he paints with inimitable skill the details to which we are negligently awake.

And, to come back to the main drift of these remarks, there is a *special* necessity for the modern novelist to throw his art into the plot as well as into the characters, so as to give it a free and rapid movement. The more faithfully he delineates the ordinary tone and manners of cultivated society, the less likely will he be to help us to sound these deeper portions of human nature. Nor will the admitted privilege of mentally diving into the recesses of his actors' hearts effectually extricate him from this difficulty, without the help of an artful and spirited conspiracy of events. For there is a limit to the use of this privilege. It is very right and very pleasing to be told of the strong feelings working beneath your hero's unruffled brow, and your heroine's liquid laughter. But it will never do to separate half so completely, in a work of fiction, the outward life and the inward, as they often are separated in reality. It is too trying to faith. Art will not bear the strain. Much liberty of this kind, no doubt, there is in the novel, which the dramatist is forbidden. But, even in the novel, the object must be, to harmonize these statements "on authority," with the delineations of manner and life. Already a sceptical generation is springing up, which will question the author's omniscience, and take leave to doubt, here of a fact, and there of a feeling. It has been stoutly denied by a warm admirer of Miss Bremer, that she was correct in stating that Bruno shot

his horse. An unbelieving generation will probably some day question whether, in fact, *Ivanhoe* had the unfortunate taste to prefer Rowena, or Rebecca the still more unfortunate taste to prefer *Ivanhoe*. Where art ceases to be art, faith will not be persuaded to go its way, nothing doubting. There must be enough, in the outward delineation at least, to shadow forth what the artist states to be going on within. You cannot have a history of deep emotion, running parallel with a delineation of the placid colloquialism of polished life. And yet no picture of modern society would be faithful, or free from the charge of romantic unreality, which should allow the deeper emotions to appear on the surface, unless there be also a considerable element of exciting events to fuse the cold upper strata of character into a glow. The greater the culture of men, the less easy and direct becomes the expression of their deeper natures. It requires the crisis of opposition—the suspense of uncertainty—the struggle with perplexity, to justify any visible picture of deep and powerful passion. Man's deeper nature, unless roused, and crossed, and chafed, (in a way in which the school of Miss Austen and the quietist school in general seldom provide for,) does not gleam through its sheath at all; and it requires great skill and subtlety to provide fair opportunity for this, without running into the absurdities of the passionate, stage-effect sort of novelists, who make men and women rant out their emotions on the most trivial occasions, and go into quite alarming convulsions of character with less reserve and less shame than the simplest child. On the other hand, the morbid and mystical school put aside this danger, only to fall into the other equally painful fault, of merging a delineation of character into an analysis of feeling, which, if it be art at all, is only the art of disease,—the miniature painting of spiritual dungeons. The true medium (one of especial difficulty for our modern culture) is, to give so much agitating movement to the story as will justify a higher than ordinary tint of colouring in the delineations of external life; so that this again, in its turn, may justify subsidiary description of inward emotion,—a description which is out of harmony, and apt to seem sentimental and tedious, if not borne out by a considerable visible tossing of the upper waves of fate as well. We listen in awe to the sound of booming thunder heard beneath the earth, if we see the visible earthquake before our eyes; but soon tire of it as a mere natural phenomenon, if no adequate and suitable terrors ensue.

The time was when novels were estimated and criticized almost entirely with a view to the ingenuity and exciting situations of the plot. Mr. James has subsisted as a literary man, not so much on plots, as on conspiracies. Ambuscades on

the trail of the Iroquois must have been life-insurance to Mr. Cooper; and out of piratical audacities he has gleaned a modest fame. Through innumerable trap-doors, Mr. Ainsworth has emerged into literary notoriety; secret passages have been his best benefactors, and decaying tapestry his truest friend. Mrs. Radcliffe was under obligations of that nature to banditti, that a grateful heart would have suggested the duty of giving herself up to pillage in the Apennines with at least a moderate treasure. Sorcery has been of material service to Bulwer, and ghosts to Scott. Now, however, all is changed, and the danger is rather of a reaction from this helpless dependence on machinery, into the use of no machinery whatever for the development of character. We have offered reasons why the energy of the tale is of real importance, even to the artist, and from the artistic point of view; and we have dwelt on the subject, because we ascribe a good deal of the faultiness in several of the stories before us to the languid current of events, or to their straggling confusion and want of harmony with the characters they are intended to unfold.

The absence of all invention of situations adapted to unfold his main characters is the great fault in Mr. Hannay's amusing, frequently brilliant, and sometimes skilful volumes. Eustace Conyers has scarce any thread of unity in it at all, except that it starts with the birth of Eustace, and ends with his embarkation for the Baltic. There is a little slack sea-adventure now and then; but even these incidents are not adapted or intended to develop the characters of the tale, but are mere sugar-plums for the reader, to draw him on through the book. The real characters, so far as they are developed at all, are developed intellectually, through the colloquial medium, and chiefly by the Thackerayish practice of a frequent comparison of notes between the young men of the story as to their theory of life. And very skilfully this is often done. Though Mr. Hannay probably would not at all bear comparison with either Thackeray or Carlyle in power, his humour and intellectual insight will often remind the reader of both. There is something more than fine observation and considerable talent in his writing. There is genius, but more of the discriminative than of the imaginative kind. He seems to have passive more than active imagination; insight and humour, but not much creative power. We should guess that most of his characters are studies from life. He has no women worth noting in his tale, which indicates that his delineations are intellectual more than poetic. For a man to draw women successfully requires something more than observation, a real inborn poetic faculty which

no experience gives. "My idea of woman," said Goethe, "is not abstracted from what I have seen in real life, but rather inborn. At any rate, it arose in me, I know not how. Accordingly the characters of women in my works have all been successful. They are all better than they could be found in real life." And so it was with Shakspeare and also with Shelley. Even Scott half failed in giving the genuine feminineness to his women. He was not poet enough. His best sketches are women of strong character,—Rebecca, Diana Vernon, Jeanie Deans; he is worst and feeblest when he strives to be most feminine. He understood special women tolerably; he did not fully understand woman. And the less the poet, the less perfect are our male novelists in this point. Dickens's works would never explain what a woman is (though they might give some distinct idea of a marchioness) to that monk on Mount Athos, who made the inquiry. Thackeray is nearer to the mark, but he does his Becky-women the best; and in the others there is a nameless something wanting, which makes you feel them clever outside portraits, and no more. The feminine atmosphere is wanting. Goethe's women mark the great poet more than anything else in his writings. They are scarcely second to Shakspeare's. The mere picturesque masculine imagination cannot paint women. Imagine Carlyle, for example—who has, perhaps, more imagination of the masculine (*i.e.* not of the creative) kind than any living writer—drawing a feminine portrait, even from history! Apparitionally he might succeed, (there was some such apparition in his *Sartor Resartus*,) but he would scarce feel more at home in the interior character than the god Thor in a hare-bell.

But to return to Mr. Hannay. There is both delicacy and humour in his opening sketch of the Rev. Mr. Conyers, father to the hero; and it is equally well done throughout.

"Several pretty faces, as well as Helen's, looked up with curiosity, as (prayers having been read by Mr. Mottell, an old curate of the neighbourhood,) the Reverend Mr. Conyers mounted up in the pulpit, face to face with the eagle of Conyers, on the still fresh-looking hatchment of his father, and gave out the text. Helen saw a grave, handsome face, serious, but not austere, enlivened by calm and sky-clear blue eyes, shedding mild, soft light over features high-bred and well cut. The discourse (delivered, perhaps, too abstractedly, and too like an essay) enforced the necessity of 'rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,'—rather superfluous advice in a country where Cæsar's tax-gatherers are well able to manage the affairs of their master. Mr. Conyers was at home in the subject, and showed the harmony between conservatism and piety. He dwelt on the inherent right which time gives to an

institution; and showed that Christianity 'did not aim at *disturbing* social relations, but rather at sanctifying them as they already existed.' A hypercritical person might have objected to his mention of the fact, that the priests of Judæa belonged to old families, as not being required by the necessities of the argument; but, on the whole, a generally decorous and respectable effect was produced, and a kind of impression conveyed, that you could not do better than improve your private morals, and pay your rates and taxes; not to be despised, surely, as far as it went? The congregation were not deeply stirred, but everybody saw that a scholar and well-meaning man had begun his career among them; and the Earl of Huntingland was afterwards heard to assert, that 'Conyers's view of Christianity was essentially that of a gentleman. That it would be well if his family still held Conyerslea,' with other remarks highly creditable to his understanding."

Characters of a different kind, touched with insight and humour, are Henry Mildew, Esq., and Pearl Studds, Esq., young gentlemen of the rising generation, who are respectively the intellectual fast man and the moral fast man of the book. The latter is a mere outline, but he is too amusing to be passed by. He is a lieutenant in the man-of-war in which Eustace Conyers makes his first voyage, and much in debt; the scene of weighing anchor, containing just a touch of the Pecksniffian Captain Mogglestonleugh, has much humour.

"The gun-room was in a bustle, like every other part of the ship. Piles of loaves, freshly come on board, were lying in a corner along with a mass of vegetables; for the news had come quite suddenly, and taken everybody by surprise. For once, Pearl Studds seemed *active*. Studds, indeed, was one of the Mess Committee, and he had made up his mind that the "Hildebrand's" gun-room should *not* be without comforts—let the ship sail as fast as Moggy pleased. So, here was Studds, with a note-book and a charming little gold pencil-case out—giving orders and making memoranda:

"'Loaves! good! And Mr. Tomkins!'

"'Yes, Sir!'

"'The fowls are come, I suppose? All this bustle deuced bad for their condition—makes 'em thin.'

"Door opens, Enter a man with a basket of live poultry. Chuck, chuck, chuck!

"'Take 'em to the main-deck, Sir,' cries Studds. 'Coops are ready, *I hope*. Remove that 'early village cock' instanter, Sir. D—n that cock! he'll wake us. Worse than the quarter-master. Pigs come, Tomkins?'

"'No room for pigs for gun-room, Sir. Captain's pigs, ward-room pigs leave no room for us, Sir.'

"'What! We must remonstrate, you know, by Jove! I say, you fellows, do you hear that? Pour me a glass of sherry out, Tomkins. That's my bottle—there.'

" 'A man asking for you alongside, Mr. Studds, Sir,' says a boy, entering at this moment.

" 'Can't see him. Don't he see the Blue Peter? Tell him we're going to sea.'

" Exit boy, who returns in three minutes. 'Please, Sir, he says it's because you're going to sea, he's come, Sir.'

" A pause. 'Tell him to wait.' Exit boy again. Pearl Studds rubs his nose with his gold pencil-case, meditatively.

" 'Whose watch is it?'

" Somebody answers. Studds writes three lines on a piece of paper, and folds it into a cocked hat. 'Young Gorling, take this up like a good lad.'

" And away goes young Gorling (who admires Studds, and is cultivating premature debt himself) with a note, begging 'dear ——— to keep off that confounded fellow.'

" Presently, a tremendous shrill piping all through the ship. In bursts a quarter-master. "Hands up anchor, gentlemen!" The capstan, which, with the bars in it, looks like a gigantic catherine-wheel, is manned in a minute. Eustace Conyers is at his proper station, the poop, ready to fly up the mizen-rigging, when the word is given to 'loose sails.' Up strike fifes and flageolets; and with a thrilling tramp (the two sounds together go to your very bones when you hear them first) the capstan begins to turn. Captain Mogglestonleugh is on the poop, and stands beside a chair, on which sits his wife, who will leave presently, when the ship is fairly going out. She speaks to Eustace, who bows, and answers, and is pleased, though the black and sneering Beans sees him from the quarter-deck.

" At last comes 'loose sails.' As Eustace bounds into the mizen-rigging he sees a handsome, thin gentleman bounding into the main-rigging similarly, and watched from a boat. It is Pearl Studds. He flies up to the main-top with a speed which delights Moggy, who does not know the stimulus. 'A promising officer,' says Moggy, to his wife. Yes, Moggy, promising—to pay! That shore-boat is seen no more. The dun watched Mr. Studds' ascent, as a sportsman does the flight of a bird that he has missed, and then directed his boatman to take him ashore.

" The canvass is loosed, simultaneously, fore and aft. The capstan is manned again, and up comes the anchor. The 'Hildebrand' feels herself a free thing, and as the wind comes down on her cloud of immense sail, Eustace feels the peculiar sensation of the first heeling-over of the huge ship. For a moment or two everything seems bewitched; the sea throbs alongside her, with a new life; the breakwater and the shores shift and play like clouds, and all is dream-like.

" Soon the ship is 'hove-to;' Mrs. Mogglestonleugh comes out of the cabin (where she and the captain have been for a few minutes), walks to the side where her boat is,—the centre of all eyes—and viewed by the sailors, in her silk and lace, as a goddess and queen, gracefully bows to the officers from the gangway, and is

lowered into her boat in a chair. A pause. The boat leaves. It is a great moment for Moggy. Every eye sees husband and father in his face. 'Commander Perkins,' he says firmly, 'make sail.' Then, he blows his nose violently, and Duty has triumphed! Nothing could be more touching than the whole scene."

Lindsay's character is the great charm of the book. It is delicate, manly, humorous, genial, and thoughtful. If there had been any sort of *action* in the novel, this book would have produced a great effect; but the machinery for delineating the characters is so feeble, that the skill of the sketches themselves is scarcely observed by ordinary readers. It is a mere series of clever little dialogues, enlivened by a few stray perils; and there is not the great keenness and breadth of humour which makes stray dialogue more than sufficient to delight the reader in writers such as Thackeray and Dickens. It needs *action*, not imported incident, to enrich and deepen the purely intellectual effect. There is, too, not a little pedantry in the tale.

On the tale that stands second on our list, and which bears the name of "Ashford Owen," we have no carping criticisms to pass; it is a pleasant and easy task to characterize it; less, easy, however, to justify our estimate by any single extract than in the case of Mr. Hannay. It is a tale of a totally different kind of merit; the aspects of character caught are all coloured with sentiment; humour is less predominant than thought and grace, and intellectual brilliance does not come within its scope. It is as perfect in its unity as "Eustace Conyers" is remarkable for its disjointed character. The tale is quite sufficient to draw out the conception, and the conception is very simple. If Ashford Owen be of the male sex, we have no reason to make the complaint against him which we brought against Mr. Hannay, and various other masculine authors, that they cannot catch the essence of feminine character. The ordinary and safest rule of criticism,—that a woman's novel may always be tested by its delineation of men only in the aspect in which they appear to women, and not as they are to each other,—would yield a conclusion in favour of its feminine authorship. There is but one man delineated, and only the femininely illuminated side of him. The colourless masculine side is never seen. Still there is much more to make one give a contrary judgment—especially a truer and subtler delineation of Mr. Erskine's rather polygamic state of heart, than a woman would be likely to draw. The feminine characters could easily have been drawn by such an insight as a poetic temperament gives. The heroine's character, and that of her rival, are studies that would excite and rivet a genial imagination. The heroine, Georgy Sandon, has a "one-idea'd," child-like, reserved, tena-

cious, docile, inexperienced, worshipping character,—not April and sensitive,—but gravely, quietly, passionate. She falls under the influence of a refined, cultivated, self-possessed, and affectionate, but not intense mind,—a mind loving influence and loving love. This is the hero James Erskine; and very skilfully he is drawn. Georgy's rival, Constance Everett, is drawn with nearly equal skill. She is of the sensitive, rather mutable, and very impressible, dependently joyous class, who throw out *all* their beauty into a halo around them, and seem to diffuse an even sunnier influence over others than over themselves. Unfortunately (for the reader necessarily holds up both hands for Georgy), she has had the start of her rival, and though she has been once married, had attached Mr. Erskine in earlier years. Georgy is much the best. But Mrs. Everett—afterwards, alas! Mrs. James Erskine—is very delicately sketched. She is very like the lady of whom the poet remarks:—

“To thee only God granted
A heart ever new;
To all, always open;
To all, always true.”

It is truer to *all*, than to any one in particular.

The contest that goes on in Mr. Erskine's mind, between his deeper sympathy with Georgy, his sense of the power and simplicity of her nature and attachment, the gratified vanity with which he regards her docility,—and the fascination exerted over him by Mrs. Everett, is very subtly painted. He himself is a polished, affectionate, intellectual man, irresolute of heart, and easily divided between two influences.

Georgy is at a ball with Mr. Erskine (he, gratefully but rather benignantly, conscious of her concealed worship, and determined, at that time, to admit, and even to some considerable extent, to requite it):—

“She was brought back to the ball, the people, and the recollection of Mrs. Evelyn Lorraine's greatness, by Mr. Erskine, who had come to ask her to dance with him. She assented, struggled through a quadrille, laughed and talked, and explored the refreshment room; till suddenly he asked, in mentioning the day when she had first arrived at their house, ‘Was I not in a detestably gloomy humour that morning?’ It was said laughingly and gently, and yet it annoyed her intensely: she did not like that cool way of making amends, if any were required. She answered, laughing, but shortly: ‘Indeed, I did not remark any alteration in you.’ After that everything grew less pleasant: she was glad even to leave James when they saw Mrs. Erskine, who was seeking them to go home.

“They talked eagerly on the way back, and Georgy said that she

had enjoyed herself very much. Mrs. Erskine went rapidly up stairs, and Georgy followed, but stood with her hand upon her door, and listened as she heard Mr. Erskine's voice down stairs, and his footsteps as he went into his sitting-room. She would not have prolonged her visit there a day, if by her own wish she could have done so; and yet she reckoned up every hour that yet remained to her, like a miser his hoard: every footstep that she heard, and every time she looked at him, she computed as a sort of gain. Then a twinge of vexation came upon her, as she still heard those words, 'Was I not in a detestable humour that morning?' They had been said with a faint tone of royalty, which made the remembrance of them intolerable to her.

"She felt that she was in a false position. What had she come there for? and the words returned to her again, carrying with them a homily of their own. Then she tried to turn against him, to criticize him, and to reflect coldly; but she could not find in her heart one harsh thought. All that he said was well said; all that he did was well done. She loved him in all ways, as mothers love their children: for his virtues, and still more for his faults. Then she started again, and her heart beat violently as she heard his footsteps when he came up stairs and shut the door of his room. Life was very long she thought, as she lay down that night, and remembered that one more day would end this.

"The next morning passed quickly. Georgy never saw Mr. Erskine, and in the evening she was left alone again. There was a lurking hope in her breast that perhaps he would come again; it had grown up in spite of herself. She had not seen him all day, and so—perhaps: but it grew late, and her vision was not destined to be realized. She sat at the window, watching the line of lamps that were urging the departure of the summer twilight. Those lamps and that dull, bald street, they meant home to her; and tomorrow she would leave home, and never find it again. She always knew his footsteps and felt his approach; but this time Mr. Erskine had pushed back the curtain which hung between the drawing-rooms, and was standing by her before she was aware.

"'Oh! you have come,' she said, abruptly.

"'Why, did you expect me?'

"'No, not at all,' she answered (still more abruptly), and took up her work; sitting with her back to the window, where she could not by any possibility see.

"'You can't see.'

"'I forgot,' she said, laughing, and turned towards the window.

"'You are very industrious.'

"'Well, one must do something.'

"'I never heard you moralize so sternly before.' Then there was a short pause. She had never mentioned Grainthorpe to him when she could help it; never spoke to him of her quarrel with her uncle; and if he ever alluded to it, always resolutely passed over the subject—now he mentioned it suddenly.

"'Georgy—Miss Sandon, you are not very happy at Grainthorpe?'

"She looked up at him and coloured. 'Tell me, if it is not an impertinent question: you were engaged by your uncle's desire, not your own?'

"'No, no, I did it—it was my doing—I wanted to get away—I did it,' she said, rather incoherently.

"'My child, was it only to get away from Grainthorpe that you engaged yourself?' She got up quickly, and going to the window, sat down there, and said, 'It was very foolish of me; but I shall make myself quite happy at Grainthorpe: I am not going to marry at all.'

"'Not?'

"'No.'

"She did not see him half smile at her effort to brave it out unconcernedly. She had never looked so childlike as when she uttered that deliberate decision, No; and she was *too unconcerned* to look at him. He sat down beside her in the window, and bent very near her. He had bent down so once before; and her heart beat as it had done once before, by the piano at the Grange. There was so much deference, and so much gentle respect in his manner, and yet it was so calmly assured—it always fascinated and mastered her.

"'Do you love no one, then?'

"He took her hand; but his sentence appeared so completely finished, that she drew back, and snatched her hand away. It seemed as if he were cross-questioning her at pleasure. For one instant he looked at her as she crimsoned, and her eyes grew angry and full of tears; then he said, quite humbly:

"'Could you ever be my wife? Do you love me enough?'

"She did not lift her eyes, and as if the words were very difficult to speak, she said: 'You know I do.'

This is not our last parting, we trust, from Ashford Owen.

On the subject of "North and South," we have more disposition to be contentious. It has much of the great power of its author; but the plot is sadly disjointed, and the interstices are "viewy." The characters do not move gradually through, the narrative, but, so to say, get through it, in kangaroo fashion, by a series of little successive springs, and the characters are rather subordinated to the "views," than the "views" to the characters. The story is clearly rather incoherent, and the incident invented, as emergency dictated, to get up periodic interest when the book became too discussional. The style, too, is sometimes touched with something morbid, from which "Cranford" was, we think, quite free. We refer to references to the descriptions of emotion, which are overdrawn, and especially to one common symptom of false sentiment, in which many novelists indulge—the description of minute changes in the *physical* expression in periods of deep feeling. This is, we

are convinced, unartistic as well as false taste. The minute physical changes are not observed in themselves, but only in the change of *expression* which they produce, in all cases of deep emotion. It is a mistake both in taste and art, to draw attention to "curving throats," "dilating lips," &c. &c., as the symptoms of emotion. These things may produce the expressional effect, but the very interest of the result in expression prevents observations on the physiological medium. It would require a scientific man, intending to prepare "plates" of the different emotions, to note these things. And the mind instinctively shrinks from the record of them. The grief and the love and the fear should absorb the attention, and not the resulting state of muscular action. It is uncomfortable, and always suggests the presence of an unparticipating spectator with a note-book. Mr. Henry Lennox is one of the best sketches in the book; and his more successful rival, Mr. Thornton, is also a masterly piece of drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Hale, too, are skilfully delineated, and we regretted to lose them unnecessarily from the scene. The action of the tale is "retarding" enough in one sense, but not in the German sense, for the delays do not bear on the plot; they are not fresh obstacles to be overcome, but interjectional distractions. There is sufficient excuse for this, however, in the periodic form of the tale; but art will not endure piece-meal generation: and the author has this time sacrificed art in the interest of popular amusement.

Of Miss Sewell's tale we have neither space nor inclination left to say many words. It is one of the poorest creations of her delicate but limited genius. There is the conscientious and child-like girl, and the irresolute, "viewy" girl,—the same characters, very slightly modified, that we had in the "Earl's Daughter" and elsewhere;—there is the microscopic view of small temptations, and there is Miss Sewell's objective conscience, the faultless clergyman; there are a few smugglers, not much in her line, and a fine old general who is; and there are two good aunts impersonating respectively *exigant* Duty, and self-denying Love, who are delicately true to life as formerly, but not differing much, except in name, from antecedent aunts (or mothers). The stage and the parts are changed, but her company of actors is the same.

ART. V.—THE CIVIL SERVICE AND THE
COMPETITIVE PRINCIPLE.

Reports of Committees of Inquiry into Public Offices, and Papers connected therewith. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.) 1854.

Papers relating to the Reorganization of the Civil Service. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.) 1855.

LITTLE as the readable character of blue-books is appreciated by the public, a great deal of our best and most thoughtful writing is laid up within their covers; and any one who should publish a judicious selection from their contents would surprise his readers by the number of weighty and often piquant observations which he would present to them. The remark applies forcibly to the collection of papers on the Civil Service, which has already excited so much discussion, and of which we propose to make some further mention. It contains, as every one now knows, the criticisms of many of the most eminent late and present Civil Servants of the Crown on the plan of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan for filling all government posts by the victors in open competitive examinations. It should be noted at the outset, that, taking the Report of those gentlemen, and the letter of Mr. Jowett appended to it, in connexion with each other, it is sufficiently apparent that the propounders are fully alive to the distinction between the many thousand inferior posts of an out-door and in-door character, and the comparatively few in which the higher mental faculties are called into action; and that they propose entirely different systems of examination for the two classes.

The proposal of so sweeping a change as the abolition of the whole system of patronage, and the making all appointments whatsoever depend on the fiat of an examining board dealing with all candidates who may present themselves with due certificates of physical and moral fitness, is supported by a strongly-worded statement of the present deficiencies of the service.

"It would be natural to expect that so important a profession would attract into its ranks the ablest and the most ambitious of the youth of the country; that the keenest emulation would prevail among those who had entered it; and that such as were endowed with superior qualifications would rapidly rise to distinction and public eminence. Such, however, is by no means the case. Admission into the Civil Service is indeed eagerly sought after, but it is for the unambitious, and the indolent or incapable, that it is chiefly desired. Those whose abilities do not warrant an expectation that they will succeed in the open professions, where they must encounter the competition of their contemporaries, and those whom indolence of temperament or physical infirmities unfit for active exertions, are placed in the Civil Service, where they may obtain an honourable livelihood with little labour, and with no risk; where their success depends upon their simply avoiding any flagrant misconduct, and attending with moderate regularity to routine duties; and in which they are secured against the ordinary consequences of old age, or failing health, by an arrangement which provides them with the means of supporting themselves after they have become incapacitated."

Frequent and prolonged absences from ill-health are also noticed, and the result is thus stated:—

"The result naturally is, that the public service suffers both in internal efficiency and in public estimation. The character of the individuals influences the mass, and it is thus that we often hear complaints of official delays, official evasions of difficulty, and official indisposition to improvement.

"There are, however, numerous honourable exceptions to these observations, and the trustworthiness of the entire body is unimpeached. They are much better than we have any right to expect from the system under which they are appointed and promoted."

The expressions we have quoted have called forth numerous expressions of dissent, and some of indignation.

Sir Thomas Redington, Permanent Secretary to the Board of Control, thinks "that too unfavourable a view of the actual Civil Service has been taken." Sir G. C. Lewis says: "My experience does not confirm the general description of the Civil Service given at the commencement of the Report. There are, indeed, in most offices inefficient persons who ought never to have been appointed, or ought subsequently to have been dismissed; but the large majority of clerks are efficient." Mr. Murdoch, Chairman of the Emigration Board, expresses his "entire dissent from the disparaging terms in which the present Civil Service is spoken of." Sir T. F. Fremantle, Chairman of the Board of Customs, believes "that the clerks and officers of the civil departments generally are faithful, diligent,

and competent; that the public business of those departments is well conducted; and that their efficiency would not suffer by comparison with that of the army, the navy, or any other service in the state, or with public companies, or large establishments under the management of private individuals." Mr. H. U. Addington, late Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, considers that the Foreign Office is "of unsurpassed, if not of unequalled, working power and good conduct;" and says that it is impossible for him to conceive "that a system of Civil Service can be flagrantly and fundamentally bad under which such an office has grown up." Mr. Hawes, Deputy-Secretary-at-War, "demurs" to the general character of the service which is given in the Report. Mr. Waddington, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, is with regret compelled to observe, that "the inefficiency of the Civil Service as at present organized is most enormously exaggerated;" and "ventures to assert, that the hopeless incompetence described in the Report is rare indeed; and that competency is the general rule, the exceptions being, not the honourable ones, as stated in the Report, but the dishonourable; and not being numerous, but few." Sir A. Y. Spearman, late Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury, and now holding another post, is equally distinct in the same sense; and the letter of Mr. Arbuthnot, the Auditor of the Civil List, is one long protest against the wholesale condemnation which has been passed.

These cheerful statements are met by others (though less numerous ones) of a contrary tendency. Sir James Stephen says: "The majority of the members of the colonial department, in my time, possessed only in a low degree, and some of them in a degree almost incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business, or the industry, the zeal, or the knowledge required for the effective performance of their appropriate functions." Mr. Chadwick says, that he has been assured that, under a particular commission, "out of eighty clerks supplied by the patronage secretary, there were not more than twelve who were worth their salt for the performance of service requiring only a sound common education." He adds in a note—

"A retired officer, writing to me on this subject of lively official interest, says, that a faithful portrait of the parties who have procured appointments in public offices might well be considered a scandalous misrepresentation. Many instances could be given of young men, the sons of respectable parents, who were found unable to read or write, and utterly ignorant of accounts. Two brothers, one almost imbecile, the other much below the average of intellect, long retained appointments, though never equal to higher work

than the lowest description of copying. Another young man was found unable, on entering, to number the pages of a volume of official papers beyond ten. It used to be by no means uncommon to have a fine, fashionably-dressed young man introduced as the junior clerk; on trial, he turns out fit for nothing. The head of the department knows, from old experience, that a representation of this fact to higher quarters would merely draw down ill-will upon himself; the first official duty with which the young man is charged is, therefore, to take a month's leave of absence that he may endeavour to learn to write."

Mr. Romilly likewise appears to concur generally in the representations of the Report on the same subject; and the following specific statement of Mr. Anderson, principal clerk for financial business at the Treasury, deserves great attention :

"During the early period of my service, the Commissioner at the head of a large department was desirous of introducing improvements in the mode of keeping the accounts of his office, improvements as urgently pressed upon his notice by the defective state of the accounts themselves, as by the increased demands of Parliament for information which his books could imperfectly supply. Having had some experience himself, before he was appointed to office, of the system by which commercial men reduce to order the large and varied operations of trade, he determined upon applying the principles of that system to the public accounts of his department; but although he had a large establishment of clerks almost wholly employed in the business of accounts to select from, he could not find one who was sufficiently conversant with the scientific principles of accounts to carry out his plans of improvement. If the system which he proposed to introduce had been one of modern invention or only partially known, such a result might have been accounted for, but it was one which for a long period has been in almost universal practice in this and other countries for all accounts of any magnitude, and which must have been co-existent with commerce itself.

"It must not be supposed that the mischief of admitting ill-qualified persons into departments of account is limited to the inconvenience of a defective plan of account. The security which the system itself ought to provide is supplied by creating departments of check or by other complicated contrivances, which, being further involved by legislation founded upon them, render the public accounts unintelligible to all but the few to whom they become familiar by long practice."

The Reporters, however, are well aware, that there are other potent causes at work besides the original mental and moral disqualifications of government clerks, which tend to deteriorate the efficiency of the service. They reduce them mainly to

three heads: first, the long continuance of mere drudgery imposed on all; secondly, the system of promotion by seniority, without regard to merit; and, thirdly, the fact, that the highest prizes are given to strangers. We quote their own words:—

“ The character of the young men admitted to the public service depends chiefly upon the discretion with which the heads of departments, and others who are entrusted with the distribution of patronage, exercise that privilege. In those cases in which the patronage of departments belongs to their chief for the time being, the appointments which it commonly falls to his lot to make are either those of junior clerks, to whom no very important duties are in the first instance to be assigned, or of persons who are to fill responsible and highly-paid situations above the rank of the ordinary clerkships. In the first case, as the character and abilities of the new junior clerk will produce but little immediate effect upon the office, the chief of the department is naturally led to regard the selection as a matter of small moment, and will probably bestow the office upon the son or dependant of some one having personal or political claims upon him, or perhaps upon the son of some meritorious public servant, without instituting any very minute inquiry into the merits of the young man himself. It is true that in many offices some kind of examination is prescribed, and that in almost all the person appointed is in the first instance nominated on probation; but, as will presently be pointed out, neither of these tests are at present very efficacious. The young man thus admitted is commonly employed upon duties of the merest routine. Many of the first years of his service are spent in copying papers, and other work of an almost mechanical character. In two or three years he is as good as he can be at such an employment. The remainder of his official life can only exercise a depressing influence on him, and renders the work of the office distasteful to him. Unlike the pupil in a conveyancer's or special pleader's office, he not only begins with mechanical labour as an introduction to labour of a higher kind, but often also ends with it. In the meantime his salary is gradually advancing till he reaches, by seniority, the top of his class, and on the occurrence of a vacancy in the class above him he is promoted to fill it, as a matter of course, and without any regard to his previous services or his qualifications. Thus, while no pains have been taken in the first instance to secure a good man for the office, nothing has been done after the clerk's appointment to turn his abilities, whatever they may be, to the best account. The result naturally is, that when the chief of the office has to make an appointment of visible and immediate importance to the efficiency of his department, he sometimes has difficulty in finding a clerk capable of filling it, and he is not unfrequently obliged to go out of the office, and to appoint some one of high standing in an open profession, or some one distinguished in other walks of life, over the heads of men who have been for many years in the public service. This is necessarily discouraging to the

Civil servants, and tends to strengthen in them the injurious conviction, that their success does not depend upon their own exertions, and that if they work hard, it will not advance them,—if they waste their time in idleness, it will not keep them back.”

Mr. Lingen, Secretary to the Committee of Council on Education, in a very able, but somewhat desponding paper, further illustrates the disadvantages of the Civil Service as follows:—

“The Civil Service, however, differs from private employment in two material considerations:—

“1. The active head is not the supreme head.

“2. Neither the active head, nor the supreme head, has his own private fortune or ruin so much staked on the result, as to afford a guarantee against his indulging his own passion or caprice in relation to his subordinates; and, therefore, while justice requires that a certain independence be accorded to the corps in regard to the chiefs, it introduces, nevertheless, a fundamental ground of inferiority in the organization of the public, as contrasted with that of private, service.”

The following is an extract from the evidence of Mr. Romilly:

“It might, however, be expected that when once admitted into the Civil Service, the regulations of each office would be such as to elicit exertion. But this is far from being the case. In many offices a clerk may be there eighteen or twenty years without its being possible for him to advance himself by any effort of his own. It takes that time to get out of those classes, the promotion in which depends upon seniority alone, into those in which a selection for merit is permitted. The most intelligent and hard-working officer, who never neglects his duty, is exactly in the same position as the ignorant and indolent one who just spoils enough of the stores of the Stationery Office to show that he is entitled to it. Such a system has an obvious tendency to corrupt and demoralise the whole body of civil servants; to make them consider a public clerkship as a public pension—a mere sinecure, where little or no work is to be done, but where regular attendance, and a decent outward show in the presence of superiors, is to be maintained.

“And yet instances to the contrary are numerous; and clerks will be found who have no expectation of emerging from their humble sphere of action, and gaining the reward of their exertions, honestly and energetically performing their duties, day after day, and year after year, in silence and obscurity. But this is not in consequence, but in spite of the system.”

A little fact, contributed by Mr. Herman Merivale, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, may help to account for the deficiencies complained of by Sir James Stephen:—

"In the Colonial Office there are now nineteen clerks, and it will scarcely be alleged that their functions in conducting the correspondence with forty-six colonies are of a very light and unimportant character. It would appear, from the best comparison I can make of their present salaries, varying from £100 to £1000, that twenty years' service is the ordinary time required to attain a salary of £400."

Notwithstanding the contrarieties of opinion which thus seem to prevail among highly-qualified official persons, as to the characters and merits of their subordinates, we think an attentive reader of the papers before us will be able to gather a pretty correct notion of the state of the case. Any lean and hungry Cassius of a reformer may claim pardon if he desires a less comfortable witness than Mr. Waddington to the truth of the proposition, that "whatever is, is right;" while there is a degree of biliousness and pessimism in Sir James Stephen, (who paints large classes in dark colours, and at the same time treats all suggested remedies in the cynical spirit of a desponding official,) that indispose us to follow his guidance implicitly. We infer, that the offices generally are in a so-so condition, passable where they ought to be good, deficient in energy and life, and not free from the imputation of gross abuse of patronage in particular cases; but at the same time far from being nests of sloth and corruption, and redeemed by many bright, and a great many decent examples, from any general character of actual inefficiency or incompetency. "For the object in view," says Mr. John Wood, "it is sufficient to state, that the Civil Service is susceptible of considerable improvement. This assumption is not inconsistent with an acknowledgment of the great talent, industry, and acquirements of many of its members."

We take first the case of the great mass of inferior officials, such as custom-house and excise officers, and mere accounting clerks. We think that the suggestions of the Report have been somewhat prejudiced by the generality of the phrases used in reference to "literary examinations," and by the scheme proposed by Mr. Jowett for testing the qualifications of inferior officers. We subjoin proposed regulations extracted from Mr. Jowett's letter:—

- "1. The examination to be carried on by the assistant examiners.
- "2. To consist of reading aloud in the presence of one of them:—
 - "Of writing from dictation;
 - "Of arithmetic;
 - "Of geography;
 - "Of writing a letter, or making an abstract;

"Of viva voce on any subject calculated to test general intelligence :

To which might be added an 'useful knowledge' paper of common questions about common things.

"3. The examinations of all the different districts to be brought together at the central office.

"4. The names of as many candidates as there are vacancies, actual or probable, to be published, either in order of merit or divided into classes, according to the nature or value of the appointments.

"A smile may be raised at the idea of subjecting excisemen and tide-waiters to a competing literary examination, as there might have been thirty years ago at subjecting village schoolmasters to a similar test ; but it must be remembered, on the other hand,—

"1. That such a measure will exercise the happiest influence on the education of the lower classes throughout England, acting by the surest of all motives—the desire that a man has of bettering himself in life.

"2. That reading, writing, and arithmetic, a good hand, and the power of expressing himself in a letter, no less than the general intelligence tested by the examination, render the lowest public servant fitter for his position than he would be without them, and give him a chance of rising in the service.

"3. That the examination will relate to common things treated in a common-sense way.

"4. That no other means can be devised of getting rid of the evils of patronage."

Now, laying aside as pedantic and inopportune the suggestion of endeavouring to raise the general education of the country through the public offices, till those offices are *per se*, and for their own special objects, in advance of, instead of behind, the private establishments of the country, we see good sense in the second reason alleged in support of Mr. Jowett's proposals ; and we are fully alive to the importance, in a political view, of putting an end to the traffic in small places, between representatives and their constituents. Still the academical scheme of a competing examination, with marks, and the necessary allotment of an exciseman's or accounting-clerk's post, as the prize of victory, does not strike us as being just the thing wanted. There is no reason why the vast mass of places of the class alluded to, should not be distributed by the higher authorities in the permanent service, in the same way as boards of directors fill up vacancies among their police, and in their financial offices. We do not at all apprehend that Appointment Committees, consisting of two or three officers of due rank, practically employed in the duties of the department, and independent of political change, would be likely to job

their appointments, or, if making election were laid down as a substantive and important branch of their duty, that it would be performed in a negligent and perfunctory manner. There would be the check of the presence of several, and the consciousness of performing a judicial act. A yielding to private solicitation, under such circumstances, is, we are proud to think, little to be feared among English gentlemen.

Any one experienced in the affairs of a great railway company will vouch for the certainty of a great many very tolerable candidates presenting themselves, and, as at least one of the writers of the Papers judiciously remarks, those who make little scruple of injuring that abstraction, the public, would not think of injuring individuals by choosing any but the best of a set of competing candidates. The judges, being high in the Office themselves, would have their *esprit de corps*, and indeed their love of ease and personal convenience, excited to fill up their vacant desks with the best men. We cannot regard for an instant the objection that high official persons could not find time, or would be too intent on stopping the gap in their staff *pro re natâ*, to discharge such duties with proper deliberation. As far as mere time is concerned, that can be provided by increase of numerical strength, and we firmly believe that the number of candidates and the sense of official responsibility would be sufficient guards against the other danger. Above all, we rely on the latter, the moral check. As long as government posts are associated with interest and favour, as long as "patronage" is viewed as a perquisite of office, the public will not be served as well as it might be. But let Parliament, the country, and our statesmen, once decide that the selection of the best candidates shall be in the category of *duties*, and we have no fear but that it will be performed with a very fair amount of conscientious pains and impartiality. The new principle could not involve any sacrifice of our present chances of obtaining sound moral qualifications in our officers. Be it remembered that for the class of offices to which we are now alluding we seek no delicate and superfine sense of honour. We want that ordinary mercantile integrity which, thank God, abounds in England, and on the faith of which, ascertained by ordinary means, our great private establishments are filled with useful servants. The scrutiny of an Appointment Committee on such subjects will surely be as reliable as the recommendation of a Member of Parliament who has been asked to get a place for the dependant of an influential constituent.

Our main objection to the principle of examination pure and simple, under the auspices of an independent board, as

regards the mass of subordinate appointments, is that it perpetuates the vicious practice of prohibiting the really acting and responsible officers from choosing their own instruments, and that too under the peculiarly dangerous guise of introducing something more philosophical and abstractedly perfect than obtains anywhere in the common transactions of Englishmen. Mere practical instinct tells us that it is an unbusiness-like way of making our offices more business-like. If political patronage were to continue, it would be well to have an artificial check against abuse; but if political patronage is to be done away with, why not follow the mode which prevails in all voluntary associations? Nevertheless we are quite prepared to admit that the value of direct tests in the nature of examinations, and even of competitive examinations, as auxiliary to the judicious selection of functionaries, is underrated among us, and might with special propriety be regarded to a certain extent in the regular and systematic procedure of a public office. But on this head it is necessary to make a remark on examinations generally.

We shall hereafter refer to that class of examinations which has excited the most general attention in regard to appointments; but we have here to observe that there is another class, which has hardly been distinguished with sufficient breadth in any of the papers before us, though some of the writers, and especially Mr. Chadwick, have it principally in view. We mean *practical examinations in arts acquired by practice*. Examinations on the mere results of reading are often unsatisfactory. The power of getting up a wide and showy acquaintance with a variety of literary matter, and giving it out in written answers to written questions, is a most unsafe criterion of practical ability. It is the academical habit of rating too highly the possession of this power which has produced the distaste of practical men to direct tests. We should ourselves demur greatly to allowing much weight in the appointment of an accounting clerk, to the marks he might get on "an 'useful knowledge' paper of common questions about common things." In like manner we much doubt whether the public gains any appreciable direct security from the examination of attorneys by means of a list of law questions, although the apprehension of the coming examination undoubtedly induces among articled clerks a habit of reading which produces, indirectly, the most beneficial results. But there is another species of scrutiny more laborious to the scrutineer, but much more certain in its results. There are things in every profession which can only be learnt by actual practice, and an experience examiner, aided by *vivâ voce* examination, can soon tell, by

requiring the performance of such things before him on the spur of the moment, whether the practice has been had, and whether it has been intelligent or mechanical. Such is dissection, such is chemical analysis, and such is the preparation of legal instruments. Let a subject be placed on the table, and dissection and demonstration called for (as we believe is done in the examinations for medical degrees in the University of London, the best theatre of examination in such subjects which exists),—let instructions be given to a legal student to draw a conveyance under certain supposed circumstances,—and a competent examiner, who can question the candidate on his own work, will not be long in finding out whether he has to do with an able man or a pretender. The power of doing the thing at all proves much, and the intelligence with which it is done, or the contrary, will transpire at every step of the process. All arithmetical examinations are necessarily of this kind, and the principle seems applicable to some of the specialties of a public office. Why should not knowledge of book-keeping be tested by actual exercise? In so far as the proposed scheme extends to such matters as these, so dealt with, we heartily admire it; and if the co-operation of professional examiners attached to departments would facilitate operations, by all means let such be appointed. The actual need of such an improvement on ordinary practice, if the system for which we contend were adopted, would probably depend upon the supposed necessity of taking very young and untried men for the service. A merchant or a Company seeks a clerk with a good character from a former place. Government, it seems, from the testimony alike of the Reporters and many of their critics, whose views deserve respect, would rather have men who have been in no former place. We cannot help feeling that if this opinion extends to the very large class of appointments now under consideration, it savours somewhat of official prejudice. We apprehend that the public service is not, on the most favourable showing, the best possible school for training young men in those employments which are common to it and to the “civil service” of private individuals. However, if this be so, the direct tests will rise in importance.

Undoubtedly, if patronage remains, subject only to rejection in cases of incompetence, the power of rejecting ought to be vested in an independent Board using the best tests they can. Mr. Romilly makes it pretty plain, that a *mere veto* on Treasury appointments given to the different Departments is of little use. Good-nature and regard for high patrons here find full scope for their large power of mischief. A Board whose sole function

and point of honour is to sift severely has, in this case, its appropriate and indispensable place.

In passing to that higher class of appointments, which the Reporters no doubt have had chiefly in view, it is to be premised, that the novelty of the principle of examination has somewhat drawn off the attention of critics from the other suggestions made. There has been an extravagant preference for examinations in the public mind, and an undue bias towards patronage in the official mind; and therefore the mere question of first appointments has been raised into unnecessary prominence. The Reporters are not fairly chargeable with this error. Their labours have an inestimable value in stamping with the authority of official experience these principles,—first, that ten or fifteen years of mere copying, routine, and drudgery, are not the best introduction to posts requiring high mental qualities; secondly, that promotion ought, as a general principle, to be by merit, and not by seniority; and, thirdly, that the highest prizes of the Civil Service should be open to attainment by all Civil Servants employed in intellectual labour. It is our firm belief, that the real regeneration of the service is to be sought in the unflinching application of these principles; and that their importance, and the consequent mischief of the present general neglect into which they have fallen, require to be distinctly appreciated before the question of preliminary examination, with all its popularity, its self-acting character, and its apparently scientific neatness and precision, comes under discussion.

First, as to preliminary drudgery. Is it *necessary* that a government-office clerk, who is afterwards to rise to the confidential function of arranging and presenting the facts of a complex correspondence or other transaction for the use of the highest officers of the state, should be employed for ten or fifteen years of his early official life in *mere* copying and routine work? Sir Charles Trevelyan says distinctly that, according to the present practice, young men of liberal education drudge at the forms of office till they grow grey-headed. He denies that a separation *cannot* be made. "The Registrar-General's department," he says, "is generally considered one of the most homogeneous and least intellectual of our public establishments; yet he assures me that by making a proper distinction between that portion of his establishment which is required for purely mechanical work and that which is employed in superintending the mechanical workmen, and in digesting and applying the result of their labour, both descriptions of work would be better done." In the Report on the Colonial Office (Reports of Committees, pp. 52-5), Mr. Gibson

Craig and Mr. Herman Merivale join Sir Charles Trevelyan, "with the entire concurrence of Sir James Stephen, and, we believe, of all the officers now belonging to the department who are most competent to form an opinion," in recommending the division of labour into intellectual and mechanical. The thing has been done at the India House, and with the best results (*ibid*). We therefore take leave to put aside all suggestions of the inherent impossibility of carrying out such a system with regard to many public offices. All the vices of routine are against it, and therefore many old officials will be ready enough to pooh-poo it: but a few practical opinions in its favour are decisive evidence that a scheme so consonant with common sense ought to be tried, and, if tried, we have little doubt of the result. But here we are met by the objection that, if *not impossible*, the change is *undesirable*. "In the great mass of the revenue departments," says Mr. Arbuthnot, "a thorough acquaintance with forms is so essential to a full comprehension of the business to be carried on, that to fulfil the superior offices satisfactorily a previous apprenticeship in the inferior classes is essential." The reporters, in a paper drawn up in reply to Mr. Arbuthnot, use the following expressions:—

"With respect to the separation of intellectual from mechanical labour, we freely admit that there is much difficulty in drawing a proper line between them, so as to avoid the inconveniences which Mr. Arbuthnot points out as likely to arise from a system such as he supposes us to contemplate. We are also by no means insensible to the value of a certain amount of mechanical labour, and of practical acquaintance with the formal business of an office, to a young man who wishes to qualify himself for rising to its higher situations. It cannot, however, be advantageous to him to be kept to mere copying, or other equally mechanical duties, for ten or fifteen of the best years of his life.

"We have said that the proper maintenance of the distinction we propose 'must depend more upon the discretion and management of the chiefs of offices and those immediately below them than upon any general regulations that could be made by a central authority.' We cannot doubt that the chiefs of offices will give due weight to the important considerations suggested by Mr. Arbuthnot, and that they will especially take care not to throw upon the supplementary clerks such duties as are likely to make them the most efficient members of the office, and at the same time to debar them from promotion."

In other words, the principle in question has its limits, and, in some cases, narrow limits; but a little consideration will

show that it is essential to assert and insist upon it with a view to secure its application as far as possible. Fifty years ago, it was the received practical notion in all trades and professions, and in many branches of learning, that their study must be commenced at a very early period of life, and that rote-work, routine, and copying, were the gates to excellence. The extension of a higher culture among the middle classes has been steadily breaking down this prejudice in every direction. It is no longer deemed necessary to reduce the period of general education to the smallest limits in order to secure many years of boyish "drilling" in counting-house duties. We are slowly beginning to perceive, that by postponing arduous specialties to a maturer age, when the reason of forms can be seen, and the motive of obtaining ultimate success is a sufficient inducement to their study, a good deal of time can be spared at first for the general enlargement and enrichment of the mind, at least without detriment to the future career. In medicine, for instance, a man is found to be no worse doctor in the end because till nineteen or twenty he has been working for a Bachelor of Arts' degree. But the case most immediately in point is the present training of the bar. Endless was the labour formerly bestowed on the mere copying of precedents; and many were the volumes of manuscript forms which our lawyers used to accumulate in their youth. This plan is now in great measure disused. There are abundant printed precedents of those forms most useful in practice; and the pupil in a conveyancer's chambers now spends almost his whole time in the actual preparation of the drafts which his master settles in his presence and with his (almost from the first) most important assistance. We do not mean to say that our present race of lawyers surpass the Eldons, the Grants, and the Romillys, in judicial intellect or range of juridical knowledge. We are by no means of that opinion, though this is not the place for a comparison, or an explanation of the difficulties which now beset the student of law. But what we do assert is, that the particular art which the copying system was intended to perfect—the preparation of legal instruments—was never in a state of greater perfection for all purposes of practical efficiency than at the present moment. Any one who will take the trouble to peruse a few of the modern printed bills in equity will admit that conciseness and precision, and a ready adaptation of received modes of arrangement and expression to new circumstances, could hardly be carried further.

Small account used to be taken of the utter waste of time involved in getting details by rote without understanding them;

and the modern defence of the system, that an uninstructed person will pick out the grains of knowledge to be found in mining through a mass of routine, is in great measure unfounded. We speak from some experience when we say that it is of very little use to put even an intelligent youth into the midst of a heap of routine as a commencement. He does not know what the points are which he ought to notice, and he does not gain a tithe of the advantage which he would gain if he had some previous knowledge of the general working of the machinery over the little cog-wheels of which he is compelled to pore.

We have no manner of doubt, on the evidence before us, that the old exaggerated estimate of the importance of early and unintelligent routine, and the old insensibility to its depressing and "muddling" influences, still obtains to a large extent in our public offices, and requires early abolition by a vigorous hand.

Secondly, as to promotion by merit. There is no need to argue for this. The fact of the very limited application of the principle in many public offices, will go far to account for any amount of deadness and dulness in their ranks, and for any inferiority to private establishments (whether considerable or inconsiderable) which may be justly imputable to them. The sole question is one of practicability, and here a little positive testimony will, for obvious reasons, outweigh a great deal of a contrary tendency. Looking then to the evidence, we find that Lieutenant-colonel Larcom, Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, negatives the idea of impracticability. He says:—

"I have seen the *carrière ouverte* in operation in Ireland on the Ordnance Survey. When that work was undertaken in 1825, on the recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons, it was at first proposed that all the appointments should vest in the Master-General and Board; but on the representation of Colonel Colby, this was entirely set aside, by the Duke of Wellington, with his usual promptitude, ordering that the appointments should be made by the person with whom the responsibility for the work rested; and all appointments and removals in that large organization, thenceforward for twenty years till the work was completed, vested wholly in the superintendent. No complaint of partiality or incompetence was ever made. Every one was tried, first in the lower grades, and afterwards advanced, if continued in the service, on the recommendation of the officer under whom he was placed, and no other,—all recommendations being supported by returns of character and of work performed. In several other services in which I have been from time to time engaged in Ireland, I have observed the same practice with the same results."

Sir James Stephen, on the other hand, has this cynical passage:—

“It is answered, that eminent merit would be rewarded, and that an aspiring spirit would be encouraged by the hope of promotion over official associates and competitors. I would reply—that by holding out such a stimulant in so very narrow a circle of men, all pent up in the same contracted building or chamber, you would insure bitter jealousies and enduring quarrels, and would render impossible all cordial co-operation among them in the discharge of their common duties—that the encouragement you would minister to a few able and enterprising men would be counterbalanced by the discouragement you would inflict on many more who had neither ability nor enterprise—that it would be impossible to manage, to any good purpose, an office, the majority of the members of which were depressed, disappointed, and offended—and that they would know how to avenge such unpopular promotions by a passive resistance which could neither be punished, nor prevented, nor subdued. And further, my own experience teaches me that a Secretary of State who should promote any one of his clerks over the heads of his seniors, must arm himself with the fortitude of a martyr. The inflictions he would have to undergo from the tongues or the pens of the kinsmen and kinswomen, of the patrons and the patronesses, of the private and the political connexions, of the many he had passed over, would leave him no rest day or night. And why is he to incur and brave all this animosity? Just in order that he may hand over his office to his future successor (some political antagonist) in the highest attainable state of perfection. I have no faith in the frequency of such martyrdoms.”

Nevertheless, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer thus comments on Sir James Stephen:—

“It may be added, that where the head of any department makes the experiment of incurring the resentment of powerful persons in order to promote deserving subordinates, he will probably not be supported by public opinion. The disposition of the public is to regard an office as a life estate, and to sympathize with the holder of it, not only when he is passed over for want of merit, but when he is dismissed for positive misconduct.

“In spite of these obstacles, it is my conviction that the most effectual means of improving the Civil Service is to make the promotions depend upon merit, and not upon seniority; and to use the power of dismissal in case of incompetency, irregularity, misconduct, and indolence more freely than it is used at present. The system of promotion by merit, and of removal for unfitness, is now employed to a great extent in the Inland Revenue and Customs services, and has, I believe, been attended with the best results.”

Mr. Lingen and Major Graham (Registrar General) are in favour of promotion by merit. So is Mr. Chadwick, if minute records of service are kept. Mr. Rowland Hill, Mr. Romilly, Mr. John Wood, all advocate promotion by merit. So does Sir Thomas Fremantle, with the exception of mere routine branches, and certain cases where there is a high average of merit in men not of the first order. Mr. Hawes "generally concurs" in the suggestions of the Report, and says that the course recommended is very nearly followed in the War Office. It appears from another paper, that it is followed and works well at the Admiralty, and also at the India House.

There is no little difficulty in ascertaining, from the Papers, how far the principle is even at present in actual operation; but the very earnestness with which it is insisted on by several competent judges, the difficulties with which it is confessedly beset, the opposition which it encounters on the part of some writers, and the qualified tone in which its present application is asserted by others, convince us that a great deal remains to be done. "It appears to me," says Sir G. C. Lewis, "that the efficiency of the Civil Service depends at least as much upon the system of promotions as upon the original appointments, and that the defects of the present state of things are owing more to the former than to the latter."

We think that the various objections made can be disposed of. The invidiousness and discomfort of the principle, and the "passive resistance," so much dreaded by Sir James Stephen, must simply be encountered by the energy and impartiality of the chiefs. The thing in hand is a *reform*, and no reform of a system, where too much has been conceded to ease, can be accomplished without some trouble and sacrifice. This is just the direction in which popular determination must be brought to bear. It is the case of Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, on an extended scale. There is one more plausible objection. It is that in many large classes the duties afford no opportunity for the display of peculiar merit. Those who perform their duties satisfactorily will be pretty much on a level, and any attempt to distinguish will result in mere favouritism. No doubt this is true, but the simple answer is, that no one would think of applying the principle to such cases. Indeed as one of the writers well remarks, in such cases seniority is merit, for the senior has displayed the same good qualities as the junior for a longer time. Even where this cannot be predicated with strict accuracy, Mr. Herman Merivale's anticipation that the experiment will "subside into a kind of rough compromise between merit and seniority," may come true in many instances without detri-

ment. The complaint is, that in positions where there is room for the display of superior merit, the deserving officer cannot rely on the force of his merit to elevate him to higher posts where his qualifications would be available; and the proposal has its special application to promotion among the more intellectual order of workers, when mental work has been better divided from mechanical than it is at present. The objection that the posts giving scope to a higher order of mind, will no longer be held out as a prize to mediocre merit, and thereby deprive it of an encouragement, can only be listened to in circles where official life is treated as something removed from the ordinary logic of human association. Sir James Stephen, indeed, carries his tender regard for mediocrity to an almost laughable extent, and seems to think that the habit of providing for mediocre men, at the public expense, whether as clergymen or as government clerks, results from a legitimate tendency of human nature, which it would be oppressive to counteract.

Thirdly, as to conferring the prizes of the Service within the Service. Our space will not allow us to recapitulate the opinions expressed in favour of this principle. Its application is absolutely necessary, if anything like ambition is to be attracted into the offices. The extreme difficulty of holding out adequate inducements to aspiring talent will be appreciated after the perusal of certain facts, communicated by Mr. Hawes.

"I take for illustration the pay on first admission, and the probable salary thereafter of a clerk in this office, who has won his own promotion by ability and zeal, and not seniority, and which has been of rapid as vacancies have permitted.

"A. B. entered the War Office in 1807, at £90 a year; was promoted to the second class at £300 in 1822; was promoted to the first class at £500 a year in 1836, after twenty-nine years' service; and, unless appointed chief examiner or chief clerk in the interval, could not attain the maximum salary of £800 until after forty-four years' service.

"C. D. entered in 1820 in the fourth class; promoted to the third class at £200 in 1828; promoted to the second class at £300 in 1840; promoted to the first class at £500 in 1853, having then served thirty-three years; the maximum of £800 cannot be obtained until after forty-eight years' service, unless appointed chief examiner or chief clerk.

"E. F. entered in 1833; promoted to the second class at £300 in 1845; promoted to the first class at £500 in 1853, after twenty years' service; will obtain the maximum of £800 after thirty-seven years' service."

If there is one thing made clear by the papers, it is that at present there are absolutely no inducements of the kind. But, further than this, all the critics of the changes proposed seem to agree not only that the service is not, but that from its very nature it cannot be made, attractive to the more ambitious and stirring order of young men. A vast proportion of the clerks are employed merely in preparing or auditing accounts. Ambition is out of the question here. But even the more intellectual labour to which we are now particularly referring, consists in providing materials for the judgment of others. The deciding heads must be the changing parliamentary chiefs. The whole system of the British constitution demands this. If they had not the responsibility and the consequent public credit of all measures, we should exchange a parliamentary for a bureaucratic government. It is of the very essence of English political life, that government offices should *not* be the field for the ambition of Englishmen. For those who are satisfied with private influence alone, there is doubtless no inconsiderable opportunity in the chief appointments. Those who "cram" the deciding party, will necessarily exercise large influence over the decisions, especially when the latter is a changing officer, relying on the permanent depositaries of official tradition, and the persons who have participated in the inception of matters which only come before him in their later stages. But this influence is calculated to be the reward of patient duty, not the prize of youthful ambition. To wield it aright demands judgment and experience, rather than the glowing aspiration, and keen intuition, and vivid and sensitive apprehension of genius. The following account of the duties of clerks of the highest order, is taken from the Report on the Colonial Office, before referred to, and deserves the most attentive consideration:—

"When the letters of the day have been registered, they are delivered to the senior clerk of the department to which they respectively belong, who minutes them with those prominent points which his experience and constant reference to the general correspondence suggest, and proposes, in ordinary cases, the form of the answer, or the practical course of dealing with the subject; and when the correspondence, having been prolonged or complicated, requires an explanation or analysis, he forwards with the papers such a statement of facts, prepared either by himself or under his supervision, as may assist the practical consideration of the question. The papers are then sent either to the Assistant Under-Secretary, or to the permanent Under-Secretary, according to the nature of the subjects, each of whom passes them to the parliamentary Under-Secretary with his observations upon them, and

from him they reach the Secretary of State, who records his decision upon them, after he has considered all that has been submitted to him, and called for such further information as he may require. After that, the papers are returned through the same channel to the Senior Clerk, and it then becomes his duty to examine carefully the minutes and drafts, in order to see whether any point in the instructions may be at variance with facts, regulations, or precedents not known to the Secretary of State or Under-Secretaries; and to execute all the final instructions he may receive, by preparing the drafts, or causing them to be prepared by his assistants, and superintending the copying and dispatch of the letters to be written from them. The usual practice is for the senior to pass on to his assistant those papers which require ordinary drafts, or drafts closely following the minutes, reserving to himself such as involve any question of doubt, or on which no very precise instructions have been given. Drafts are also frequently prepared by the permanent Under-Secretary and Assistant Under-Secretary, in cases which they consider to require it. All drafts finally receive the sanction of the parliamentary Under-Secretary and of the Secretary of State.

"The *Précis* Writer is chiefly employed in examining and preparing for the decision of the Secretary of State masses of papers on particular subjects which require for their proper elucidation more time than can be bestowed upon them by the clerks who are charged with the execution of the current business."

The subordinate official must be a man of detail. He may be much more, but his primary duty is the collection, verification, and classification of facts. He should be able to draw sound inferences, "putting consequent rightly upon antecedent;" but the power of striking out brilliant ideas would be supererogatory. If the chiefs cannot do this, they ought not to be chiefs; and if Parliament ceases to yield competent chiefs, the constitution must be modified, and mere official reforms will not touch the mischief. Still the labourer is worthy of his hire. The merit required is high, and is entitled to its appropriate reward. If the service does not afford the qualities of Under-Secretaries and *Précis* Writers, they must be supplied from without, and the general rule must have its exceptions; but we cannot doubt what the general rule ought to be.

We arrive at the result, that the obvious and undoubted reform needed to supply the acknowledged deficiencies of the higher branches of the service, is to separate them from the lower, to promote by merit, and to open the highest posts to merit; thereby attracting real talent, and making it available when obtained. The great mass of officers, appointed for the qualities of mere clerks, must be satisfied with clerks' rewards.

and the promotion of talent must not be made so slow as to exclude the competition of talent, by intermixing the higher classes with the lower, and then deadening all hope and paralyzing all exertion by the mechanism of seniority.

We are now in a better position to deal with the great examination question. Most readers of the Report gather the case made by the Reporters to be that the service is in a disgraceful state at present; that it requires the highest and most aspiring talents, and could offer to them an appropriate field and appropriate rewards; and that we have only to throw it open to the competitors in a literary and scientific examination of the highest class, to fill the Offices with the very first men from the three English Universities. This is strongly stated, but we, like others, think that something of the sort was floating in the writers' minds. Any such case as this we apprehend to have distinctly failed. Neither the proposed ideal, nor the actual short-coming, seems to be stated with due reference to facts. More sober and more qualified views seem alone admissible. Is a competing examination the best mode open to us of obtaining the class of services really required in the higher branches?

There is no more fruitful source of delusion, than the confusion which often takes place between the different kinds of examination, and the papers before us require to be considered with a constant reference to this variety. When Mr. Chadwick, for instance, advocates examinations, he is speaking either of examinations intended to exclude deficiency, or of those which take place in a school or college to test the proficiency of the instructed in the subjects of instruction. The latter kind may generally be conducted with satisfactory results, and have not much to do with the general question. The field is known, the general average of presumable acquirement is known, and special proficiency can be ascertained and classified with peculiar ease. This kind we pass over.

Examinations to exclude deficiency, ("pass" or "standard" examinations,) involve greater difficulty. When of a literary character, there is no class which is less satisfactory. There is peculiar risk in forming the opinion, that a man's general education, assumed to be but moderate, is also sound, from an examination alone. If the subjects are few, limited, and announced beforehand, actual "cram," practised by the superficial and unscrupulous, with a view to hold so much knowledge for the nonce, and forget it when it has earned its marks, or that more conscientious but often unprofitable training, which better or slower men undergo in mastering the mere books prescribed, is sure to be at work; it is scarcely possible for

examiners, who have only to pronounce on *unfitness*, to reject candidates of these classes; and besides this, all kindly examiners instinctively shrink from "plucking," and thereby performing an act which is looked on, not as the refusal of a distinction, but the infliction of a disgrace. If, on the other hand, the questions are numerous, and the subjects not fore-known, far too much scope is given to mere readiness and superficiality, and the undesirable power, often possessed to a high degree by unsound men, of making a great and imposing show of accomplishment out of a slender stock of real knowledge; and there is an undue strain on the examiners' penetration and knowledge of human nature. Academical persons are apt to be misled in recommending the adoption of these examinations outside the walls of universities, by their tolerable success within them. They forget that when it is ascertained that certain questions have been answered *by the member of a college*, the presumption is, that the knowledge has been acquired *in a particular course of training*, and that the degree conferred testifies, not only to the result of the examination, but to the *two* facts, that the graduate has been trained in a particular way, and has *also* done certain work in the theatre. On the English system, moreover, the possession of a degree implies, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that the holder has passed his time, from fourteen to twenty-two, or thereabouts, under all the influences considered most favourable to education, and has been devoted by his parents to a liberal sphere. The fact, that University degrees generally imply good education, and that they are conferred after examination, has wholly misled many clever, unacademical persons. Mr. Rowland Hill, in particular, has lately exerted himself to obtain the admission of candidates not educated in colleges to the degree examinations in the University of London. An idea prevails, that the examination must be everything or nothing. In fact, it is but *part* of a system. It is something held up to give definiteness and object to study; and college authorities take care (or ought to do so) that the natural, and obvious, and matter-of-course way of preparing for the degree is, by conformity to the general rules and methods of the college. The degree warrants much that is wholly collateral to the examination. In few words, it tells us, that a man assumes to belong to the educated class, and has *not* been self-educated, but, on the contrary, has used the highest known aids to education.

The kind of practical examination to which we have before adverted, including examinations in science, would, we believe, be more efficacious. We believe that it might be so con-

ducted as to insure the rejection of everything like incompetence. The writing of letters, the abstracting of papers, the construction of tables, and the evidence of ordinary proficiency in arithmetic, geometry, and accounts, would be safer tests of soundness than any uncollegiate literary examination of the "pass" kind, though there is no reason why the latter should not be united with it.

In our opinion, it is impossible to secure a *high* standard by mere pass examinations; and we incline to fear the results of professing to do so. There is a kind of mania for examinations among those who are not used to them, which would minister to the delusion of the public; and there would be too much readiness to acquiesce in the delegation of responsibilities to those who had passed this favourite test, for which they would often be wholly unfit. Nevertheless, a system of pass examinations, conducted by an independent board, would, in all probability, be a most desirable check upon the system of ministerial patronage in the higher offices, if it remained otherwise unchanged.

To the competition test other considerations apply. We believe that where comparison is in question, where distinction and not bare qualification is sought, the victors will, as a general rule, be sound men, and not merely adroit ones. We must call attention, however, to a fact of which we have no doubt, and which seems to have been overlooked. We assume that from causes unconnected with examinations, the class who take the highest university honours will seldom if ever compete for government posts. The competition will be among men of a secondary order. Let us not then be led away by the idea that the machine which distinguishes with unerring precision the pre-eminent few from all their fellows, works with anything like the same accuracy lower down. It is not likely to do so as a mere means of ascertaining relative proficiency even in the actual subjects of examination. It is still less likely to do so in assigning the general mental position which is supposed to be indicated by that proficiency. He who does best, argues Mr. Macaulay, what a crowd of able men are striving to do well, thereby shows himself to be a man of more than ordinary ability, even if the subject of display be unworthy of his talents, or practically useless. Granted; but it does not follow that the twentieth best will have any general superiority to the thirtieth best. There is no regular gradation from the Senior Wrangler to the Wooden Spoon, as regards general mental power. There are two or three great geniuses at the head, and numbers below who for the ordinary purposes of life may be considered pretty much on a level. Get below a

certain rank, and who thinks of estimating a man's probable fortune in life by reference to the calendar? He is an "honour man," and therefore probably capable and industrious, but whether he came in the middle of the Senior or of the Junior Optimes signifies little. The fact is, that the difference between the first few and all the rest is not of mere degree. It is the difference in kind between genius, and simple ability and good conduct.

Comparisons drawn from universities are too favourable to the scheme of the Reporters, if it be not assumed that it is desirable to attract university men; one great reason for the weight attached to distinction in classics and mathematics is, that such distinction is from the first the point of honour among the frequenters of our universities. We say this to avoid misunderstanding, but we ourselves concur in the preference given. It will have been gathered that we agree neither with the Reporters nor with many of their chief opponents as to the results of open competition. We should not expect it to yield a profusion of embryo statesmen; and while, therefore, we are not dazzled by the brilliancy of the prospect in one view, we are not deterred by the picture which Mr. Waddington draws of the alternate pinings and plungings of a Pegasus in harness. Considering how much dull work there is in all lines of life, considering the mainly honourable if partly "snobbish" pleasure which men find in being the Queen's servants, and considering too that a government servant will always have more of that precious commodity, leisure, than he who struggles for bread in an open profession—we cannot anticipate that the higher posts, which we suppose to be separated from those of mere routine, and to be the avenues to the highest in the service, will be peculiarly distasteful to liberally educated men. It is very questionable whether the apprehensions expressed by so many, that officers not appointed by their masters would fail in subordination, are well founded. The power of dismissal, and the discretion to promote, would give the superiors a great hold, and are more likely to be exercised freely where there is no patron to offend. At all events, the present permanent officers have not appointed their subordinates, and each new Secretary of State has a ready-made staff handed over to him. Provided that the competition system is not made an excuse for vastly increasing the powers and responsibilities of the bureaucracy (perhaps its chief political danger), we should expect that it would yield a body of men with adequate mental qualifications. We by no means expect that it would be prolific in the highest or the most pushing kind of talents, nor is it desirable that it should. It would introduce some showy and

shallow men, and some who would be better fitted for literature than for business. It would, we apprehend, continually reject men more fit than others whom it would accept. The question is, whether on the whole the accepted candidates would not be substantially of a higher mental order than the products of patronage, and we think the probabilities are in favour of the supposition.

It will be seen that we take very different views with regard to the higher and the lower offices. The reason is obvious. The political and confidential servants of a Secretary of State must in a constitutional country be appointed either by their changing parliamentary chief, or by some other means which will secure a constant infusion of new blood. For perfect administration of details a conscientious selection of their subordinates by the permanent Under-Secretaries might work better; but if they were to nominate those who were afterwards to succeed to the more commanding position, there would be the danger of a bureaucratic *imperium in imperio* alien to the spirit of our institutions. We have to choose between opposite evils.

Some persons (Mr. Romilly for one) appear to dread the principle of open competition, as tending to "a democratical civil service, side by side with an aristocratical legislature." We are not afraid of this in itself. In the first place, the higher classes would have great advantages in the proposed competition from the general nature of their training; and, in the next place, the constitution will not long be allowed to remain aristocratical if any great number of places of profit are reserved for the aristocracy on the mere ground of privilege. But the objection is akin to one of great importance, and which we do not feel to have been wholly met. The duties which the higher class of Civil Servants have to discharge are in the highest degree *confidential*. Something more than common honesty,—a delicate sense of honour is required. In such cases in private life, intimate personal knowledge of the candidate would usually govern the appointment. On the competitive system this could not be had. We do not pretend to say that it exists in the present system; still all the witnesses concur in testifying to the excellence of the appointments made in this vital respect. Whatever the reason may be, the higher departments of the Civil Service, though wanting in energy, flexibility, and *vis* generally, are composed of gentlemen of high honour. No intellectual improvement could compensate for even a slight deflection from this level; and, moreover, all our opinions assume that the object is not to turn a grossly incompetent into a brilliant service, but to improve a

service already decent, and in which soundness and good working qualities, and not high genius, will continue to be both the *desiderata* and the only qualifications likely to be supplied. Under these circumstances, we, like most of our authors, including many who agree with the Reporters in everything else, should hesitate completely to upset the existing system of appointment in the higher branches. We hesitate, because it has worked well in those moral respects which are the most important of all, and for which it is most difficult to provide with any certainty in a new and untried system. There seem to us to be so many elements of improvement in the other changes suggested—those changes would, in fact, so completely alter the character of the service and the inducements to competent persons to enter it—that we seek some means of escaping the most hazardous experiment of all.

The plan we should prefer is already indicated in at least one of the criticisms on the Report. We would give the parliamentary chiefs the power, not of appointment, but of nomination for the competition, it being honourably understood, that they are to invite candidatureship, and to provide a considerable number of nominees. Among such nominees, the principle of competition before an independent Board should have its full way. The proposed improvements within, and the sense that merit would influence the first appointments, would, we are persuaded, insure a respectable crop of candidates. The Board should, moreover, have its standard, and reject for incompetency, even if the number of candidates were insufficient. This would put a stop to the grosser abuses of patronage.

This article has extended beyond the limits originally proposed, and we will conclude with two remarks.

One is that we have no desire to protest against the experiment recently made in the Indian service. The Indian appointments have heretofore been made so exclusively and notoriously on grounds of favour and canvassing, and, at the same time, the Indian career has so much to invite talents and ambition, that the introduction of the pure competitive principle into that sphere may well turn out to be an improvement.

The other is of a more general nature. If we have met a sanguine scheme of Reform in any cold or over-cautious temper, it is that we have a holy horror of the prevailing aim at reaching by the magic of mechanism, those results which can only be attained by invoking large and lofty principles, and a religious spirit of self-denying patriotism.

ART. VI.—TENNYSON'S MAUD.

Maud and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London, Moxon. 1855.

Tennyson's Poems. Tenth Edition.

Tennyson's Princess. A Medley. Sixth Edition.

In Memoriam. Sixth Edition.

THERE are two instincts of the poetic nature, two faculties of the imagination, either of which possessed in a high degree is calculated to secure for its possessor a more than common immediateness of popularity. The poet who can enter deeply into, and vividly reproduce the characteristic elements in the thought and sentiment of his own time, has a hold on it by virtue of sympathy, and of that mysterious hankering after outward expression, which makes all men delight in having their thoughts spoken, and their feelings interpreted for them with a completeness they could never hope themselves to attain. He again has a not less binding claim, based upon their gratitude, who can transport them from the cankering cares of daily life, the perplexities and confusions of their philosophies, the weariness of their haunting thoughts, to some entirely new field of existence, to some place of rest, some "clear-walled city by the sea," where they can draw a serene air, undimmed by the clouds and smoke which infest their ordinary existence. These are the two broad conditions of immediate acceptance. Those who, like Shelley, have a world of their own, crossing and mingling in perplexed lines with the world by which they are surrounded, must, for the most part, wait for that to pass entirely away before they can attain to a just appreciation.

Tennyson belongs to the first class. His is a mind in exact harmony with the times in which he lives. Such minds spring up every generation or so in the history of a national literature. It is not always easy to trace their antecedents, and yet it is they who lead down the regular line of poetical development. The whole race of poets might be classed in two divisions, according to their unison with or independence of the age in which they flourish. The one form a set of successional links in a chain, they are the legitimate children of the times which produced them, they are elder sons, they have the family

estate from generation to generation, they are members of society, and fathers of families; they have a numerous offspring, small poets of the same order spring about them like suckers from a tree; they are welded into the social order. The others may be men of not inferior genius; but they stand apart, like barren younger brothers; they are solitary; it is themselves they express, and no more; they may have occasional imitators, but they are neither the founders of schools, nor in them does any school find its culmination; they do not "look before and after." They are connected with their own times, of course, but only at single points. The first are waves, part and parcel of the great river of life rolling with it to the sea; these rather are inlets, where the water whirls round while the main current rushes past. The one set are the hierarchs of the Established Catholic Church of poesy, the others are leaders among the Dissenters. To take a few familiar examples, Chaucer, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cowley, Pope, Byron, are of the legitimate line; Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Swift, Crabbe, are irregulars, and never has the contrast been more marked than in our own day, between Tennyson and Wordsworth.

Tennyson is the most *modern* of poets, that is, of great poets, and in the broad and permanent aspects of what constitutes us modern. Lesser poets may represent more vividly the transient phases, the accidents of the passing time; but it is Tennyson who gives us back the true characteristics in small as well as in great matters. His *air* is modern. He dispenses with the old formalities thought necessary to poetry. He has cast the ancient costume. His dress is to the old forms what a wide-awake and easy morning coat is to a wig and claret velvet suit, or the high hat and tight pantaloons of the Regency. He has the free *insouciant* demeanour characteristic of modern society; but of English society,—never American. His Muse, if she met you and liked you, would drop the Mr. from your name after ten minutes' conversation. She would cut the "right honourable" off her addresses to peers, and ignore the existence of the monosyllable, "sir." Tennyson goes to his object without preface and circumstantial delay. He does not think it necessary to tell you he is going to say a thing before he says it. You must find out his "Standpunkt" for yourself. And the publishing details are in accordance with this stage of development. His books are undefaced with introductions or annotations; he cuts down a dedication to the very shortest limits, and deems the kind and courteous reader an extinct animal. In what may be called colloquial poetry he stands alone for ease and harmony,

though leaning sometimes to affectation and mannerism of expression. We quote the beginning of "The Epic" to remind our readers of this sort of style; but it is abundant all through the first volume in such poems as "Dora," "Audley Court," "Edwin Morris," "Walking to the Mail;" nowhere so easy and so harmonious as in "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," and nowhere so graceful as in the charming poem of the "Talking Oak."

" At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve,—
 The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
 Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
 The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
 The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl,
 Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,
 How all the old honour had from Christmas gone,
 Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games
 In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired out
 With cutting eights that day upon the pond,
 Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
 I bump'd the ice into three several stars,
 Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
 The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
 Now harping on the church-commissioners,
 Now hawking at Geology and schism;
 Until I woke, and found him settled down
 Upon the general decay of faith
 Right thro' the world, 'at home was little left,
 And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,
 To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
 On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
 'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail-bowl.'
 'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way
 At College: but another which you had,
 I mean of verse (for so we held it then.)
 What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he burnt
 His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books'—
 And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,
 He thought that nothing new was said, or else
 Something so said 'twas nothing—that a truth
 Looks freshest in the fashion of the day:
 God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask,
 It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
 'Why take the style of those heroic times?
 For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
 Nor we those times; and why should any man
 Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
 Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,
 Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt.' 'But I,'

Said Francis, pick'd the eleventh from this hearth,
 And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.
 I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes.'
 He laugh'd, and I, though sleepy, like a horse
 That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears:
 For I remember'd Everard's college fame
 When we were Freshmen: then at my request
 He brought it: and the poet little urged,
 But with some prelude of disparagement,
 Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
 Deep-chested music, and to this result."

Whatever we may have to say on Mr. Tennyson's "*Maud*," he is still master of this art, as will be seen by the following extract from one of the poems in his new volume.

"So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
 The fragil bindweed-bells and bryony rings;
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
 Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm?'
 'Yes,' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me,
 What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.
 What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'
 'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplexed,
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
 Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
 Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
 To be the ghost of one who bore your name
 About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

"'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.
 We bought the farm we tenanted before.
 Am I so like her? so they said on board.
 Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
 My mother, as it seems you did, the days
 That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
 My brother James is in the harvest-field:
 But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'"

And Tennyson does more than excel in colloquial poetry.

His style throughout is new, entirely different from anything the world has seen before, and exactly adapted to the day. Wordsworth insisted on an every-day poetic vocabulary. Tennyson introduced a modern poetic phraseology.

Nor is his matter less impregnated with the dominant feelings of his time. He sympathises with the modern bent of thought. He is touched with the triumphant, somewhat boastful temper, of an age of physical discovery. He exults in endless development. He tells us

" The thoughts of men are widen'd in
The process of the suns."

In this century men really have won new ground in one direction. They have enlarged the play of thought in the domain of science, and a fresh and rapid advance has given a forward attitude to our hopes and our philosophy. Tennyson is deeply tinged with this feeling. He lives to look onward over vast prospects of future time, and to imagine the heavenly order growing more clear and perfect. He leans upon the future; the "Eternal process, moving on;" he would fain

" Take wings of foresight. Lighten through
The secular abyss to come."

Moreover he subdues the results to his uses; has made science subservient to poetry, and is perhaps the only man who has done so. Not his, the "Lives of the Steam Engine" or the "Chemical Affinities in Verse;" but his genius has boldly availed itself of new scientific ideas, just as they became sufficiently familiar to make them adequate illustrations and expressions of his meaning. Take as a single instance the fifty-fourth poem in the "In Memoriam," familiar to all from its beauty, and the fifty-fifth, of which we quote enough to show how he is pursuing the idea through a suggestion derived from geological discovery.

" The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave;
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul ?

" Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life ;

- "That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear ;
- "I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God ;
- "I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope."
-

- " 'So careful of the type ? ' but no.
 From scarped cliff and quarried stone
 She cries 'a thousand types are gone :
 I care for nothing, all shall go.' "

More than all this, when he has shared, sympathised with, used the scientific leaning of modern thought, he can share too in the fears it excites ; can express the dangers it holds in its hands, can warn it against the pride of independence.

- "Who loves not Knowledge ? Who shall rail
 Against her beauty ? May she mix
 With men and prosper ! Who shall fix
 Her pillars ? Let her work prevail.
- "But on her forehead sits a fire ;
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
 Submitting all things to desire.
- "Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain
- "Of Demons ? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place ;
 She is the second, not the first."

There is another range of present characteristics more important than these, and with which Tennyson's poetry is proportionally deeply occupied. It is he who, more than any

other, echoes back the complexities, the subtleties, the difficulties of the more advanced stages of the world's history,—not as they appear on the broad historic ground, however, but as they spring from, and affect individual minds. It is he, too, who treads with closer footsteps than any other on the heels of those whisperings of the unseen that never cease to haunt us; it is he who grasps most eagerly at the spiritual world within us and beyond us, who peeps behind the curtain, who “stretches lame hands of faith, and gropes;” to whom sometimes, like Stephen, the heavens are opened, and who sometimes fades into silence with the sad, almost despairing cry, “Behind the veil, behind the veil.” We believe the very reverse of that theory to be true, which represents the infant ages of the world as lying closest to the spiritual and invisible mystery which permeates and embraces our mortal life. That portion of Wordsworth's “Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Youth,” which has made this doctrine so familiar, was probably suggested by Henry Vaughan's poem of the “Retreate,” beginning—

“Happy those early dayes when I
Shined in my angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white celestiall thought.”

The older poem gives expression to the sad yearnings of our nature after a lost purity and innocence. Wordsworth has taken the exquisite idea and imagery there suggested, and, while improving its beauty a thousand-fold, he has transformed the original thought, and chosen to represent the child, not as allied in its unstained whiteness to the angel-world, but as emerging fresh from the world of spirits, retaining something of its light, and standing in closer and more conscious relations to it than the grown man. We apprehend the element of truth involved in this view lies in the fact, that to the early dwellers on earth, and to the child, external nature itself suffices to excite those feelings of wonder, and faith, and longing, with which we now gaze into the unseen beyond it. The world is at once unfamiliar, and yet the spirit is in an unbroken harmony with it; and hence that which is to the child the spiritual world lies close about him; while we, whose imaginations, fleeting intuitions, and dim promptings, have apprehended another more hidden existence, try vainly to penetrate thither, and look back with envy on the child moving freely in that finer air of influence for which we pant; we confound his spiritual world with our own, and dream that an ante-natal

splendour still glitters on his head. And for Wordsworth, indeed, this dream had a truth it has not for most men. He may be said, to the end of his days, to have moved in this child's world, and never, as a permanent state of feeling, to have penetrated beyond those more elementary spiritual influences, of which external nature is the dispenser. The unseen, with which he is ever surrounded, lies in the hidden existence, the "sublime sense," which pervades the mountain, lake, and river, "the round ocean and the living air," which whispers in the night-winds, gives grace to the fleeting clouds, majesty to the sunset, and makes sad the shining stars. He is still in the child's universe. He brings to it a deeper yearning and a wider vision, an insight subtler, finer, profounder than the child's; but, like the child's, calm and unharassed. External nature is satisfying to him. In this lovely earthly island, hanging in its mysterious limits of space and time, he is content to gather beauty in the interior, among the mountains and woodlands; he has no call to go down to the shore, and listen to the solemn roar of the mysterious sea, and waste his eyes in gazing over the dim and limitless waters. And so in the early ages of the world, the broad Homeric days, few and brief were the glances which even the most commanding intellect threw beyond the limits of terrestrial being. In Nature's hidden powers and influences they too found their field of spiritual curiosity. Occasional glances, no doubt, struck further; and the profound spiritual convictions of the Hebrews furnish an exception to the general rule of this limitation; but even their idea of the Divine Being was chiefly confined to his operations in this world only. As the world has grown older, its accumulated experience and gathered insight have never, indeed, sufficed to exhaust the mystery of the natural world; but side by side with it another has been growing more apparent.

Every observant man must, we think, allow that mankind stand in a more peculiar relation to spiritual things than they have hitherto done. Spiritual things are at once nearer to us and less certain; we feel them folding closer about us, and in another moment we doubt them altogether; in proportion as they seem within our reach, is the terror mixed with our disappointment when we attempt to grasp them. Tennyson has expressed, in the most daring manner, the utmost intensity of this feeling,

"That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess."

More intimate spiritual convictions may in former times have possessed individual souls, but there never was a time when the invisible world occupied the thoughts and mingled itself with the daily interests of so large a mass of men as now. When another world was, to living and dead alike, a *future* world, was relegated in universal opinion to a period beyond the undated sleep of the grave, men believed in it with less difficulty, and lived less concerned by it. Now there are a mass of minds who cannot conceive it as merely future; it is another co-existent world, occupied by the same vital interests as our own, and separated from us by a veil at once thin and impenetrable. And with the growing sense of its closeness and its importance have grown the eagerness of our questionings, the impatience of our uncertainties, the bold and face-to-face grappling of our doubts. Every now and then a new medicine is discovered; it is a specific; we indulge the hope that a disease is destroyed; and for a time it seems to work cures proportioned to its reputation. But before long there comes a reaction—it is found to fail—it seems to lose its virtue, even to become powerless, and falls into utter disrepute. And so how many books have been written to *prove* that which men most desire to believe, how eagerly have they been welcomed, how wilfully believed! how have thousands rested on them, who never read them, through their faith in those who have been truly convinced by them! Then, as the number spreads of those who judge for themselves, there are seen some who find it does not touch their symptoms. The rumour spreads that it is not infallible, and the gloom is proportioned to the over-confident hope. How many hands have been pierced by leaning on Paley's Theology! And it is the same of those who strive to disprove. How many a desperate charge has flattered itself it should cut through to the very standard of faith, and rushed on to be broken like breaking water, yet leaving terrible memorials of its power! Backwards and forwards rolls the tide of battle, and in proportion as the infantry of Trust wins its slow and painful steps forward, the more desperate and overwhelming seem the onslaughts of the enemy.

In the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, this modern conflict between a distrustful intellect and a ripening intuition (perhaps we should say, a more extended revelation) has found the fullest expression it has yet received from art. It was written at a time and under the influences which give to the struggle between the seen and the unseen its most momentous character. The time when the wound is fresh—when a familiar life has newly passed through the dividing-gate, and draws the whole heart after it—when the affections throng the highest towers of

the imagination, and stretch their vain and weeping hands into the void—when the very absolute *necessity* we feel for the things of faith seems to make us doubtful, and

“ Like Paul with beasts, we fight with death.”

Not only are these the influences under which the “*In Memoriam*” was commenced, such a loss forms the subject-matter of the poems of which it consists. They portray, as all the world knows, the feelings excited by the loss of the author’s most intimate and endeared friend, the remarkable and highly-gifted Arthur Hallam, a man who died young, with little or nothing palpable achieved, yet whose brief life was not without a deep and permanent usefulness in the influences he exerted on the minds and characters of his associates. Few men have had so singular and so permanent an epitaph. It is not a direct glorification of the dead, still less is it a separate poem, graced with remote illusions. It is the very cry of grief versified ; its brief successional stanzas body forth the fancies, the passing moods, the yearnings, the regrets, the questionings, the consolations that suggest themselves at such a time. They strike with a terrible reality to the experience of every heart. The publication at all of such a work must suggest many trains of thought which it scarcely comes within the scope of public criticism to pursue ; that hesitation and difficulty which all truthful-minded men feel connected with self-utterances must have been more than usually operative here. The feeling itself has found its expression :

“ I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

“ But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

“ In words, like weeds, I ’ll wrap me o’er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.”

The deeper passion of grief finds no such utterance, we know. No man can both feel and speak it, for it is its very essence to be speechless. Servants of the dead may mourn, the children cannot.

- "The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead ;
- "Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fullness from the mind :
'It will be hard' they say 'to find
Another service such as this.'
- "My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win ;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze ;
- "For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit."

It is in these poems that Tennyson's wealth of thought and power of insight in the direction we are occupied with is chiefly apparent. We must read them more than once or twice, to carry away an adequate impression of their real value and beauty. They are obscure enough to demand our attentive perusal, but rich enough to repay it. They are brief, inconsequent, disconnected. Their author has called them "wild and wandering cries," not entirely without justice. They are not poems, but utterances. Sometimes the meaning has to be laboriously disinterred ; sometimes the words convey two meanings, and leave little or no clue to which was intended. In general, however, the sense will yield itself to a little patience. This no doubt is not what poetry should be ; but there is gold to repay the seeker in the scattered thoughts that lie buried, and the surface is sown with beauty with a lavish hand. Still the want of clearness of expression and of completeness in form are prominent and much to be regretted. To make great thoughts familiar is one of the highest prerogatives of genius. No man enjoys it in greater fulness than Tennyson, and he should not lightly sacrifice it to the temptations of indolence and affectation.

It is the later poems which are at once the most thoughtful and the most open to the charge of obscurity. The first part of the book is occupied with the simple expression of the milder moods of feeling, or of those passing fancies which soften the intervals of a deeper anguish. They have often a tender calm about them which has given to the verses a finish and harmony others do not possess.

- " Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
 Sailest the placid ocean-plains
 With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.
- " So draw him home to those that mourn
 In vain ; a favourable speed
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
 Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.
- " All night no ruder air perplex
 Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
 As our pure love, thro' early light
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.
- " Sphere all your lights around, above ;
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
 My friend, the brother of my love ;
- " My Arthur, whom I shall not see
 Till all my widow'd race be run ;
 Dear as the mother to the son,
 More than my brothers are to me."

These verses are familiar to the memory of thousands ; and it is to these, and such as these, which soothe with pitiful fancy the less overwhelming experiences of grief, that we think the popularity of the "In Memoriam" is mainly to be attributed. It is not easy to believe that the more recondite poems which it contains—at once profounder, nobler, and more difficult—can ever engage a very wide circle of readers. These are not poems which men of various tempers shall be happy to find they have taken up by accident, and feel loth again to lay down. To those who have not passed through the fire, they speak but half their meaning ; to those who have, they recall too vividly the past experiences. The imagination seeks an excitement in art, but one remote from the painful experiences of actual life ; the backward paths of bitter memory are but too familiar to her. The things we have really suffered are no poetry for us ; they are the things from which we seek a refuge in poetry. The questionings, the cries of "In Memoriam" touch us too close—they wring us. The spiritual world is too real for us ; we fly to the material—

" The floods, the fields, the mountains,
 The shapes of sky and plain."

Nature is our solace ; and we fall back on Wordsworth with that sort of quiet confidence with which the entrance of the

calm, gentle, self-reliant physician inspires the fevered sufferer. We ask rest,—“Passionless calm, and silence unreprieved.” Tennyson can do the same thing for us, but in rather a different way. He can remove us to a sphere so remote from our own, and reproduce it so vividly, with all its effect of diversity, that complete change of scene has the same healing power as rest. The worn and the weary turn to the “Morte d’Arthur,” or the “Enone,” or to those wonderful efforts of genius, the “Ulysses” and the “Lotus-eaters.” Moreover there are times in the “In Memoriam” itself when he rises above the hungry questionings and sad confusions of grief, and grasps the true sources of its consolations with so prevailing a force as will bind him to many as the interpreter of their truest ultimate sources of dependence. Throughout he does “trust the larger hope,” “faintly” it may be; yet the spirit of the whole work, summed up in the fine Introduction, is one of faith; and if the questions be more numerous than the answers, why how, we can only ask, *can* it be otherwise? His own estimate of the functions within his power is not overstrained.

“ If these brief lays of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn :

“ Her care is not to part and prove :
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love :

“ And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords :

“ Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.”

There is a dreamy, indolent air about Tennyson's poetry, an evident want of tonic in the system, which, again, is quite in accordance with the temper of his times. His sympathy is wide and warm, but it is that of the conviction and the conscience, rather than of the will. His poetry—take his political and social allusions, for instance—is full of the indications of noble instincts and true philosophy; but it comparatively interests itself little in right deeds. How rarely he deals with action at all! States of feeling, existing moods, quiescence;

this is his natural ground. His is not the *vis tragica*. He has pathos, he has feeling; but his is not an intense and passionate nature, nor, with one or two remarkable exceptions, does he care to deal with such in his poetry. He stands aloof from the anguish and terror of the affections. He can touch the trials of the heart with a master's hand, but they must be those of the softer and more appeasable kind. It is in throwing a divine grace over the happier emotions that his muse is most at home. She speaks nowhere so freely, perhaps nowhere so enchantingly, as in the "Gardener's Daughter." The same is true of his intellect. It wants neither breadth nor depth. Yet he is less remarkable for searching, original, and profound thoughts, than for his power of giving roundness and completeness to those which are before dimly discerned and half apprehended, but which he for the first time sets before us in their true significance and in their fairest aspect. He gathers and presents us a truth with the bloom on it. His thoughts, too, do not tread on one another's heels; they are never so crowded but that each can have a full and orderly development. The obscurity of "In Memoriam" does not arise from too thickly-swarming thoughts, but from the attempt to grasp too much in a very compressed phrase, and still more from the neglect of connecting links.

When we say Tennyson shares a vice of his age in being morbid, we use a current phrase which we suppose carries something of a common impression to us all, but which nobody cares to define very clearly. Perhaps we mean, that he and all of us have a perverted tendency to take an undue interest, and exaggerate the importance of particular aspects of things which are such as lie apart from our wholesome, every-day life, the natural bent of our feelings, and the just and regular subjects of our attention. There is a trace of this in Tennyson's earlier writings here and there, and "Maud" overflows with it. If it be said that that poem is expressly devoted to the delineation of morbid character, the answer is, that a morbid tendency must have guided such a selection of a subject for art, and moreover that the treatment of it is morbid.

We have sufficiently vindicated Tennyson's right to a place in the nineteenth century, not unconfirmed by his actually existing there. Let us glance at the main characteristics of his artistical genius. He is at once the most *creative*, and the *least dramatic* of poets; the nearest to Shakspeare and the farthest from him. He has in the very highest degree the fundamental poetic impulse. He fuses all things, and golden shapes spring from his mould, with only the material in com-

mon with his ore; rather, ideas are sown in his brain, and spring up in concrete organic forms. The passion to reproduce in concrete wholes, constitutes, indeed, that fundamental poetic impulse which we have ascribed to him. He may be didactic, philosophical, oratorical, sentimental, but all these things he incloses in a golden ball of poesy. He may have, and often has, an ultimate moral object. This is by no means inconsistent with the highest effort of artistic production, as has been sometimes too easily assumed. It is true, you cannot comply with the conditions of art, you cannot have the feelings of the artist, if you drive directly by the medium of verse at a moral result or an intellectual conclusion, but you may have these for your ultimate object, and you may embody them in true poetic forms. Most satires, Donne's, for instance, or Juvenal's, are only forcible rhythmical castigation; Butler's "*Hudibras*," however, is a poem, and Swift's "*Gulliver*" has the same characteristic, though in prose. It is satire informing an imaginative body. Pope's *Essays* are morals, didactic and in verse; Kingsley's "*Saint's Tragedy*" is a moral poem. Dryden's "*Hind and Panther*," and the "*Excursion*," are instances where the imaginative embodiment is incomplete. There goes something more, however, than an imaginative mould to form a poem; the whole matter of it must be transmuted by the imagination. What this process is, it is not perhaps possible to describe; Coleridge, at least, would be the only man to attempt it; but we can all feel the result. We have more words for the opposite thing; we say it is dry, it is bald, it is *prosaic*. Tennyson has both these powers in the highest degree. In fact, he never writes mere verse, and is never prosaic. Whether it be thought or feeling he is expressing, he gives it a poetic body, and transfigures it in the light of a glowing imagination. The "*Palace of Art*" is a wonderful instance of an idea admirably adapted for poetic expression, developed in a poetic form, and with the utmost wealth of a powerful imagination, and a fancy that has scarcely a parallel in luxuriance. It was a daring flight to describe the Palace which a soul worshipping Beauty alone, should build up for her own enjoyment, and no poet since Shakspeare could have filled it with so concentrated a wealth of adornment as is here gathered together; and when the soul is stricken in her high place, and the poet has to deal with the images of her despair, not less is every consecutive word instinct with the all-penetrating force of his genius.

" Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne.

"And so she throve and prosper'd: so three years
She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

"Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

"When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight,
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.

"Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

"'What! is not this my place of strength,' she said,
'My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory?'

"But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

"And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.

"A spot of dull stagnation, without light,
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

"A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand;
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white."

In this poem the images of beauty and terror task to the utmost the genius of the author, and the whole is moulded into a real poem; it is a tale, the history of a soul, the reproduction of life—yet it is based upon the perception of a moral truth, and devoted to developing that truth,—the truth, namely, that for a soul to be absorbed in devotion to Beauty, a love even in its purest and most glorious aspects, the Beauty

of Knowledge and the Beauty of Good, is for it to be false to something higher in its destination—that

“ Not for this
Was common clay ta'n from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.”

“The Two Voices” is simply, in its essence, an argument on the grounds for believing in the immortality of the soul. Now imagine Pope dealing with this subject in the same method in which he develops his proposition, that

“Two principles in human nature reign,—
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain.”

Or recall how Young conducts a somewhat similar argument.

“What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
But what I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.
But what eternal? Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?
That's hard to be conceived; since ev'ry link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father:—much design
Is seen in all their motions,—all their makes;
Design implies intelligence, and art;
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd, than man.
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
'To dance, would form an universe of dust;
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?”

Contrast this with Tennyson's poem, certainly one of the noblest in the English language. Observe that what he does is to reproduce, in a concrete form, the position of man

towards his hope of immortality, as discernible through intellectual efforts. And the mode in which this is done, so that the poem shall not be an argument like Young's, is to represent a living soul on the actual rack of this question, inspired with all those varied feelings that actually do possess a man in such a situation, and to conduct his reasonings, not to a dry logical inference, but a resulting status in the convictions and mood of such a man. Pope and Young were poets, but they were *uncreative* poets. Such men (who might also be called *unartistic*) reproduce things as they find them, either in wholes or fragments, embellishing or informing them with the imagination, according to their gift. One who is creative fuses them into a whole of his own.

A creative poet, however, is by no means necessarily what may be called an *initiatory* poet. Shakspeare and Tennyson are remarkable instances of the very highest creative impulse, with a tendency to assume, at second-hand, the nucleus of their creative effort. They love to give a new body to an old thought; they develop a suggestion; they find old nuts, and grow trees from them; they do not care to lay their own eggs. It is probable that Shakspeare did not invent the whole plot of a single one of his plays; yet each is a true creation of his own. Shelley, on the other hand, initiated all his own poems, except the greatest of them, the *Cenci*. Wordsworth, where he lays hold of an incident or a scene, reproduces it just as it was; where he creates, he creates all, starting-point included. Many of Tennyson's finest poems are based on an external suggestion; such are "Ulysses," the "Lotos-eaters," "Ænone," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Morte d'Arthur," "Mariana," "Godiva," "Sir Galahad," "St. Agnes," "Lady Clare," &c.; and of many others it is impossible to say whether they are thus based or not, only they do not, like the "Excursion," carry with them their own evidence of springing from the very germ, out of the poet's own mind.

To say that Tennyson's genius is not dramatic, is certainly to contradict some of his critics. Something depends on what is meant by the term. He certainly has the power of penetrating the mood of another mind; but it will generally be found that this is another mind *in a special situation*, and this is a very different thing from exhibiting character *through the medium of situations and the self-expression elicited by those situations*, and in this, we take it, consists the essence of the drama. Tennyson can grasp character, otherwise he could not express a given mood in accordance with a given character, as he certainly does in the "Ulysses;" but he has not the least taste for reproducing character as such; he subordinates it to

the presentment of an incident, a train of thought, a sentiment, or a picture. If he has occasion to use the dramatic form of self-expression, the absence of any real dramatic form is at once perceived. The young prince who relates "The Princess," uses the first person singular throughout, without giving us any idea of himself beyond what we gather from incidental description. Neither he nor the princess imposes on us for a moment, when employed to develope Mr. Tennyson's views on matrimony. This we know is what they were created for, with all their charming environment of scene and incident. We have vivid impressions of them and all the other persons of the story, but it is because they are admirably described. There is nothing dramatic in it: Mr. Tennyson is betrayed to every observer pulling the wires, and scarcely taking the trouble to alter his voice for the separate characters. In the latest poem, too, "*Maud*," the narrator is a mere morbid mouthpiece, and a very strange inconsistent medley of morbid matter he utters, more than is compatible with any method in his madness; and some degree of consistency is absolutely essential to the dramatic maniac; for instance, he, definitively, must not be sane and insane at one and the same time, and it is better and clearer if he is not both dead and alive.

That singularly fine poem, the "*Ulysses*," will best seem to illustrate Tennyson's possession of high creative genius, combined with the assumption of a foreign nucleus, and the absence of dramatic power.

"It little profits that an idle kind,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart.
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battles with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

"This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

"There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

He takes a Greek legend, and catching it up at a single point, makes an original poem. He has been reading Homer, that is clear; but does he imitate Homer? No; it is Tennyson tinged with Homer. He makes Ulysses speak, to delineate a certain mood in the mind of Ulysses; one, however, which gathers up in it the whole of his character; it is, therefore, true to that character, yet Ulysses we know would never have said that and in that way. It is what he would have said, if, retaining his antique simplicity, he had become modernized, and at the same time seen himself as Tennyson sees him through his nineteenth-century eyes. What a wealth of imagery and diction is here lavishly yet guardedly employed! There is a reticence of vivid, full imagination, which gives to this poem an inexpressible hold on the admiration of the reader.

We pass to a characteristic of Tennyson's genius, which, perhaps, more than any other, has won him his well-deserved place in the estimation of a people so deeply imbued with the love of natural scenery as the English undoubtedly are. He has a power of reproducing external nature in words, which is absolutely startling. The mode in which he does this cannot be said to be peculiar to him, but he has been the first to employ it to such an extent, and with so absolute a mastery, as to create a new school. He describes Nature through an appeal, not to our ideas, but to our imaginative perception. His words do really, of course, rely on our knowledge of words, yet they seem to present new *things*. He might be said to write to our *senses*.

Shelley applies himself to our *already-gathered* imaginative associations with things; and these associations are what he himself employs; certain things, and even their representative words, to him contain certain impressions and impulses, and in this way he has in part *classified* the more distinct vehicles of special influences in the natural world. The face of earth was, with him, not made up of separate and distinct landscapes. Not that snow-clad range of Alpine brethren oppressing the air of Switzerland; not the fair Italian scenes as he gazed on them in his walks at Lucca, or trod the shore of the blue inland sea; not the special pictures which at various times she presented to his faithful and absorbed gaze, made up for him the aggregate of Nature. She was composed not merely of mountains, but of mountains modified by all that he had ever experienced in gazing on all mountains, of rivers and what rivers brought to his mind, fountains, winds, and flowers; all separate classes of beauty. Shelley's perceptions were so keen, and his sympathies so true, that he could give us back as it were the *essence* of every

kind of natural object. Now Tennyson gives us back the things themselves, just as they stand in nature, with all the special environment that naturally belongs to them: he transplants a landscape into his pages. If he dealt through the eye alone, we should say he is the most picturesque of poets. Read Shelley's description of his island retreat in *Epipsychidion* :—

“ It is an isle under Ionian skies,
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
 And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
 This land would have remained a solitude
 But for some pastoral people native there,
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air,
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
 Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
 The blue Ægean girds this chosen home
 With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
 Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
 And all the winds wandering along the shore
 Undulate with the undulating tide:
 There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
 As clear as elemental diamond,
 Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
 The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer,
 (Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year.)
 Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
 Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
 Illumining, with sound that never fails,
 Accompany the noon-day nightingales;
 And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
 The light, clear elements, which the isle wears,
 Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
 Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
 And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep;
 And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
 And dart their arrowy odour through the brain,
 Till you might faint with that delicious pain,
 And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
 With that deep music is in unison;
 Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
 Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
 It is an isle 'twixt heaven, air, earth, and sea,
 Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;
 Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
 Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air.”

This is very lovely; it gives us the impression of a most delicious spot, but we don't see *the* island: it has all that such

an island as he seeks should have, but you are placed in possession of its beauties, not landed on the place itself. Contrast it with pure description in Tennyson, such as the opening of "Ænone."

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas."

Or, further on :—

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine :
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horned, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft :
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a god's ;
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came."

Or, Sir Bedivere carrying the dying King Arthur to the lake :—

"But as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear ' Quick, quick !

I fear it is too late, and I shall die.
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon."

The two last lines place you on the very spot: you see it almost with your bodily eyes. And marvellous is the power with which he can strike off these landscapes at a blow. In the "Palace of Art" are a series of professed descriptions of pictures, each in four lines, and yet this brevity is consistent with giving an impression of absolute completeness of detail.

"One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
 And some one pacing there alone,
 Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
 Lit with a low large moon.

"One show'd an iron coast and angry waves.
 You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
 And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
 Beneath the windy wall.

"And one, a full-fed river winding slow
 By herds upon an endless plain,
 The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
 With shadow-streaks of rain.

"And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
 In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
 Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
 And hoary to the wind.

"And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
 Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
 All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
 And highest, snow and fire.

"And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
 On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
 Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
 A haunt of ancient Peace."

Tennyson never generalizes. He gives us not aspects of

nature, but some one special aspect at a given place and time : he never paints scenery, but always some individual scene. He assigns special conditions to every incident. One of our old poets has thus described the dawning of day :—

“ Now the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold.”

This might be anywhere. Not so with Tennyson.

“ Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field :

“ And suck'd from out the distant gloom,
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume ;

“ And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,

“ ‘ The dawn, the dawn, ’ and died away ;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.”

Such a description of one of the changes from one state to another in Nature, is rare in Tennyson. Usually in the natural as well as in the moral world, he prefers to paint things at rest. Some poets, Thomson, for instance, occupy themselves rather with the natural changes, storms, the gathering of mists, the coming in of night, the falling of autumn leaves. The distinction is worth noting, for it indicates a deep-seated difference in the whole character of their genius. Instances of the power to reproduce sounds are not of course so common, but not less striking. A single example will suffice.

“ Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
Blow, bugle, answered echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and sear,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.”

Byron, when dealing with scenery, gives you, with great force and spirit, the most ordinary common-place impressions produced by it; he intensifies the vague undiscerning glance with which we are apt to look at a perfectly new landscape. Wordsworth pierces to the deeper influences it has the power to exert, and reveals them to us. Tennyson gives it us as it is, and leaves it to make its own impression; but he is master of what that impression shall be. He reproduces nature with matchless freshness and fidelity. Yet he rarely copies her. He is not dependent on the actual combinations he has seen. His creative power intervenes here again. You can only describe its operation by contrasting it with the workings of a different genius. Wordsworth's mind is investigatory. All his lifetime he was gazing on Nature, and trying to penetrate her subtle and mysterious depths, observing and recording the impressions she produced on himself; and the finest instances of his genius, and those which distinguish him from all others, are when, steeped himself to the core in the finest and profoundest of her influences, he can shadow forth in words the effect they produce. Wordsworth is the servant, the student, the worshipper of Nature; he presses into her shrine. Tennyson is her master; he controls, he wields her as an instrument. Wordsworth deciphers Nature; Tennyson uses her to interpret himself. Wordsworth either tells us what he has gathered from her, or if he reproduce her, it is just as he has seen her; he describes an actual *existing* landscape. Tennyson *creates a new landscape* in such exquisite unison with his thought, that its power of avowing sentiment shall be the medium of expressing his thought with a delicacy nothing else could. He makes fresh scenery to match every change in his own mood. Wordsworth goes out to seek Nature. Tennyson is passive to her influences, simply recipient, not searchingly recipient like the other. He loves to "sit and let the sound of music creep in his ear." Wordsworth is haunted by a restless desire to put Nature down in verse as he sees it. Tennyson troubles himself not; but she sinks into the depths of his memory, and his musing spirit has ever at hand an unfailing wardrobe of loveliest forms; and rich vestments lie waiting by the pillow of his sleeping thoughts. When Tennyson has to describe the lotos-eaters, he does not go in quest of the most probable natural scenery, he does not give us the Nile with the red hills and ever-flowing stream, and pointed pyramids, with here a hippopotamus, and there a crocodile, and a vivid description of white waterlilies; he *makes* them a land to suit their condition.

" In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

" A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow.
Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

" The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West : thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seem'd the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came."

If he were a painter, we should say he had Claud's power of steeping a landscape with his own sentiment, combined with that absolute fidelity, which is the aim of our modern English landscape painters.

Tennyson cannot be said to be a great master of rhythm. Verse is plastic in his hands : he can shape it with ease to his purposes, but he has none of that power by which Shakspeare wrote every play of a different class in a different rhythm. He indulges in experiments, without attaining to any very good new thing. Nothing can reconcile us to the dislocation of the old alternate rhyme which we find in the " *In Memoriam* " and elsewhere. It appears to have been adopted from pure desire for novelty, and we cannot help thinking the experiment a marked failure. Two rhymes are lost, and the other two clash too close on the ear. Such a collocation is only fitted for dissyllabic rhymes. It may do in Italian, but the English would have been wise, even in their sonnets, to follow the example Shakspeare set them. It will always remain a subject of regret, that the " *In Memoriam* " is defaced by the assumption of this unhappy form. Its inferiority is at once made apparent by comparing it with the proper alternate rhyme employed by the

same poet, as in "The Palace of Art," "The Talking Oak," or "Lady Clare." Tennyson's verse, throughout, is not unfrequently spoiled by affectation and mannerism: that of "Maud" is often a mere butcher's-pony-pace.

There is a harmony of sound in verse distinguishable from harmony of rhythm. Of this Tennyson is master. He is master, too, of the finer capacities of words, and can make single lines infinitely expressive.

" Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Any common poet would have written "tired," but Tennyson will have it *ti-erd*, (a legitimate English dissyllable,) and your eyelids droop in saying it.

It is impossible to attempt any estimate of Tennyson's genius, without giving some consideration to his last effort. The reputation of his previous poems may be considered as fixed; they are incomparably the most popular of the day. Not read by so many as Eliza Cook's, (whom probably many of our readers never heard of); not so deeply endeared to a few minds of a special order as Wordsworth's; but on the whole, those which afford the greatest delight and profit to the main body of competent English readers. The reputation of the poet, however, is in his own hands; for a man must be judged by the worst he is capable of, as well as by the best. Nor will it avail a poet who is once known and understood, to appeal from the judgment of his readers. Popular opinion is false enough in its transitory expressions; the plaudits accorded to Alexander Smith are valueless; the neglect suffered by Beddoes is inconclusive; but it can measure a man *against himself* pretty accurately. It is now pronouncing a very unmis- takeable judgment on the merits of Mr. Tennyson's last production. There may be some immediate exaggeration in the tone of the condemnation, yet we cannot doubt that in the main it will be confirmed by that ultimate public estimate, which is neither the voice of the loudest nor of the most numerous, but which sooner or later expresses what the men competent to think really do think,—the unbiased and deliberate judgment of a man's peers. This beats like death at every gate, and strikes with as unsparing an arrow. More credit will probably, after a little time has elapsed, be given for the beauties which "Maud" undoubtedly does contain; yet it must always stand as a heavy item on the debtor side of his reputation account. No other man could have written it at all; no one would have supposed that its author could have written it so ill. It abounds with scintillations of his genius.

but the whole imaginative form is so confused and shapeless, the body of thought so valueless, and the execution on the whole so poor and degenerate, that his most earnest admirers must find it impossible to read it with pleasure. As to the main conception embodied in the poem, it is not easy to hazard an opinion, for it is almost impossible to ascertain what it really is. Had the whole been worthier in other respects, its leading idea might have repaid the labour of a disinterment; as it is, it must be content to remain buried. The difficulty of the enigma is the only thing calculated to stimulate curiosity for its solution. A sulky and misanthropic young man's father may have been reduced to ruin and suicide by an old grey wolf residing in a neighbouring country-house; the young man himself may reside in a cottage in a wood, and be subject to the petty depredations of his domestic servants; he may form a reciprocated attachment for Maud, the daughter of the old wolf, and be annoyed by the haughty behaviour of her brother, the sultan of brutes, who wishes to marry her to a rabbit-faced peer. He may make verses to this lady, (the best in the poem,) and may spend the night in her garden conversing with the flowers, while she is dancing at a ball inside; till, in one of the poet's happy imitative couplets,—

“ Low on the sand, and loud on the stone,
The last wheel echoes away.”

She may then come to see him at the gate; be followed by her brother, who may strike our morbid young friend, who may make a hole in his side in a duel, whether with fatal consequences we can't say. Maud may disappear from the story, except in an apparitional form. The hero may go to Boulogne, haunted by an ocular delusion; crack a small shell on the shore, and return; be buried very near the surface of a London street; rise again, see Maud descend in a vision and foretel the coming war; may join the people in a battle-cry on board a ship-of-the-line, and “wake to the higher aims of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold.” All this may be done, and leave us little the wiser. It may be an allegory—which is the severest construction that can be put upon it—or it may be an ill-told love-story, full of brief snatches of wonderful beauty, which the poet has clumsily made the vehicle of some of his own views on the question of peace and war.

Apart from the artistic demerits of the poem, we could have wished that this subject had been handled more broadly and more temperately. This used not to be Tennyson's deficiency. The three poems in his first volume, “You ask me why,” “Of old sat Freedom on the Heights,” and “Love thou thy

Land," are treasures of that wisdom with which a poet should enlarge the practice, enthralled aims, and views of statesmen. Must we send him to school in his mature age, to learn from himself the lessons he taught in his college days, of "Freedom"?

" Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes."

Must we warn him to

" Pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime " ?

Has he so utterly forgotten

" Gentle words are always gain " ?

The blind raving against peace in "*Maud*," may be only dramatic, but it is in such a form as not to be distinguishable by any one from the approved sentiments of the author, and is a poor contribution from the great popular poet of his day, to a cause which demands the greatest strength and most persistent resolution of which England is capable, standing as she does the harassed upholder of a difficult cause, between a powerful foe and a distrusted and incompetent guidance. It is true, no doubt, that war in itself has a value; that the more constant opportunities and examples of self-sacrifice it offers, do tend to rouse a more chivalrous sentiment in a nation, and oppose themselves to the indolence and self-indulgence with which peace is compatible; and that a great common cause unites in a wider interest the petty isolations of commercial life. A great poet might glance at these things; but to look so exclusively at them, is to turn from the true object, to hug ourselves on the advantages we may obtain from the means: it is but another form of selfishness.

Tennyson gives an exaggerated expression to the mere war-spirit, and no prominence to the cause and principles involved, which alone can make war a duty and a blessing. In so doing he is echoing back and furthering one of the worst evils of a war—the danger that it should be loved for its own sake; an evil only less than that of passing by great duties, and sacrificing great interests, for the mere dread of the sufferings it brings, and from a cowardly and interested regard for peace. Those whose sympathies are the most steadily and seriously engaged in the prosecution of the war, and who revolt the most strongly from a shameful and impotent conclusion to it, ought to be the first to protest against the language of an

auxiliary, however powerful, whose rash and unsustainable interpretation of the mere state of peace, must inevitably cast some slur on the cause he espouses. Tennyson has forgotten his old promise to himself,—

“ I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half views of men or things.”

It is only in some of its details that “*Maud*” has any claim on our attention. It is full of fragments of wonderful beauty, often inseparably mixed up, in the most irritating manner, with flimsy matter in jingling verse. One of the more separable of these fragments we quote :—

“ O that 't were possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again !

“ When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than anything on earth.

“ A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee ;
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

“ It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

“ Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.”

The stately and moving “*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*,” and the “*Charge of the Light Brigade*,” are re-printed in this last volume. The latter is only spirited. The

former we can never read too often, and we turn gratefully from the painful waste of genius which torments us in "Maud," to the temperate flow of lordly verse, the wisdom of thought, the lucidity of expression, which make this Ode incomparably the finest work of art that any Poet Laureate has ever produced in discharge of the functions of his office. Sometimes we are inclined to think that, in this sort of subject, Mr. Tennyson has no independent power of origination; but is simply an involuntary focus, which collects into a shining point the existing condition of natural feeling and thought; and that "Maud" is the image of our present perplexities, as the Ode is that of the common deep feeling and general current of reflection, aroused by the death of the Duke. This volume contains, moreover, one or two small poems, sufficient to indicate that in the domain of tranquil fancy Tennyson's powers remain little impaired. We quote, in a connected form, what is unmistakeably the gem of all that is new in the book:—

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorns, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

"Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

- "And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.
- "And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
- "I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
- "I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.
- "I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;
- "And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

What more are we to look for from Mr. Tennyson? "*Maud*" itself does not seem to indicate that his command over language and fancy is in the least contracted; it has no trace of the relaxed nerves of age, not even of that diminished boldness of imagination and vividness of fancy, which in general detract from the advantages of matured judgment and taste in a poet. Its faults are rawness and incoherence; it is just the poem which would have excited brilliant hopes for the poetical career of a boy of nineteen. It is the more lamentable that so great a poet should, in the unweakened vigour of his powers, want only those advantages which his own will could have secured him; that one whom nature has so lavishly endowed should be content to serve as a new example that severe and persevering efforts are necessary to the progress of a poet,—necessary even to guard against sudden and rapid retrogression. The poet is born, not made: but this is all nature does for him.—Suddenly the saying is reversed. He does not grow; he must build up himself. Nature graces her young athlete with swiftness and strength, she brings him to the starting-place, she strips and anoints him; but it is for him to run the race:

the mere rejoicing in his faculties, effortless spurning of the dust, may carry him some way along the course; but not without toiling and sweat is the grasping of the crown. So her gifts to the poet—a fertile fancy, a passionateness or, in its place, an intensity of nature, swift imagination, and piercing vision—are but the instruments of the success he is to win for himself. They may flash with a brilliant heaven-aspiring pyramid of fire, to sink with swift decadence and play in feeble glimmerings, like fitful false auroras, or they may rise in full and glorious advance like the sun, from the morning to the mid-day, till

“ All the earth and air
With the song is loud.”

Keats was more richly endowed by nature with the special temperament, and some of the most important gifts of a poet, than any other modern writer. He was cut off when he had but shaken his young sword in the freshness and exultation of his strength, and he left it a perfectly open question, whether he could ever have fought his way to great things, or idly flourished the bright weapon till it rusted in his hand. What would have been Shelley's career, on the other hand, no one can doubt; partly because he lived longer; but his face was ever up the mountain, his nature softening and refining, his intellect broadening, and his imagination growing more searching and comprehensive, as, day by day, his unwearied shining sickle reaped the ever-springing golden harvest of beauty. Of him we may aver, safely, that had he lived, he would have ranked high,—perhaps only second among the poets of England. Wordsworth, from a soil not naturally rich, gathered by patient and indefatigable spade-husbandry a noble and abundant crop. In him culture was carried something too far, or at least was too anxiously pursued, until it even took a taint of egotism, and wanted a perpetual discrimination, which should not have left the tares to ripen with the wheat, to the unbounded annoyance of the purchaser of six volumes.

Is Mr. Tennyson to stand as the instance of as disproportioned a neglect? We earnestly trust that the truer view is, that “*Maud*” indicates only some sudden and passing perversion of taste and judgment; that it is the symptom of an acute seizure, not of a chronic failing; and that one to whom the English language is already so deeply indebted, has still the power and the will to add some things worthy of his genius and his fame.

ART. VII.—THE STATESMEN OF THE DAY.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.—Session of 1855.

Earl Grey's Speech on the Negotiations at Vienna. May 25th, 1855.

THE state of parliamentary politics at the present moment cannot be viewed without grave uneasiness and unfeigned regret. It is not conducive to the public interest, and it is not creditable to public men. The nation—accustomed, in spite of its habitual murmurings, to look up to its leading senators and statesmen with some deference, and with much substantial reliance—has had its confidence rudely shaken, if not in their integrity, at least in their sound judgment and stanch patriotism. Men of the most unquestioned ability have acted and spoken in a manner that to ordinary understandings seems marvellously like folly; politicians of the longest experience and of spotless reputation for high-minded honour have taken a course which no ingenuity can reconcile with our current notions of either wisdom or propriety; the most distinguished of our rulers have laid themselves open to the most grievous imputations; a crisis, that of all others demanded the most cordial union among those entrusted with the management of public affairs, has been marked above all others by severances and dissensions; and the most sudden, frequent, and incomprehensible changes in the *personnel* of Government, have followed one upon another precisely at the conjuncture of our national history when changes were most fraught with peril and discredit. And the people, spectators at once and victims of those strange evolutions, are bewildered, resentful and suspicious. There are many unmistakeable symptoms of the growth of that universal distrust of those who are high in character or eminent in station, which, of all maladies that can seize upon a country, is the most rapid in its progress and the most ominous of catastrophe and convulsion. Faith in men, like faith in God, lies at the foundation of all heroic effort and all firm endurance. A nation that has begun to doubt its deities and disbelieve its creeds is losing the very life-blood of its being; an army that suspects its generals of incapacity or treachery can win no further victories; an army that cashiers them one after another as unworthy of reliance can hardly, save by miracle, escape dispersion and defeat.

There is another very serious feature in the present aspect of affairs. We are carrying on a desperate war with a power of

the first order—an adversary of vast strength and consummate skill. The country has embarked heart and soul in the struggle; it is confident in the justice of its cause; it is determined to succeed; and its substantial resources are, we cannot doubt, amply sufficient to ensure success. But in order that these resources should be turned to full account, it is essential that they should be wielded by the ablest hands of the kingdom; in order to command complete and certain victory, it is necessary that we should fight *cum toto corpore regni*—with all our moral force as well as with all our material means,—that there should be no divisions in our camp, that our statesmen and legislators should be as unanimous and resolute as the country which they govern, and in whose name they assume or are called upon to act. Are these things so? On the contrary, there can hardly be a wider discrepancy between what is and what ought to be. When the war began, the Administration comprised all shades of Liberals; it was the broadest that could possibly be formed; it was supported by all except the regular Tory opposition and the irregular Manchester guerillas; it included, with one single exception, every man of first-rate eminence and proved ministerial ability. Lord Grey alone, for some reason or other, had not joined the Cabinet of All the Talents. But since then, on various occasions, on pretexts more or less valid, in a manner more or less creditable, one after another of the most prominent members of the Government have seceded, and joined the opposition, or set up a special opposition of their own; till only two statesmen of the highest standing as to ability and character—Lord Lansdowne and Lord Clarendon—remain at the head of affairs: the other members of the Cabinet to whom is committed the conduct of affairs at one of the gravest crises in the destiny of England, are all either discredited or second rate. That men like Lord Derby, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Malmesbury, and Mr. Disraeli, should find fault with the management of the war, and should thwart and embarrass the men whose places they covet, is natural and normal, and gives us no uneasiness. But that men like Lord Grey, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord John Russell, should have seceded, or should stand aloof,—should be lost to the Government, should actually oppose the continuance of the war, and should refuse to stand by the country or aid it in the great cause it has embraced,—this is a phenomenon which cannot be regarded without deep anxiety; since it would be affectation to deny that (with the exception of the two noblemen lately named) these are the most celebrated names in the ranks of Parliament, and are all eminent either for

conscientiousness, ability, or position and prestige ;—and it is not unreasonable to feel some doubt as to the wisdom and some misgiving as to the triumph of a course which such men desert and condemn. It becomes important, therefore, to appreciate as correctly as we can the character, the proceedings, and the motives of these politicians, in order that we may be in a position to estimate the weight to be attached to their opinions and the inference to be drawn from their manoeuvres. It will be no effort to us to do this without malice or hostility : we shall endeavour to do it without favour also.

We incline to place Lord Grey in the very front rank of public men for honesty and talent. His merits are courage, originality, and inflexible uprightness. His faults are the excesses, the perversions, the distorted simulacra of his merits, viz., combativeness, or rather opposituousness—a proneness to run into crotchets, and a stubborn adherence to them—and a somewhat harsh rigidity of character, or at least of action,—for personally, we believe, he is a most amiable man. England has few statesmen of such pure and single-minded patriotism—few who study their duty so conscientiously, or pursue it so unswervingly—few who so easily or resolutely push aside all irrelevant or sinister influences. When in office, he was distinguished for the irreproachable character of his appointments. Acting not only under a deep feeling of responsibility, but from a high and almost religious sense of public duty, he carefully sought for the fittest men to fill every vacant post within his department; when he had found them, or thought he had found them, he appointed them, though often entire strangers, without any solicitation, and in defiance of any opposition; when he discovered them, or fancied them, to be incompetent or unsuitable, he superseded them without scruple or hesitation; sometimes, also, perhaps, without gentleness or due consideration. In the discharge of his administrative functions, he cared little whom he offended—too little whom he hurt. These characteristics, of course, made him unpopular with those who came into collision with him, and with many of those whom he governed; and this unpopularity was increased by the dogmatic stiffness with which he held his own opinions, and by something of the schoolmaster and lecturer in the manner in which he enforced them upon colonies and deputations. At the same time, he was always open to discussion, and sometimes to conviction; and though not easily shaken in his preconceived notions, nor quick in recognizing the weight of antagonistic representations, nor quite as pervious to logic as the logician might have wished; yet, when once persuaded of his error, no false pride ever withheld him from rescinding his decision.

While at the head of the Colonial Office he had to forego or to modify many of the views which he had cherished when in opposition ; and though sometimes wrong in the course which he pursued, and as willing as any one to admit this now, he never persisted in a discovered blunder. Those who watched his conduct there, and were able to compare it with that of preceding and subsequent ministers, place him, for conscientiousness and ability, quite at the head of all who have held the seals of that department ; and though much that he did was severely criticized and blamed at the time, yet each succeeding year has raised his character as an administrator, by bringing to light, and giving time for the development of, the secondary and remoter effects of his administration. His volumes on Colonial policy, explaining what he had done and why he had done it and what consequences had flowed from it, did much to raise his reputation, and was a real addition to our scanty library of practical statesmanship.

From the beginning of his career, Lord Grey has been famous for his individuality. He has always thought for himself, and has never taken anything for granted. To every fresh subject that has come up, he has applied his mind as a conscientious and inquiring student—a mind vigorous and scrutinizing, if at times both prejudiced and paradoxical. On nearly every subject, therefore, he has thrown light ; and, however entirely we may differ from him, however preposterous and eccentric may be the views he advocates, it is impossible to read or hear his speeches without gaining much sound information and many useful suggestions. But, *en revanche*, he is prone to approach each question with a prepossession *against* the popular opinion of the day ; what is current and received becomes to him, *ipso facto*, doubtful and suspicious ; that the hounds are in full cry affords to his mind a *prima facie* probability that they are on the wrong scent. The consequence is, that he is often mischievous, and constantly provoking ; no man adopts more crotchets, or more often takes up an isolated and ineffective position ; few men work less smoothly or yieldingly with colleagues ; few horses are more tedious or restless in a team. It is this disposition to look at matters from a different point of view to any one else, and to follow closely and exclusively his own line of thought, that more than anything else has led Lord Grey to take up his present deplorable and untenable position on the question of the war. Not being in the ministry, he was able to consider it unfettered by any antecedents ; finding a prevalent and overwhelming opinion against Russia, his ingenious antagonism of spirit prompted him to discover excuses for her conduct, and to speak depreciatingly

of the dangers to be feared from her ambition; discerning much that was embarrassing and menacing in the complicated politics of the Eastern question, he set himself to expose and magnify these difficulties, without reflecting that difficulty furnishes no plea for shirking a clear duty or abandoning a righteous and sagacious policy. In fact, looking at the question as a critic, he looked only at one side, and found there, as he well might, dangers and perplexities that needed not exaggeration to persuade or alarm us into inaction, had inaction been possible or decent. In two points does Lord Grey, in his conduct during the past session, seem to us to have derogated from the course of a true and wise statesman,—first, in treating the question in an oppositious temper and seeing it only from a partial point of view; and secondly, in not perceiving that, as he stood nearly alone among his countrymen and his peers in his opposition to the war, his representations would not move them, but could only encourage the enemy,—and therefore, ought, in common patriotism, to have been withheld. His speech, previous to the declaration of war last year, was, we think, deficient in wide and far-seeing statesmanship; but this is a point on which judgments may well differ. His speech on the Vienna Conferences, however, we cannot but regard as culpable and reckless, and bearing a painful analogy to the language and proceedings of the more wilful and factious Whigs of the previous generation, who, in their systematic opposition to the party in power, did not scruple to become the apologists and even eulogists of Napoleon, and the bitter assailants of their own generals and soldiers. On the whole, Lord Grey's course in the present conjuncture so obviously springs from those peculiarities of his character which we have endeavoured to delineate, that it does not create the slightest misgiving as to the soundness of our opposing opinions, though we heartily regret that he has, by that course, rendered it impossible for the country to avail itself of his stainless integrity and undisputed ability. Indeed he is just the man whom we would always rather see in office than in opposition. The former position ballasts him with all the weighty responsibilities of practical action; while the latter leaves him at the mercy of all those erratic and perverse idiosyncrasies which so sadly impair his usefulness, and obscure his fame.

Of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, notwithstanding their vexatious and melancholy wanderings, it is impossible not to speak with respect. As efficient debaters, they have only one superior, and besides him scarcely any equal, in the House of Commons. They have both rendered signal services to their country, and services of a kind and magnitude which it will

not be easy either for them to cancel or for the country to forget; and they are incomparably the best specimens of middle-class talent, sentiment, and character of mind that have been contributed to the aggregate of legislative wisdom. But within the last few years their relative position in public and Parliamentary estimation has been almost reversed. When they began that skilful and resolute course of agitation on the Corn-Law question, to which both owe their rise, Mr. Cobden was far ahead of his *collaborateur*; he was the keen logician, the subtle persuader, the man of convincing and arousing eloquence; Mr. Bright was little more than a stirring declaimer, eminently endowed with the vigour and fluency of language which is so effective on the hustings, but possessing few of the higher characteristics of the orator. Thus it continued till the great victory of 1846 was achieved.

At that moment Mr. Cobden stood higher than almost any public man. It was the turning point of his career: sound discretion, perfect singleness and unselfishness of purpose, that wisdom, in short, of which modesty and respect for others is a necessary ingredient, might have gradually led him to the pinnacle of power and fame. But he made a false step, and pride or temper forbade him to retrace it. Good taste, good sense, and good feeling seemed suddenly to desert him; and O'Connell's career, which ought to have been his warning, seemed, on the contrary, to be taken as his example. From that day he has lost ground, not only in position, but—we grieve to say it—in nearly all those qualities by which high position is merited and is won. Few men have been more deteriorated by a life of self-assertion and antagonism. We remember him well in earlier days, earnest, serious, and devoted; his whole soul engrossed by the sacred cause in which he was engaged; as pure as a child from any sinister motives or unworthy aims; vehement often from the intensity of his convictions, but always anxious for the truth; fair in argument, patient in exposition, and gentle with his interlocutors; and steering clear of the shoals and perils of the agitation of which he had the main direction, with wonderful steadiness and discretion. We find him now, after a lapse of years which should have enlarged and matured so fine a nature, with his faculties sharpened and stimulated indeed, but altogether of a rougher and coarser order: captious in argument, uncandid in discussion, unable to see or unwilling to admit the strong and sound points of an opponent's case, seeking rather to trip up an adversary than to convince a hearer or elucidate a truth. Where formerly he was only eager and earnest, he is now overbearing and ungentle, and he seems

to us to have exchanged the searching logic of the reasoner for the mere dialectic keenness of the unscrupulous and practised fencer. The House of Commons has proved a bad school for a temperament such as his; he has become careless in his statements, rash in his assertions, and reckless in his assaults. The truth is that Mr. Cobden's is a very sensitive and excitable organization.¹ He needs sunshine; he needs the sympathy of others; he needs especially the approval of his own conscience. Opposition irritates him; the consciousness of having blundered or failed perturbs at once his temper and his judgment. He is like a high-bred colt in a bog; his excitable temperament makes him flounder on deeper and deeper into the mire, when a more phlegmatic animal would stand still or turn round and recover himself. Thus, as long as Mr. Cobden had a cause which, though unpopular with men in power, he felt was sacred and invulnerable, as long as the sympathies of his own class and his own friends were with him, as long as he was gaining ground and was obviously on the winning side, though victory might be distant and the struggle might be desperate,—so long he was serene in the consciousness of power and right, and could afford to be moderate, patient, and conciliatory. But no sooner had he blundered into a line in which the applause and suffrages of his former supporters deserted him, no sooner had he to swim against the stream, no sooner did the inability to carry with him the better class of his admirers throw him upon the sympathy of lower minds, than his temper became soured, his views more extravagant and unsound, and his language more unwarrantably violent and contemptuous;—and in proportion as public approbation is withdrawn from him does he seem inclined to set public opinion at defiance. Still so many of his native gifts yet remain to the fallen angel, that we cannot abandon the hope that he may still strike back into the right path. Occasionally, even now, flashes break forth which show what he might do and be, if he again became the interpreter of the earnest feeling of the nation, and the prophet to bear that feeling in words of power to the ears of the unworthy great. His speech on the occasion of Lord John's strange confession of an uncommitted crime and a non-existent cabinet dissension,—in which he denounced the discrepancy of the language held in the lobby and in the House, and the shock to public confidence which such insincerity had given,—might have indicated to him the direction in which his recovery of influence was to be sought.

While Mr. Cobden has been falling, Mr. Bright has been rising as rapidly and as surely, till he has now become indisputably one of the potentates of Parliament. He is a man

to be counted with; and though not exactly the leader of a party, he is the spokesman of a special class of sentiments. He owes his rise to his sterling qualities of mind and character; to his conscientious diligence in mastering the details of all the questions which come before him; to his industry in amassing knowledge and supplying the defects of a curtailed and imperfect education; to his single-minded earnestness, in an assembly where a certain affectation of moderation and indifferentism used to be the order of the day; to his straight-forwardness and plain-speaking, in an arena where compromise and conventionalism are too much in fashion; to the strong sense which pervades everything he says, even when narrow and wrong-headed; to the courage which shrinks from doing nothing, however unpopular, and from saying nothing, however disagreeable; and lastly and chiefly, to the conviction, which he has managed to impress upon every mind, that he is wholly free from any interested or personal designs. He is generally dogmatic and imperious; he is often abrupt and uncourteous; but no one suspects him of being a self-seeker; and men will forgive much and bear much from a politician of whose incorruptible integrity and sincerity there can be no shadow of a doubt. If, in his engrossing eagerness about his subject, he obviously forgets himself, they readily allow him to forget also, occasionally, the decorums of debate and the bland amenities of social life.

The line which these two eminent men have taken on the great question of the day does not surprise us, and ought not to disturb us. It might have been predicted beforehand. It is not only consistent with their known principles, but conformable to their known character. They are and have always been essentially *doctrinaires* in the narrowest sense of the word. They are not statesmen of a nation, but politicians of a school. They are not physicians, but empirics. They are like shrewd but uneducated men, who, finding a specific of wonderful efficacy, and having seen its curative virtue proved beyond question in one grievous epidemic malady, would apply it indiscriminately and, what is worse, exclusively to every disorder, and are for expunging every other medicine from their pharmacopeia. Economy is their standard, their panacea, their watchword. They measure every policy by their miserable two-foot rule, and speak and think as if a nation had no interests but material ones, no duties save to itself, no objects but peace, prosperity, and wealth. Their creed is that war is costly, that England has nearly always blundered in her international proceedings, and that the present contest is fraught with dangers, perplexities, and immoralities of every sort:—

all undeniable truths, but all fragmentary and incomplete ones. We do not design to argue the case with them here :—all that we are now concerned to point out is this—that they are not the representatives or organs of *any one class* of their fellow-citizens, but merely of one particular tenet and sentiment which exists in the minds of nearly every class, but exists *only as one element* or ingredient in the composition of its political opinions. This distinction is one which neither the Member for Manchester nor the Member for the West Riding has perceived; yet it offers the true explanation of the entire and nearly universal secession from them of that part of the community which they used to influence so specially, and will influence again. That consideration, which in their minds occupies so disproportionate a space, and overbears and crushes every other, in the minds of the middle and working classes is only one consideration among many others, and by no means the most absorbing or supreme. They touch the national mind only at one point; they sympathise with it only in one out of its several phases. Hence it is only when the nation has its parsimonious fit upon it, or when considerations of saving and retrenchment are paramount to all others, or when, as sometimes occurs, the strictest economy happens to coincide with the largest and wisest policy, that these politicians can be favourites and leaders. Theirs is the fate of men who are distinguished for a *specialité* : they must wait till their *specialité* comes round. At present their proceedings serve to show, not how the nation would think and act if the mercantile and industrial classes had the exclusive guidance of its policy, but only how these classes would think and act if their souls were swept and emptied of every principle and sentiment except a cold, shrewd, narrow, sordid, heartless, egotism.

The above three gentlemen—Lord Grey, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Cobden—objected to the war from its commencement, and have been consistent in their course. We have now to speak of the seceders—those who were for the war when in office, and against it when in opposition—members of the Government up to the 22nd of February, members of the Peace Society since that date. But here we must make a marked distinction between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert on the one side, and Mr. Gladstone and Sir James Graham on the other. To mix them up in one category would be confusion and injustice. Of the two former we can speak with unfeigned and unmixed respect. Both men of high rank, and deeply sensible of the responsibilities and obligations which that rank lays upon them, their conduct and demeanour throughout has been such as no difference of party

or opinion can prevent us from characterising as worthy of the highest approbation; and we think it a serious calamity that personal connections, political etiquette, and popular clamour should even for a time have deprived the country of their services. They belong to a class of statesmen much wanted, and very rare. We can speak of them the more plainly, because on some most important points their views and ours are utterly divergent. They are neither of them men of brilliant ability, nor of commanding force of character. But they are high-minded English gentlemen; eminently men of honour; too free in their thoughts and too delicate in their sense of duty to be thick and thin adherents of any party, and with far too resolute an individuality to allow colleagues or leaders to betray them, or drag them into damaging or indefensible positions; and—what we value above all—earnestly and religiously devoted to the cause of social amelioration, and valuing this cause far beyond any political aims or any party victories. It is with reference to these matters that we consider the Peelites (as they are termed) as far ahead of all other sections of the parliamentary world; and except in conjunctures like the present, would rather see them in office than any other politicians. They may not always be clear-sighted; they may often find their judgment weakened and perverted by crotchets and fancies which we do not share and cannot help regretting;—but they can afford, as few can, to consider questions and measures on their merits, and not as they bear on this or that political arrangement or clash with this or that official prejudice or tradition; and their conscience prescribes to them this independent reflection as an imperious duty. If the matter before us were a proposal of organic reform, for example, we should feel sure that Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, *et hoc genus omne*, would test it by its conformity to certain musty ancestral formulas, or by its probable influence upon the supremacy of that party of whom alone, according to their creed, is salvation;—we should know that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, and the band they lead, would approach it solely to discover how it might be handled so as to damage their antagonists, or to pave their own way to power;—whereas we should expect Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert, and the Duke of Newcastle—according to their sometimes refracted light, and to the best of their sometimes fettered vision—to apply themselves with a single mind and a conscientious diligence to the inquiry how the highest interest and the permanent welfare of Great Britain would be affected by the change. In short, they would consider the question much as thoughtful, cultivated, and sincere men of the middle classes would consider it;—the

others would deal with it as London men of good society, involved in official circles, and heated and dusty with the jostling race and the blinding conflicts of party, are unhappily wont to deal with nearly every great matter that is forced upon their bounded and battered minds. If the subject in hand were some difficult and urgent social problem—such, for example, as the management and minimising of our criminal population—on which it was of vital moment to arrive at sound principles, and then to organize a system of action in conformity with those principles, and to adhere to it and enforce it in spite of covert hostility or open opposition,—we should go to the usual occupants of the Home Office with a feeling compounded of irritation and despair; knowing that in all likelihood our views would be frowned upon as troublesome, or pooh-poohed as absurd, or bowed out as inopportune; or that, if entertained, they would be only half comprehended and not half adopted; that some points absolutely essential, and interwoven with the very principles of the reform, would be modified or abandoned out of deference to the prejudices of this subordinate official, or to ward off the opposition of that parliamentary debater,—till what went into the office a consistent and well-considered scheme, would come out an indefensible and unintelligible hash. But if Mr. Herbert or the Duke of Newcastle were in power, we should feel confident that they would diligently and conscientiously consider the matter as a whole; would give their minds to it, as men who perceived its importance; and, if satisfied of the correctness of the principles and the wisdom of the plan, would embrace it with cordiality and *understanding*, and support it with the full weight of their talents, their character, and their position. Hence there are no public men whom we, as philosophical statesmen and social Reformers, so desire to see in power,—none whom, if we were civil servants of the State, we should so willingly act under;—and this, though we are conscious of much divergence of opinion, and fully recognize that the political arena contains many men of more consummate and remarkable ability.

As to the war administration of the Duke of Newcastle, we think, and the country has begun to think, that that nobleman met with harsh measure and with scanty justice. There was certainly no want of diligence and devotion, and we do not know that there were more or greater errors of judgment than any other minister might have committed. Assuredly the public has no reason to believe that his successor has done anything to eclipse him. But we think that the Duke was injudicious in accepting that special post. Not only was it

obviously one of peculiar difficulty, owing to the manifold and unforeseen requirements consequent upon a peace of forty years' duration, but it demanded as its most essential qualifications precisely what the Duke did not possess—viz., pre-eminent authority, a commanding and somewhat imperious will, and quick intuitive sagacity in selecting instruments and judging men. If his agents and subordinates had possessed as much diligence and sound sense as their chief, and if their chief had possessed either the traditional position of Lord John Russell or the imperative mood of Earl Grey, we do not think much fault would have been found with the war administration of the Duke. Since he quitted office his conduct has been admirable and faultless. He abstained from going into opposition; he refused to stultify his acts, or to unsay his words; he accepted the sentence of the country as due, if not to his demerits, at least to his unsucccess; he defended himself with spirit, and admitted his mistakes and deficiencies with modesty and candour; and no condemned or discarded politician ever left the bar with the sympathies of both court and audience more completely in his favour. There is no reason, so far as we can discover, why he should not return to power whenever he may wish or deem it prudent; and we are sure that when he does return, it will be both a more experienced, a more influential, and a more popular man.

Sir James Graham has much ground to be grateful for the chance which has mixed him up with his seceding colleagues, and blended him in the public mind with a party so richly endowed with the special qualities in which he is so singularly deficient. He counts with Mr. Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, and the Duke, as one of the four "Peelites." He, a man whom few esteem and scarcely any like, is sheltered by the ægis of associates who are respected even by opponents and beloved in no ordinary measure by all their friends, and who find in the general appreciation of their virtues a ready pardon for their occasionally inconvenient idiosyncrasies. He, a man to whom it is not easy to give credit for conscientious and firm adhesion to any opinions, shares in the odour of sanctity which surrounds a small clique of statesmen, the earnestness and depth of whose convictions is their redeeming and especial merit. Of the administrative ability of Sir James Graham there can be no doubt: when at the Home Office and formerly at the Admiralty, no minister was ever more assiduous, vigilant, or capable. He gave his whole powers to his work, and did it with unsurpassed efficiency. His judgment was generally good, his comprehension quick, his will resolute, and his management, for the most part, irreproachable. During Lord Grey's and still more

during Sir Robert Peel's administration he rendered good service to his country. As a debater he is somewhat slow and ponderous, though very weighty and effective. But the substratum of a high political and personal morality is wanting to his character as a statesman. His opinions never seem to have been deeply rooted in the heart of the man. Moreover, there is a vein of the ignoble and ungenerous in his nature that "crops out" in a most ugly manner on slight provocation and on unworthy opportunities. He has made many changes and done many ill-natured things. You never feel sure of him or safe with him. He began life as a somewhat extreme Radical, subsided into official but still vigorous Whiggism, seceded with Lord Stanley in the character of a sensitive churchman, joined Sir Robert Peel as a Protectionist leader, followed him as a Free-trade convert, again fell into opposition when Lord John Russell came into power, coalesced with him in 1851, relapsed somewhat rashly into Radicalism and anti-Napoleonism when those opinions seemed likely to be in the ascendant, remained one of a ministry which made Louis Napoleon its closest and firmest ally, allowed his rash and inconstant temperament to involve him in a scrape with an unmanageable admiral, (which made him, we believe, not sorry to get away from the responsibilities of office); and, finally, by a most unpardonable attack upon Mr. Layard for a matter in which he himself was the real culprit, showed that the old *malus animus* was not purged out, and laid himself open to a conclusive and damaging retort. It is sad to see such powers of achievement and of usefulness marred by such deficiencies and by such admixtures:—it is sadder still to see a man who has been a prominent and active politician during a long life, arrive at his grand climacteric without a principle and without a friend.

Mr. Gladstone is, at the present day, without dispute and beyond rivalry, the first man in the House of Commons. His richly furnished mind; his consummate command of language; the thorough scholastic training he has undergone, and that perfect mastery over all his intellectual faculties which no other discipline can give; his unfailing good taste and gentlemanly feeling,—all combine to make him about the most finished and effective debater of our time. He is a rare example of the genuine orator who never degenerates into the rhetorician. And the combination of the most eminent mental endowments with a spotless character, a resolute temper, and intense and indisputable earnestness of purpose, fully merits the lofty position it has enabled him to win.

We are not sorry to have an opportunity of stating our esti-

mate of Mr. Gladstone, at a moment when, as far as public favour goes, he is under a sort of eclipse, and when his course seems to us more utterly astray than it has ever been before, or will, we trust, ever be again. We dissent from the views of Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the war as widely as it is possible to do, and we deplore the line which he has taken as a national calamity. But we should despise ourselves were we unable to do justice to the character, or to appreciate the reasoning of a formidable opponent; we have no patience with the narrow hostility of politicians who cannot or will not recognize a masterly argument, because it proceeds from an antagonist and is directed against themselves; and we protest against the superficial and uncharitable psychologists, who refuse to believe that a subtle mind can be an honest one, or that a man who goes so far wrong, may yet fancy all the while that he is going right. Just before the Whitsuntide recess, Mr. Gladstone delivered a speech of singular force, earnest eloquence, and acute ability, in which he impugned in no measured terms the wisdom and justice of continuing the war. On the subject of that speech we differ from Mr. Gladstone *toto celo*; we demur to his statement of the object in dispute: we dissent from his estimate of the relative consequences of compromise and war; we take exception to some of his premises; and we altogether repudiate his conclusion. But we heard that speech; we listened to the orator for two hours with unflagging interest and admiration;—and we are bound to say, that we never heard arguments so skilfully marshalled or so brilliantly expressed, statements so lucid, declamation so impassioned yet so chastened and restrained, and facts and documents so ably collected and deployed irresistibly to suggest and shadow forth the designed conclusion. We thought him all the time, and think him still, quite in error;—but how ministers and his former colleagues could meet his argument we were at a loss to conceive. Since then he has gone further and further in the same direction; but his course, though much to be regretted, is, we apprehend, by no means inexplicable.

Mr. Gladstone has no sincerer or warmer admirer than ourselves, his most determined opponents; none, we believe, who can more fully enter into the peculiarities of his mental constitution; none who better comprehend the sources of those estimable qualities which so endear him to his associates, or who possess more accurately the clue to those idiosyncrasies which so often fill the hearts of his detractors with sinister and malignant joy. It is not difficult, for any one who seeks sincerely, to find the explanation of Mr. Gladstone's wanderings from the straight path, and to perceive by what refracting

media "the light that leads astray" is distorted in its passage through that refining and elaborately cultivated intellect. In truth, he is his own marrer and misleader. It is the special nature of his talents and his virtues that prevents him from seeing clearly or walking uprightly. He is a man of wonderful mental powers and of vast acquirements, but not of unerring instincts or correct intuitions. He has to *think out* what is right and wise: he does not, like other men, perceive it *instinctively*. The intellect with him has laboriously to do the work of the moral sense and the unclouded natural perceptions. Thus it often pursues a tortuous course, and does not always arrive at the right goal at last. He is somewhat like certain statisticians we have known, who are entirely dependent for their results upon the accuracy of their calculations, and who, when those calculations have brought them to inadmissible conclusions, have nothing within them to detect that inadmissibility, or induce them to suspect the correctness of their figures. There is nothing *trenchant* in Mr. Gladstone's mind. When he has to concoct measures and estimate suggestions, he approaches them all in turn in a spirit of diligent and conscientious inquiry, weighs them in the balance, brings them to the test of his subtle logic, and accepts or rejects them after deliberate reflection. He does not, as a man of rougher and stronger sense would do, throw numbers of them aside at once as obviously worthless and unsound. His mind, in a word, is not a *touchstone* for the quick detection of the true and false, but an elaborate, polished, and complicated instrument for ascertaining the one and eliminating the other;—an instrument liable to get out of order from the airy ingenuity of its construction, and the multiplicity of its contrivances and checks.

Now this peculiarity of mental constitution is not favourable to perfect simplicity or truthfulness of mind. Subtlety and ingenuity are dangerous intellectual endowments. They involve a man in details, in which great principles are apt to be lost sight of. They incline him, when an end is clearly seen and greatly valued, to be clever, crafty, and not always straightforward, in the use of means. They pave the way to casuistry. They are the fatal and discrediting qualities of the Jesuit. And when they meet in the same character with great religiosity, and with that special form of religion which, for want of a better name, we will designate as *ecclesiastical*, they are apt, perhaps, not to blunt, but to pervert and twist the conscience. The mind, as well as the eye, will occasionally squint. And those who had much to do with Mr. Gladstone during the discussions on the Oxford Reform Bill, declared themselves painfully con-

scious of some obliquity of this nature in a man whom they had been at first disposed both to reverence and to trust.

Mr. Macaulay said of him some years ago, that "half his ability, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have secured him from nearly all his errors." The criticism was a just one. His fine fancy enables him to gild and clothe any fallacy, and his glowing and redundant language to hide even from himself the naked meaning of his tenets. But he has a greater enemy than even his brilliant intellect,—and that is, his sensitive conscience. Of all virtues, there are few more dangerous, if there is none more beautiful. The more imperious the sense of duty, the more scrupulous and commanding the conscientiousness, the more does it need to be enlightened and controlled by a sound judgment and correct instincts. All extreme susceptibility is apt to degenerate into morbidity—susceptibility of conscience more surely than any other. And when once it has passed the limits of moderation and sobriety, it presses all the other powers of thought and character into its service; it blinds its victim to all qualifying and rectifying considerations; it enables him unconsciously and unfeelingly to trample upon all other principles; it takes the bit between its teeth, and guidance and restraint are thenceforth hopeless.

This we apprehend to be the case with Mr. Gladstone at present. He entered on the contest with Russia with great and manifest reluctance,—with more reluctance, and with greater misgivings, than he is now willing to admit even to himself. He sympathised largely in the feelings of his chief, Lord Aberdeen; and his unfortunate speech at Manchester early showed a "hitch" in the workings of his mind upon this subject. He is a man of piety,—and war seems to him criminal and unchristian. He is a man of culture and refinement,—and war necessarily strikes him as something strangely low, brutal, and vulgar. He is a devoted and somewhat mystical adherent of "the Church,"—and war against a Christian power and on behalf of unbelievers affects his fancy as something unnatural and monstrous. Still, at the outset the justice of the case was so clear, the overbearing insolence of the aggressor so intolerable, and the political necessity of defending Turkey so imperative, that good sense asserted its supremacy, and the statesman in Mr. Gladstone triumphed for a time over the scholar, the casuist, and the theologian. But his conscience has never been quite at ease since. Once emancipated from the wholesome and restraining responsibilities of office and of action, his fancy free to expatiate as it would, and his critical judgment to take up any *Stand-punkt* that he pleased, doubts

and scruples grew stronger day by day, and the balance of his mind gradually and not slowly turned. The prolongation of the strife and its enormous slaughter kept him in a chronic state of wretchedness and anxiety, if not of remorse; his incessant thought was how to terminate on any decent terms so deplorable and uncivilised a spectacle; his subtle logic was expended, not wholly without success, in endeavouring to harmonize his former with his present course; he lost sight of the great and noble cause in his horror at the violent and sanguinary means; till at length all that was wise, candid, and statesmanlike in his nature gave way before the feelings of the gentle and polished philosopher whom such barbarism revolted, and of the humane lover of his species whose very soul was harrowed by the bloodshed and suffering around him. Such, at least, we believe and hope to be the historical and psychological explanation of the erratic and indefensible course of so eminent a statesman; and if something of pardonable indignation at the injustice with which his most intimate friend had been treated by the public mingled with his feelings, and if the secession from power hastened and exacerbated the change which other causes had long been silently operating in his sentiments, we are not disposed to inquire too curiously into such natural infirmity, or to visit it with too severe a condemnation.

But though we accept this probable and not discreditable explanation of Mr. Gladstone's secession to the Peace party, and of the unwarrantable and unpatriotic language which we hold him to have used in defence of it, there is one point in the case which we confess does surprise us,—one set of considerations which we can scarcely understand that he should so entirely have overlooked or put aside. No man loathes cruelty and oppression more than he does. No man's soul so sickens at the cold and crushing barbarities of despotism. No man ever spoke out against them more boldly or impressively or uncompromisingly than did Mr. Gladstone—when he witnessed them. All Europe shuddered at the heart-rending pictures which he drew of the damp dungeon and the gnawing chains of the gentle and virtuous Poerio. Who dug that dungeon and riveted those chains? *The King of Naples*. Who supported and encouraged him in a perfidious and savage tyranny which, if left to his own strength, he neither could nor dared have continued for an hour? *The Emperor of Austria*. And who kept the empire of that sovereign together? Who replaced him on his shaken throne? Who enabled him to exercise that blighting and leaden influence on Italy which, by crushing all resistance and inciting to all oppression, rendered safe and possible those regal crimes which aroused even a

Conservative like Mr. Gladstone to denounce them? *The Czar of Russia*. But for him that whole hideous fabric of despotism must have fallen to pieces in 1848. But for him the Austrian and Italian governments must, perforce, have introduced those ameliorations and permitted that political and civil freedom which alone, as Mr. Gladstone well knows, can open the prison doors of Naples or of Rome. But for him Hungary would have been independent or constitutionally free, and Austria must have accepted new conditions of existence; and when Austria was no longer able to be a tyrant, the lesser criminals of Italy must have become humane and just in order to be allowed to live. *Does not Mr. Gladstone recognize the pedigree of Poerio's dungeon now?* And if we had retired baffled and unsuccessful from our deadly strife; if, as he recommended, we had closed the war on terms which would leave Russia unenfeebled and Austria actually and relatively strengthened; if we had re-embarked from the Crimea, *re infecta*, leaving our colossal and not modest antagonist to boast that the two liberal nations of the West had tried their utmost efforts against him for twelve long months, and had effected nothing; then, we pray Mr. Gladstone to consider, how would such an issue operate on the fate of those for whose sufferings he feels such deep compassion? We should have left erect and triumphant—not only not checked and rebuked, but made more insolent and cruel by the result of our unavailing endeavour to rebuke them—rampant, eager for revenge, and henceforth irresistible in might, the two great incarnations of relentless Despotism; those two Powers by whose encouragement, under whose inspiration, in reliance on whose strength, every Italian dungeon is filled, every Italian scaffold raised, every Italian patriot massacred or fettered, every hope of better days for that unhappy land crushed, silenced, buried in a grave over which not even Faith itself could write *Resurgam!* Can it indeed be the Mr. Gladstone whose heart, in Naples and at Ischia, so bled at Russian deeds—for we have shown that in the last resort they are traceable to Russia—that would now leave that despotism free and powerful for the infliction and the sanction of similar atrocities during a long future to whose duration we could see no end?

One reflection more, which we anxiously commend to the consideration of a statesman we esteem so highly. War is bad enough, but is there nothing worse than war? Its details are often horrible, but there are silent sufferings more sickening by far. What are the swift agonies of the battle-field, compared with the slow tortures of the dungeon? What are even the trenches before Sebastopol, to the underground cell and

the rusty fetters of Poerio and Settembrini? Must we not feel more painful and profound compassion for one statesman, patriot and scholar, left to rot in hopeless darkness between the four walls of a loathsome prison—seeing nothing but the dripping roof; hearing nothing but the moaning sea—than for fifty soldiers wounded or dying in the open field, in the moment of victory, in a good cause, amid overpowering and glorious excitement? And, moreover, what is life given us for, if not to further noble aims, to aid human progress, to put an end to such social and moral and political evils as are the curse and the opprobrium of the southern lands of Europe? And if the result of our efforts shall be—as it must be if they are energetic enough and long enough continued—so to cripple and repulse for ever the arch-enemy of liberty and peace and civil justice and national rights, that horrors like those enacted in Italy and Hungary shall be no longer possible; so to inaugurate a better era, that the gentle and the wise shall no longer groan under the cruelty of the barbarous and the base; that the sword and spear of the oppressor shall be beaten into the plough-share and the pruning-hook of the free citizen and the secure husbandman; that we may be able to live in the “Eternal City,” or wander by the banks of the Arno, or the shores of the beautiful Parthenope, without alternately blushing with shame, or burning with indignation, or sickening with sympathy at hideous wrong,—if a brief war should issue in a long result like this, will not even Mr. Gladstone confess that we have gained a pearl of inestimable worth at a price incalculably small? Human life is precious; but it is precious only for what it can do, or can buy, or can become. *Spent* to buy human progress, human emancipation from sin and suffering and degradation, it is a treasure whose value no arithmetic can reckon up. *Hoarded* as a miser hoards his gold—laid up in a napkin as if it were a jewel in itself—it is worth no wise man’s care: it purchases no blessing, and yields no return.

It will be some time before Mr. Gladstone can obliterate from the minds of his countrymen the impression left by his recent speeches; for the disapprobation they have caused has been deep and general, and few judge him as leniently as our sympathies have enabled us to do. Still, there is no country in which false steps are more easily or rapidly recovered than in England: none in which “acts of oblivion and indemnity” are more promptly passed for all the offences of public men; and the return of peace, and the change in the topics of national attention consequent upon it, will, we doubt not, restore Mr. Gladstone to his proper place in the service of the State. We should desire to see him constantly in power, not only in

order that the empire may have the perennial benefit of his great abilities, and his rare earnestness of purpose ; but because the heavy responsibilities and the practical labours of power are precisely the ballast which he needs to keep him steady. In office we believe he would always be tolerably reliable and safe : out of office the peculiarities of his mental constitution, to which we have already alluded, will make him often *tangential*, erratic, and inscrutable. The difference between Mr. Gladstone the writer and Mr. Gladstone the orator, is significant of, and analogous to, the difference between Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street, and Mr. Gladstone on the cross benches or below the gangway. When he writes, his refining dialectics, his quick and rich imagination, and his subtle analytic tendencies, render his style digressive, clumsy, and involved, so that few men of splendid abilities ever wrote so ill. When he speaks, on the contrary, having actual business to deal with, facts to which to apply his mind, antagonists to guard against, and a vigilant and living audience to please and keep in hand ; he is clear, vigorous, and even terse. So, when in office ; when he has to deal with men and not with speculations ; when thought must be followed up by action, and theory must be translated into and tested by its practical applications ; when colleagues are always at hand with their needful alloy of broad common sense, to bring down his fine gold to a coinable condition ; and when the events and calls which every day arise insensibly envelope him in an atmosphere of realities ; Mr. Gladstone seldom runs wild or goes astray. But no sooner is he liberated from the wholesome fetters of the Treasury bench, —no sooner is he free to consider, not what must be done, but what might be said or thought,—than his native predilection for the abstract and ingenious re-asserts its sway over his mind ; he gets astride on some fine-spun subtlety or some collateral conception, rides away into space and darkness,

“ And panting *sense* toils after him in vain.”

In this general review of our eminent public men, it is as impossible to be silent with respect to Lord John Russell, as to speak of him without sadness. His career of late has been both painful and perplexing. Either he is not the man he was, or he never was the man we thought him. Probably the qualities which have sunk him so low and led him so far astray were always latent and not quite inoperative in his character, but needed the long possession of power to foster them into dangerous dimensions, and a conjunction of favouring circumstances to develop and display them in all their rank luxuriance of mis-

chief. At the same time it seems impossible to doubt that within the last few years his judgment must, from some cause or other, have been strangely, and it would seem, irreparably impaired. His conduct of late has been inexplicable, even to those who have known him longest and most intimately; or explicable only on suppositions which it is grievous to be forced to entertain. At a period when questions involving great principles were in discussion, and when he and his associates were the champions and representatives of those principles, his character, naturally congenial to them, was no doubt elevated by their grandeur, and his reputation shared in the halo which they shed around them. His unquestioned talent, his great parliamentary experience and tact, his ready courage and chivalrous spirit, his high connections and historic name, insured him office and prominence as soon as his party came into power, and the leadership of his party as soon as the older chiefs died out; and he had so long been regarded, both by himself and by the people, as especially the champion of liberal opinions, that they rallied round him, and adhered to him, and urged him on, even after the great strife was over; and he considered himself to have acquired a sort of prescriptive title to their allegiance. Nursed in all the traditions of the aristocratic Whigs, a Pharisee after the strictest sect of that religion, he has never been able to rise to the height of either an original statesman or a thorough patriot. As long as, from the accidents of history, statesmanship and patriotism marched parallel with the Whig conceptions, and were identified with or embodied in their formulas, all went well, and all looked sound and right; but Lord John was a Liberal, because he was a Whig; not a Whig, because the Whigs had embraced liberal opinions; and in a word, his misfortune and his ruin has been that he has never been able to soar beyond the atmosphere of connection and tradition; he still talks of "the principles of Mr. Fox;" he believes in a party, not in a doctrine or a creed. Hence, in his heart, he is persuaded that the country can never be well governed unless the Whigs are in power; and he cannot feel that the Whigs are in power, unless he—their natural and hereditary leader—is at the helm as Premier. This sad double delusion is one of the keys to his recent erratic movements. Having early and conscientiously identified the interests of his country with those of his party, and those of his party with his own,—his party gradually became more to him than his country, and the process has ended in himself being more to him than his party. The tendency has been fostered by the *pessimum genus inimicorum* among whom he has of late lived in comparative seclusion,

and who have encouraged him in his broodings over his own greatness and his own claims ; till he has been betrayed into a series of false steps as startling as irretrievable.

We need not go further back than the last five years of Lord John Russell's career, in order to perceive indications of the increasing preponderance of certain characteristics, which seem now to have reached their culminating point,—characteristics of which his colleagues and admirers have long been painfully aware, but which the public at large has only just begun to recognize and reprobate,—namely, rashness, impulsiveness, impressibility to advice combined with a marvellously bad choice of advisers, a singular oblivion at times of what is due to others, and an occasional aberration of judgment calculated to astound all who had not known him intimately.

The famous Durham letter was one of the first examples of these growing disqualifications for high office. We will not now discuss the wisdom of that sudden declaration of war against Romanist encroachments—that giving vast importance and publicity to what might else have died away in silence and contempt. On this point difference of opinion may and does exist ; but, at least, there can be no question that such a manifesto—coming from a Prime Minister, involving the necessity of following it up by legislative and executive action, and certain to produce intense and wide-spread excitement—should only have been issued after the most deliberate reflection on its consequences, and the most anxious consultation with all his colleagues, whom it committed to a very hazardous and (as it turned out) damaging course of conduct. Yet it is notorious that Lord John issued his “bull,” not only without weighing and foreseeing the results, but without calling any of his fellow-ministers into his councils.

In December, 1837, he was guilty of his second escapade. Dissenting from the judgment which his Foreign Secretary had formed respecting the French *coup d'état*, he, as Premier, summarily dismissed Lord Palmerston,—a more experienced, and, as it has proved, a more sagacious and skilful diplomatist than himself. No doubt he had a perfect right to take this unusual step ;—whether it was a prudent step, and whether Lord Palmerston's judgment on the matter in question was not sounder than his own, may well admit of discussion. But what admits of no discussion is the double impropriety of which Lord John was guilty, in the mode of dismissing, and justifying the dismissal of, his peccant Secretary. Once again he acted without consulting his colleagues ; “alone he did it,” as he himself avowed ; no single member of the Cabinet was aware that one of the most eminent and able of their coadjutors

was to be thus arbitrarily ousted from among them; and deeply and universally did they feel the indignity. But this was not all. When Lord John stood up in the House of Commons a day or two afterwards, to avow and justify his proceeding, he staggered and astounded every one by producing, in his defence, an autograph letter from the Queen, betraying considerable personal irritation against Lord Palmerston for real or supposed slights on previous occasions, and written in a tone which it was impossible not to regret. The nearly universal feeling of the House on the reading of this document was, that so strange a breach of decorum, loyal feeling, and sound discretion, had scarcely ever been witnessed within its walls; and men wondered in loud whispers what had become of the Premier's chivalry and judgment, that he could thus drag his Queen into the party arena, and assail a colleague with a weapon from the Royal quiver.

Lord Palmerston was not long in taking his innings. In February, 1852, he defeated his late chief on the question whether the militia should be general or local. Lord John's ministry resigned, and Lord Derby came into power, and brought in a Militia Bill, differing in few material points from the former one. A meeting of Whig and Liberal members was held on (if we remember rightly) April 21st, at which it was decided that the measure offered so little tangible handle for criticism that it should not be opposed. Two days afterwards, to the amazement of his party, Lord John, acting at the suggestion and under the influence of one of the least reputed of its members, spoke and voted against the second reading, on grounds to which even his ingenuity failed to impart any validity. His Whig associates, however, this time refused to let him drag them through the mire of faction; most of them deserted him, and the ministerial bill was carried in spite of his opposition, and in a House in which the Liberals were notoriously predominant, by a majority of 316 to 167.

The following year Lord John took office under Lord Aberdeen; and everybody, except a few personal adorers, who professed to consider the step a degradation, approved of his doing so. But he was restless in the Cabinet, dissatisfied with its internal arrangements, and must have been a most uncomfortable colleague. He recommended certain changes; then, becoming amenable to the same sinister suggestions that had formerly misled him, withdrew them, and remained quiescent, and apparently acquiescent, till, on the announcement of Mr. Roebuck's motion, (which he must long since have foreseen,) he suddenly deserted, on Tuesday night, those with whom he had acted up to Tuesday at dinner-time; declared he could not

defend them, and gave in his resignation. Every one was thunderstruck and scandalised; and even he himself, two days afterwards, was obliged to confess that the mode and time of his desertion was an error. Since then, he has literally bombarded us with blunders. Shell after shell has exploded among his colleagues and co-senators, till surprise is almost exhausted. It was a blunder to accept the Vienna Mission, for which neither his character nor his antecedents fitted him; it was a blunder to accept a subordinate post under a man whom he had formerly commanded and dismissed; it was a blunder to accept a seat in the Cabinet while acting as an instructed servant of that Cabinet; and it was a strange weakness or mistake to permit himself to be deluded into listening to and sanctioning proposals of accommodation, the inadmissibility of which he had himself shortly before so clearly pointed out. All these things, however, though clearly indicative, we think, of impaired judgment, were indicative of nothing worse. But what shall we say of his two strange speeches,—one in answer to Mr. Gibson as to his concessions at Vienna; and the other, his meandering harangue on foreign politics in general, just before the session closed?

On the faith of a circular issued by Count Buol, Mr. Gibson charged Lord John with having deceived the nation and the House as to his real sentiments,—with having made a warlike speech, though he had returned from Vienna in favour of peace,—and with remaining a member of a Cabinet which had rejected terms of accommodation which he himself had accepted and approved. Lord John pleaded guilty,—declared that he had been “overruled in the Cabinet,” and the proposals which he had recommended negatived; that, thereupon, he had deliberately reflected whether to resign or not, but had decided that to break up another ministry would shake confidence in public men, and be every way undesirable; that he had, therefore, succumbed to the opinions of his colleagues; and finally, that he considered he was acting quite honourably in doing so. Every one was perfectly amazed by this statement, and none more so than his colleagues, who could not conceive what he meant, knowing that there never had been any Cabinet discussion of the proposals alluded to; that they were conscious of no difference of opinion; that Lord John had never been “overruled;” that his perplexity as to whether he ought to resign or not must have been all moonshine; and, in fact, that the alleged difficulties and divergences were as new to them as to the House. The case, we believe, was simply and concisely this. At Vienna, Lord John appears to have been alarmed or cajoled by Count Buol into an approval of certain proposals which his

instructions did not warrant, and his colleagues did not agree to. He came home, prepared to recommend these proposals to the Cabinet, as what France would accept, what Russia would probably accede to, and what, if she did not accede to, would induce Austria immediately to declare war against her. But before these proposals could become the topic of formal consideration, the Government was officially informed—*first*, that France would *not* accept them; *secondly*, that Russia would probably *reject* them; and *thirdly*, that this rejection would *not* induce Austria to declare war against her. The proposals, therefore, at once fell to the ground, with the removal of all the motives for entertaining them. They ceased to be a matter even for consideration, much less for difference; and there being, therefore, no dissension in the Cabinet, there could be no reason for Lord John's even contemplating a resignation.

Why, with so good a case, he should have made so bad and so irrelevant a defence, time alone can clear up. At present, the only certain conclusion is, that no explanation of his marvellous misstatement can be imagined which harmonizes at once with the assumption of unclouded judgment and unstained veracity.

But, of all Lord John's anomalous proceedings, the speech—nominally on the aspect of affairs in Italy—with which he wound up his sessional misdemeanours, seems to us the most utterly inexcusable. It was *à propos* of nothing; it was quite a work of supererogation: why he made it, no one could divine, unless it were a desperate attempt to recover reputation; and if it were, that he should fancy reputation could be recovered by such an exhibition, is the most marvellous phenomenon of all. It was in truth a masterpiece of mischief, though languid in spirit and common-place in matter. With a perverse skill, which only long parliamentary experience could have bestowed, he contrived to rub every sore place, to touch every inconvenient topic, to open up every critical and delicate discussion. Careful not to commit himself to any strong opinion or to any decided policy,—“Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike,”—he managed, as dexterously and recklessly as even Mr. Disraeli could have done, to say precisely what he knew would most embarrass and annoy his late colleagues, and most irritate our sensitive allies. Whatever could be stated or insinuated to make Russia obstinate, to make Turkey sulky and exacting, to make France jealous and suspicious, and to put England in the wrong in the eyes of Europe,—*that*, Lord John let drop as a sort of final legacy to his successors, with the cold *insouciance* which is one of his distinguishing characteristics.

A long series of escapades of this kind have destroyed his reputation in the country as much as they have shaken the confidence of his party. We do not believe that he can ever again lead the one, or become the admired and trusted ruler of the other. What we most dread, both for himself and for the nation, is lest, in his craving to be prominent and powerful, he should seek his restoration to the high eminence which he has forfeited—as soon as he awakens to the consciousness that his former adherents are irrevocably alienated—in new alliances and unworthy combinations, in tampering with men and measures below him in statesmanship and inconsistent with his former principles. One of the most curious features of the case at present is, that his political instincts have so utterly deserted him, that he seems quite unaware either that he has fallen or has deserved to fall.

Of the present occupants of the Treasury Bench we have left ourselves little room, and we have no great desire, to speak. Lord Palmerston was a necessity of the hour; but whatever may be his ability, and whatever energy he may have displayed in special departments of Government, his character undeniably unfits him for the premiership in times like these through which we are now passing. While at the War Office, he was an admirable and diligent administrator. Much of the severe criticism lavished on his management of our foreign relations was, we think, undeserved, though we cannot persuade ourselves that he gave any indications of having grasped those grander principles of justice and wisdom which must lie at the foundation of all international policy worthy of the name; his sympathies were not generous or expansive, and his faith in men and in ideas was weak. Of his career while at the Home Office, the less that is said the better;—and certainly, since he became Prime Minister, the prominent feeling among his admirers has been one of disappointment, both at his language and his bearing.

Among the active ministers, Lord Clarendon we consider to be the ornament and the hope of the cabinet. The known liberality and soundness of his views, his un-party antecedents, his long and skilful administration of Irish affairs during the most trying crisis through which that unhappy country ever passed, and the mingled firmness, courtesy, and patience of his conduct since he was made Foreign Secretary, all combine to place him in a position which makes his path easy to the highest influence and the chief post. We may be of opinion that he has fallen into some errors in his diplomatic proceed-

ings; that he has not shown perfect sagacity to foresee all the complications of the perilous conjuncture, nor a sufficiently resolute will to carve a clear path through them at all hazards; that he has been too ready to trust the perfidious and to hope for the unlikely. But we must remember that he was clogged with colleagues, some older and more experienced and others more parliamentarily powerful than himself; and his despatches—which are his own—leave nothing to be desired on the score of either vigour or ability, and present scarcely one vulnerable point to criticism. Much of our future hope rests upon Lord Clarendon, and upon two other noblemen, who have the rare advantage of having earned great experience and a high reputation in fields which have left them wholly uncommitted to the errors and uninvolved in the passions of party. And when Lord Elgin and Lord Dalhousie shall be members of a reconstructed cabinet; when the Duke of Newcastle shall have recovered his popularity and matured his experience; when Mr. Gladstone shall have emerged from behind the cloud, and shall be again tamed by the harness and ballasted with the responsibilities of office; when Lord Granville shall have justified the general estimation of his powers; when the severe discipline of some laborious post shall have developed the unquestionable talent and worked off the unquestionable faults of the Duke of Argyll; and lastly, when the cessation or the expansion of the war shall enable Lord Grey again to serve his country in a ministerial capacity;—we see no reason to fear that the destinies of England will be committed to hands inferior to those which have guided them of late.

And while enumerating those who are to be the luminaries of the coming age, we must not be ungratefully forgetful of the setting sun. From the list of politicians whom we look to as the hopes and stays of the empire in the days which are before us, we gladly turn to pay a passing tribute to the veteran statesman who still sits among us at the helm in the full maturity of his wisdom, and almost in the full vigour of his powers, though long past the threescore years and ten,—the connecting link between the extinct and the rising generation. It is now nearly fifty years since Lord Lansdowne was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and considerably more since he entered the House of Commons as Lord Henry Petty; and we cannot remember that, during the whole of that period, he has committed one signal blunder or has once gone behind a cloud. Never very brilliant, never very prominent, he has always been sagacious, patriotic, and high-minded,—a consistent statesman, never a mere party politician. Endowed with eminent rank, vast wealth, clear strong intellect, and consummate and cultivated

taste, he has turned all these great gifts to their proper ends. His house has always been the rendezvous of genius and merit; it has been his pride and pleasure at once to surround himself with all that was distinguished, and to pursue obscure and struggling talent with judicious and searching benevolence. Few great men ever led so spotless, so useful, or, we believe, so serene a life;—and his reward is to have secured the attachment and respect of all, and at last to have attained that rare and proud position—given to few to reach, and the loftiest that a citizen can aspire to—of standing independent of and above all party,—a sort of consulting physician to the Queen and country.

ART. VIII.—ST. PAUL.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. 2 Vols. 4to. Longmans, 1852.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians: with Critical Notes and Dissertations. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford, &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. Murray, 1855.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans: with Critical Notes and Dissertations. By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. 2 Vols. 8vo. Murray, 1855.

THESE treatises, bearing on their title-pages the names of our two ecclesiastical universities, give happy signs of a new era in English theology. They show how effectually we have escaped from the morbid religious phenomena represented by Simeon at Cambridge, and the counter-irritants applied by John Henry Newman at Oxford; and come as the returning breath of nature to those who have witnessed the fevers of "Evangelical" conversion or the consumptive asceticism of "Anglican" piety. On looking back, from the position now attained, it seems wonderful that we could ever, with St. Paul's writings in our hands, have been betrayed into either of these

opposite extravagances : for anything more absolutely foreign to his breadth and universality than the Genevan dogma, or more at variance with his free spirituality than the sacramental system, it is impossible to conceive. But it is the peculiar fate of sacred writings, that the last thing elicited from them is their own real meaning. The very greatness of their authority puts the reader's faculties into a false attitude ; creates an eagerness,—an inflexible intensity,—that defeats its own end ; and, in particular, gives undue ascendancy to the uppermost want and feeling that may be craving satisfaction. Hence the tendency of Scriptural interpretation to proceed by action and reaction ; an easy ethical Arminianism being succeeded by a severe Calvinism, and the reliance on individual grace giving way before the advance of sacerdotal and Church ideas. When the opposite errors have spent themselves, the requisite repose of mind will be recovered for reading just the thought that lies upon the page : here and there an eye will be found, neither strained with pre-occupying visions, nor seared by sceptic shadows, but clear for the apprehension of reality, as God has shaped it for our perception. At length, we have reached this crisis of promise ; and critics are found who, instead of interrogating St. Paul on all sorts of modern questions, listen to him on his own ; and draw from him, not a fancied verdict on the sixteenth century, but a faithful picture of the first.

And for this historical purpose, the writings of the great Gentile apostle are of paramount value, and justly occupy the inquirer's first researches. The most considerable of them are of unimpeachable authenticity. They are the very earliest Christian writings we possess. They are the productions of a man more clearly known to us than any of the first missionaries of the gospel. They are *letters* : abounding in disclosures of personal feelings, of biographical incident, of changing moods of thought, of outward and inward conflict. They are addressed to young communities, scattered over a vast area, and composed of differing elements ; and exhibit the whole fermentation of their new life, the scruples, the heart-burnings, the noble inspirations, the grievous factions, of the apostolic age. The Gospels and the Book of Acts *treat* no doubt of a prior period, but *proceed* from a posterior, of whose state of mind, whose retrospective theories concerning the ministry of Christ, it is of primary importance to the criticism of the evangelists that we should be informed : and on these points the Pauline epistles are the indispensable groundwork of all our knowledge or conjecture. In them we catch the Christian doctrine and tradition at an earlier stage than any other canonical book represents throughout. Although the narra-

tives of the New Testament doubtless abound in material drawn faithfully from a more primitive time, they are certainly not free from the touch and tincture of the post-Pauline age. How powerful an instrument the apostle's letters may become for either confirming or checking the historical records, may be readily conceived by every reader of Paley's "*Horæ Paulinæ*." In fine, if it be a just principle, in historical criticism, to proceed from the more known to the less known,—to begin from a date that yields contemporary documents, and work thence into the subjacent and superjacent strata of events,—the elucidation of Christian antiquity must take its commencement from the Epistles of St. Paul.

Except in its general similarity of subject, the first of the three works mentioned at the head of this article admits of no comparison with the other two. It is rather an illustrated guide-book to the apostle's world of place and time, than a personal introduction to himself. The authors are highly accomplished and scholarly men, and could not fail, in dealing with an historical theme, to bring together and group with conscientious skill, a vast store of archæological and topographical detail; to weigh chronological difficulties with patient care; to translate with philological precision, and due aim at accuracy of text. They have accordingly produced a truly interesting and instructive book:—*so* instructive indeed that by far the greater part of its information would, probably, have been quite new to St. Paul himself. His life seems to us to be injudiciously overlaid with what is wholly foreign to it, and for the sake of picturesque effect to be set upon a stage quite invisible to him. He was not "Principal of a Collegiate Institution," accustomed to examine boys in Attic or Latian geography; was not familiar with Thucydides or Grote; was indiffent to the Amphiectryonic Council; and, in the vicinity of Salamis and Marathon, probably read the past no more than a Brahmin would in travelling over Edge Hill or Marston Moor. The world of each man must be measured from his own spiritual centre, and will take in much less in one direction, much more in another, than is spread beneath his eye. He cannot be reached by geographical approaches. You may determine the elements of his orbit, and yet miss him after all. It is an illusory process to paint the ancient world as it would look to an Hellenic gentleman then, or a university scholar now; and then think how St. Paul would feel in passing through it to convert it. The indirect influence of this kind of conception seems to us apparent both in Mr. Conybeare's translation, and Mr. Howson's narrative and descriptions. The outward scene and conditions of the apostle's career are

elaborately displayed; but more with the modern academic than with the old Hebrew tone of colouring; and the English version, scrupulous and delicate as it is, has, to our taste, a general flavour quite different from the original Greek. Unconsciously entangled in the classifications and symbols of the Protestant theology, the authors are detained outside the real genius and feeling of the apostle.

Of a far higher order are the other two works,—produced, we infer from their numerous correspondences of both form and substance, not without concert between the authors. Indeed the same explanation of the merits of Lachmann's text (printed without translation by Mr. Stanley, and with the adapted authorised version by Mr. Jowett) is made to serve for both. So clearly and compendiously is this explanation drawn, that in the next edition of Lachmann, Mr. Jowett's introduction might usefully be annexed to the great critic's rather tangled and awkward preface. Of the superior fidelity of this recension, we think no habitual reader of the Greek Scriptures can reasonably doubt; and the recognition of its authority fulfils a prior condition of all scientific theology. The text being chosen on grounds purely critical, the notes are written in a spirit purely exegetical: they aim, simply and with rare self-abnegation, to bring out, by every happy change of light and turn of reflective sympathy, the great apostle's real thought and feeling. How very far this faithful historic purpose in itself raises the interpreter above the crowd of erudite and commenting divines, can scarcely be understood till it has formed a new generation, and fixed itself as a distinct intellectual type. It is not, however, an affair of mere will and disposition; but, like most of the higher exercises of veracity, comes into operation only as the last result of mental tact and affluence. With the most honest intentions towards St. Paul, a critic without psychological insight and dialectic pliancy, without power of melting down his modern abstractions, and redistributing them in the moulds of the old realistic thought,—a critic without entrance into the passionate depths of human nature,—a critic pre-occupied by Catholic or Protestant assumptions, and untrained to imagine the questions and interests of the first age,—cannot surrender himself to the natural impression of the apostle's language. The disciple and the master are, in such case, at cross-purposes with one another: the questions put are not the questions answered: the interlocutors do not really meet, but wind in a maze about each other's *loci*, not to end till the unconscious interpreter has set his phantasies within the shadow of inspiration. No such blind chace is possible to our authors. They have achieved the conditions

of fidelity; and bring to a task, in which the truthful and sagacious spirit of Locke had already fixed the standard high, the ampler resources of modern learning, and more practised habit of historic combination. In the distribution of their work, the difference of natural genius between the two authors has perhaps been consulted, and is, at all events, distinctly expressed. Mr. Stanley's aptitude for reproducing the image of the past, his apprehensive sympathy with the concrete and individual elements of the world, fitly engage themselves with the composite forms of Corinthian society, and the most personal, various, and objective of the apostle's letters. For the more speculative Epistles to the Galatians and the Romans, there was need of Mr. Jowett's philosophical depth and subtlety. The strictness with which he restrains these seductive gifts to the proper business of the interpreter is not less admirable than their occasional happy application. Instead of being employed to force upon the apostle a logical precision foreign to his habit, they are chiefly engaged in detecting and wiping out false niceties of distinction drawn by later theology, and throwing back each doctrinal statement into its original degree of indeterminateness. It is not in the notes,—which are wholly occupied in recovering St. Paul's own thought,—but in the interposed disquisitions, which avowedly deal with the theology of to-day, that a certain breadth and balance of statement, and delicate ease in manœuvring the forms and antitheses of abstract thought, and fine appreciation of human experience, make us feel the double presence of metaphysical power and historical tact. The author, accordingly, appears to us not only to have seized the great apostle's attitude of mind more happily than any preceding English critic, but also to have separated the essence from the accidents of the Pauline Christianity, and disengaged its divine elements for transfusion into the organism of our immediate life. Mr. Stanley appears to have more difficulty in unreservedly adhering to the purely historical view, and clerically flutters, without clear occasion, on the outskirts of "edification;"—the critic in his notes, the preacher in his paraphrase; conceding in act more readily in name, and apologising for finding human ingredients in the apostles and their doctrines, as if it were he, and not *God*, that would have them there. This tendency to blur the lines which he himself draws between the temporary and the permanent in the Scriptures with which he deals, is the only fault we can find with Mr. Stanley; whose associate, clinging less to the past, in effect preserves more for the present. To learn the external scene of the apostle's career, we would refer our readers to Messrs. Conybeare and How-

son : to appreciate his moral surroundings, and the problems it presented especially on the Ethnic side, they may take Mr. Stanley as their guide : but for insight into the apostle himself, and outlook on the world as it seemed to him, they must resort to Mr. Jowett.

The Pauline epistles are interesting, apart from all assumption of inspired authority, because the elements are seen fermenting there, of the greatest known revolution both in the history of the world and in the spiritual consciousness of individual man. Judaism was the narrowest (that is, the most *special*) of religions : Christianity, the most human and comprehensive. Within a few years, the latter was evolved out of the former ; taking all its intensity and durability, without resort to any of its limitations. This marvellous expansion of the national into the universal, was not achieved without a process and a conflict. Divine though the work was, it had to be wrought upon men, and through men ; whose character, interests, convictions, habits, and institutions, furnished the data conditioning the problem, and whose remodelled affections and will supplied the instruments for its solution. The laws of human nature therefore and the action of human events necessarily enter into the study of this great revolution ; and it cannot be detained out of the hands of the historian by any exclusive rights of the divine. When we endeavour to trace the successive steps of faith from Mount Zion to the Vatican, many parts of the progress appear to have left but scanty vestige. We know the beginning, in the doctrine of the Hebrew Messiah ; we know the end, in the recognition of a Saviour of the world. We know the intermediate fact,—that Judaism did not surrender its own without a struggle, or readily give away the keys of its enclosure just when it was passing from a prison of affliction into a palace of “the kingdom”. But within this general fact lies a world of mysterious detail,—nay, almost the whole life of the early church. Who began the open breach between Messiah and the Law ? how and to what extent did the parties divide ? what was their relative magnitude at different times and in different places ? and by what process was the difference terminated, and the two extremes,—Marcion on the one hand and the Ebionites on the other,—removed outside as heretics ? The Christianity of the third century is so little like the doctrine of Matthew’s Gospel as to perplex our sense of identity. No one can bring the two into direct comparison, without feeling how much must have happened to shape the earlier into the form of the later. Could we trace the flow and estimate the sources of this change, the most wonderful of the world’s experiences would be resolved.

The continuity, however, of visible causation is often broken: there are everywhere many missing links in the chain, and a chasm extending through a large part of the second century. But a generation earlier we meet with materials, of the richest value, in the Epistles of St. Paul; and by their aid the general direction may be found by which thought and events must have advanced. Otherwise, the change would seem as violent and inconceivable as a convulsion that should mingle the Jordan and the Tiber.

No doubt, the germ of the gospel's universality is to be found in the personal characteristics of its Author; in the whole spirit of his life, and the direct tendency of his teachings. He who found in the love of God and love of man the very springs of eternal life; who measured good and evil not by the act, but by the affection whence they come; who placed his ideal for man in likeness to the perfection of God; had already proclaimed a religion transcending all local limits. Nay, if he opposed the "true worship" to the services at Gerizim and Jerusalem, and could wish the Temple away, that obstructed his direct dealing with the human soul and suppressed the inner shrine "not made with hands," he must even have placed himself in an attitude of open alienation towards the ritual of his people. At the same time, his words seem to have left not unfrequently an opposite impression. He comes "not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil" them; "not a jot or a tittle is to fail." His most spiritual truths and sentiments, instead of being announced as novelties grounding themselves on his personal authority, are drawn out of the old Hebrew Scriptures; and even the life beyond death he finds lurking in patriarchal idioms and phrases heard at the burning bush. His intensest polemic against the sacerdotal party goes on within the limits of the system which they represent and yet corrupt; and his bitterest reproach against them is that there is no reverence for it in their hearts, since they hugely violate and trivially obey it. Far from ever launching out against law as law, or setting up faith as a rival principle excluding it, he extends *precept* to the last heights of religion, *enjoins* the divinest affections, as if *there also* obedience was possible, and duty and volition had their place. It was not in a nature holy and harmonious as his,—type of heavenly peace rather than of earthly conflict,—that the schism would be exhibited between Will and Love; where both are at their height, there is no rent between them. Nor was there need, in that meek reverential soul, to break with the past, in order to find a sanctity for the present, and leave an inspiration for the future. Some things, once

given for the hardness of men's hearts, might be dropped, and fall behind; but God had ever lived, and left the trace of his perfectness upon the elder times as on the newest manifestations of the hour. There was enough in the law, if only its fruitful seeds were warmed into life, to furnish forth the gospel. And so Christ presents himself as the disciple of Moses, and in the Sermon on the Mount does but open out the tables of Sinai. It was not, therefore, without honest ground that his immediate disciples could defend him from the charge of being unfaithful to the religion of his native land. And yet the instinct of the priests and rabbis told them truly that he and they could not co-exist, that his doctrine reduced their work to nought, and that whencesoever he might draw it, there was no doubt whither he must carry it. The "witnesses" were not altogether "false" which they brought to show his inner hostility to the altar ceremonial: and perhaps his enemies, with apprehension sharpened by fear, more correctly interpreted his tendency in this direction than his followers, entangled in the cloud of a Judaic love. It was quite natural that the real antithesis between the law and the gospel should thus be first felt by his antagonists, whilst as yet it slept undeveloped in the minds of his followers and in the habitual expression of his own thought; and that its earliest proclamation should be *their* act, *their* defiance, the cross on Calvary!

This terrible challenge, fiercely protesting that the law would hold no parley with the gospel, the apostles, however, refused to accept. They still denied their Lord's apostasy or their own; they had always been, and with his encouragement, the best of Jews: nor did they contemplate, so far, any change. The crucifixion was a Jewish mistake, meant for the nation's enemy, but alighting on its representative; a mistake, however, which God had counteracted by a glorious rescue, in the resurrection of the crucified. The mischief being thus undone, the day of Hebrew opportunity was resumed; the ministry of Jesus was not closed; he yet lived and preached to them as before;—no longer, indeed, in person till their better mind should reassert itself, but by "faithful witnesses;"—no longer too in tentative disguise, but now identified as Messiah by his exaltation above this world. Whatever conflicts of mind the disciples suffered in the mysterious period following the crucifixion, the operation of the resurrection and the Spirit was at first simply to reinstate them in their prior faith,—that the kingdom would soon be restored to Israel, and be brought in by no other than their Master, already waiting for the crisis in a higher world till God's hour should come. There is no evidence to show that, on the transference of their Lord's life from earth to

heaven, they were carried into any greater comprehensiveness or spirituality of faith: their convictions were more intense, but held on in the same direction, being all included in one great theme,—the speedy coming of Messiah's kingdom, and the end of the world. Nay, of so little consequence, in comparison with this *general* picture of expectation, was even the appearance in it of the person of Jesus as its central figure, that Apollos, more than twenty years afterwards, was making and baptizing converts, without having ever heard of any later prophet than John the Baptist; and these people are already recognized as "disciples," and then informed, as needful complement to their faith, that besides the crisis being near, the person is appointed.* Here had evidently been, for some quarter of a century, two independent streams of Messianic faith, one from a rather earlier source than the other, but pursuing their own separate way, till thus partially confluent at Ephesus. And what is the relation between them? One of them baptizes into an impersonal and anonymous hope, the other into the same hope with the name attached. And when these two states of mind are set side by side, they are regarded as the same in their essence, and differing only in completeness. Nor is there anything in their mutual feeling to hinder their instant coalescence. This fact defines in the clearest way the position of the early church; the ordinary Jew believed that Messiah would *sometime* come, and bring in "the last days;" Apollos, that he would come *ere long*; the Christians, that already *the person* was indicated, and would prove to be Jesus of Nazareth. All three co-existed within the Hebrew pale, and the two last fall under the common category of "disciples."

It was impossible, however, that the contemplation of a Messiah risen and reserved in heaven should affect all the believers in a precisely similar manner. His personal attendants it would take up just where the crucifixion had let them down; would give new force to their previous impressions, new sacredness to their recollections, new significance to his words and example, new reluctance to venture where he had not led. The whole effect would be conservative, and tend to fix them, with an inspired rigour, within the limits of the Master's lot and life. Quite otherwise was it with the new disciples, who had no such restraining memories of the human Teacher. *They* began with Christ above, and were tied down by no concrete biographical images, no scruples of tender retrospect. They were free to ask themselves, "What meant this surprising way of revealing Messiah 'in heavenly places,' and letting his disguise first fall off in his escape from local

* Acts xviii. 24; xix. 7.

relations? The scene from which he looked down,—was it the mere upper chamber of Judæa, or did it overarch the human world? Who could claim him, now that he was there? Was it for him to examine pedigrees to test ‘the children of the kingdom;’ or would he, as Son of David, even come emblazoned with his own?” The mere conception of an ascended and immortal being, assessor to the Lord of *all*, seemed to dwarf and shame all provincial restrictions, and sanction the distaste for binding forms and ceremonial exclusiveness. The withdrawal of Christ to a holier sphere accorded well with all that was most spiritual in his teachings and in himself; and could not fail to reflect a strong light back on this aspect of his life, and give a more significant emphasis to the tradition of his deepest words. In the mind of many a disciple this tendency would be favoured by a weariness towards the outer worship of the Temple, and a secret aspiration after purer and more intimate communion with God. Especially was the *foreign* Jew obliged to confess such a feeling to himself. The very speaking of Greek spoiled him for thinking as a Hebrew; for language is the channel of the soul, and according as the organism is open, the sap will flow. Accustomed to the simple piety of the Proseucha, where God was sought without priest or sacrifice, and adequately found in poetry, and prophecy, and prayer, the Hellenist acquired a tone of sentiment on which the material pomps and puerilities of Mount Moriah painfully jarred. Nor could he enclose himself contentedly, like the Palestine Jew, within the sacred boundary that admitted the most worthless son of Abraham, and shut the noblest Gentile out. Living in heathen cities, dealing with heathen men, touched at times with the sorrow or the goodness of heathen neighbours, his moral feeling fell into contradiction with his inherited exclusiveness, and inwardly demanded some other providential classification of mankind. Accordingly, it was the Hellenist Stephen who first saw, in the heavenly Christ, a principle of universal religion and a proclamation of spiritual worship. When accused of defaming Moses and the law and the holy place, and setting up Jesus to supersede them, he boldly reflects on the stone Temple, rooted to one spot, as at variance with His nature who said, “Heaven is my throne, and earth my footstool,” and points to the earlier tabernacle, movable from place to place, following the steps of wandering humanity, as truer emblem of a faith that takes every winding of history, and a God who goes where we go, and stays where we stay.* This noble doctrine doubtless expressed a feeling common among the foreign Jews of liberal culture and fervid

* Acts vii. 44-49.

piety; and when consecrated by Stephen's martyrdom, it would assume a distinctness unknown before, and become the admitted type of belief among the Christian Hellenists. That it was confined to them, is evident from the partial effect of the persecution in which Stephen fell. *His* friends,—perhaps we may say his *party*,—hunted from house to house, fled from Jerusalem; but the Jewish apostles remained where they were,* apparently unmenaced and undisturbed. The hostility of the city drew therefore a distinction between such Hebrew Christians as the twelve, and the freer "Grecians" who proclaimed a Spirit above the Temple and the Law. The former, constituting an inner sect of Judaism, might hold their ground unmolested; the latter were treated as apostates, and "scattered abroad." The essential, but hitherto dormant, antithesis between the gospel and the law, had thus burst into expression, and embodied itself in two sections of the church that grew ever more distinct; the Hebrew party concentrated in Jerusalem, and remaining intensely national; the Hellenistic, spreading itself on the outskirts of Palestine, and ere long fixing its head-quarters at Antioch. Within this freer circle, first as persecutor, soon as disciple, appears Saul of Tarsus. So congenial are its tendencies and aspirations with his nature and his antecedent position, that his hostile attitude towards it might well strike him, on looking back, as a monstrous self-contradiction. A foreigner to Palestine, a "citizen of no mean city," familiar with a trade that bought from the shepherds of Mount Taurus, and sold to the Greek skippers of the Levant, he knew the human side of the Gentile world too well to rest in a narrow Judaism. We cannot imagine his fervid, free-moving mind, content to live within the enclosure of Rabbinical niceties, or able to find, in the materialism of the Temple rites, his ideal of true worship. With sympathies essentially cosmopolitan, he could scarcely fail to be disappointed, not to say repelled, by Jerusalem,—so different from the dream of his young romance. Some higher, fresher communion between earth and heaven, some wider monarchy for God than over a mere clan, would be to him natural objects of aspiration. Hence his first persecuting attitude towards the Christian Hellenists was permanently untenable; and as he went amongst them, words were sure to fall upon his ear, and holy looks to meet his eye, that would smite him with a kindred affection. Whether the death of Stephen left on his mind images which he could not banish, and commenced a reaction which no plunge into fresh violences could arrest, it is vain to conjecture. That it should be so, would be only human; for in the life of passion,

* Acts viii. 1.

triumph and humiliation are near neighbours, and often the last note in the song of exultation dies down into the plaint of compunction. Certain it is, that shortly afterwards it "pleased God to reveal his Son in him;" that with the suddenness characteristic of impassioned natures he came to himself, and found his proper work, "to which he had been set apart from his mother's womb;" and that his new convictions were of the very same type and tendency with Stephen's, and strongly discriminated from the Messianic doctrine of the twelve at Jerusalem. The incipient breach between law and gospel, latent in the Master, denied by the twelve, bursting forth among the Hellenists, finally realized and defined itself in Paul; whose intense impulses were too great for the custody of his will; whose soul had wings to fly, but not feet to plod; who felt himself the theatre of living powers not his own; and could find no peace till, by communion with the heavenly Son of God, he discovered a providential love universal as human life, and a way of reconciliation quick and open as human trust and reverence. It is easier to speak of the effects than of the nature of his conversion. His writings exhibit its results, but only vaguely allude to its occurrence, and never in terms at all resembling the recitals in the Book of Acts, or abating their discrepancies. Of these narratives (Acts ix. 1—9; xxii. 6—12; xxvi. 12—18) Mr. Jowett remarks, "There is no use in attempting any forced reconciliation." (I. 229.) On the one hand, "there is no fact in history more certain or undisputed than that, in some way or other, by an inward vision or revelation of the Lord, or by an outward miraculous appearance as he was going to Damascus, the apostle was suddenly converted from being a persecutor to become a preacher of the gospel." (I. 227.) On the other, "If we submit the narrative of the Acts to the ordinary rules of evidence, we shall scarcely find ourselves able to determine whether any outward fact was intended by it or not." This, however, is of the less moment, because it is evident from the language of the Epistle to the Galatians, (Gal. i. 15, 16,) that—

"Whether the conversion of St. Paul was an outward or an inward fact, it was not principally the outward appearance in the heavens, but the inward effect, that the apostle would have regarded. Compare Eph. iii. 3:—'How that by revelation he made known unto me the mystery (as I wrote afore in few words).'

"It has been often remarked, that miracles are not appealed to singly in Scripture as evidences of religion, in the same way that they have been used by modern writers. Especially does this remark apply to the conversion of St. Paul. Not a hint is found in his writings, that he regarded 'the heavenly vision' as an objec-

tive evidence of Christianity. The evidence to him was the sudden change of heart; what he terms, in the case of his converts, the reception of the Spirit; what he had known, and what he felt; the fact that one instant he was a persecutor, and the second a preacher of the Gospel. The last inquiry that he would have thought of making, would be that of modern theologians: 'How, without some outward sign, he could be assured of the reality of what he had seen and heard.' No outward sign could, as such, have convinced the mind of a man who fell to the ground amazed, unless it were certain that his companions had seen the light and heard the voice. Nor unless they had distinctly been partakers of the supernatural vision, could he ever have been satisfied that what they saw was anything but a meteor, or lightning, or that the voice they heard was more than the sound of thunder. No evidence of theirs would have been an answer to the language of some of the rationalist divines: 'St. Paul was overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning in the neighbourhood of Damascus.' Such difficulties are insuperable; at best we can only raise probabilities in answer to them, based on the general tone of the narrative in Acts ix. But we may remember that the belief in some outward fact was not the essential point in St. Paul's faith, and therefore we need not make it the essential point in our own.

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"It is not upon the testimony of any single person, even were it far more distinct than in the present instance, we can venture to peril the truth of the Christian religion. Weak defences of comparatively unimportant points, undermine more than they support. He who has the Spirit of Christ and his apostles, has the witness in himself: he who leads the life of Paul, has already set his seal that his words are true. Were the other view supported by the most irrefragable historical evidence,—had the sign in the clouds been beheld by whole multitudes of Jews and Gentiles, believers and unbelievers,—it is to the internal aspect of the event we should be more inclined to turn, both as the more religious one, and the one which more closely links the apostle with ourselves." (I. 230.)

With the essentially inward character of this crisis, the substance of the revelation involved in it strikingly corresponds.

"It was spiritual rather than historical; a revelation of Christ in him, not external information brought to him. It was the ever-growing sense of union with Christ, imparted not in one revelation, but many; not only by special revelation, but as the inward experience of a long life, from which his union in Christ with all mankind, and his mission to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, were from the beginning inseparable; as a part of which the image of the meekness and gentleness of Christ formed itself in him, not without the remembrance that he had 'seen' Him who was now passed into the heavens." (Jowett, I. 216.)

Since the apostle "nowhere speaks of any special truths or

doctrines as imparted to himself" (I. 72); since he never dwells on the life of Christ, the miracles, the parables, so that it is even doubtful what he knew of them; and since his whole appeal is either, (1), to the witness of the Hebrew Scriptures; or, (2), to historical testimony; or, (3), to the assurance of the living Spirit; it is evident that his conversion chiefly gave him that inward image of Christ crucified and risen, which attended him through all his years, and so lived in him as to take the place of his personality, and coalesce with his spiritual affections, and do the work of his will.

Of the apostle's mode of thought when fresh from his conversion, no memorial exists: his earliest extant writing being of a date fourteen or fifteen years later, and the report in the Book of Acts not being altogether reliable,—as Mr. Jowett has shown,*—for historical accuracy. But we learn from his own remarkable statement to the Galatians, that he kept aloof from the churches in Judæa, and was unknown to them by face; that it was three years before he entered Jerusalem, or saw an apostle; that he then made acquaintance with Peter, and met James, but without its affecting his independent course, which ran through eleven years more ere it brought him to Jerusalem again; that his errand, on this second visit, was to take security against being thwarted by Jewish jealousies sanctioned at headquarters; that from James, Cephas, and John,—the "seeming pillars" of the church,—he learnt nothing that he cared to hear; that they, on the other hand, could not gainsay the independent rights of so fruitful an apostleship, and agreed with him not to cross his path, if he would leave them theirs. The emphasis with which, in this animated passage, St. Paul dwells on the separate sources of his own faith, and disowns any obligation to the prior apostles, renders it certain that the biography, the discourses, the human personality of Jesus, were indifferent to him; and that with only the cross and the resurrection (contained as data in the vision of conversion) he could construct his scheme. The unmistakeable sarcasm of the expressions, *οἱ δοκοῦντες*,—*δοκοῦντες εἶναι τι*—*οἱ δοκοῦντες στίλοι*

* See especially the Notes on Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, i. 349, 252. We subjoin in this connexion a just and striking remark of Mr. Jowett's. In inquiries of this sort, it is often supposed that, if the evidence of the genuineness of a single book of Scripture be weakened, or the credit of a single chapter shaken, a deep and irreparable injury is inflicted on Christian truth, and may afford a rest to the mind to consider that, if but one discourse of Christ, one Epistle of Paul had come down to us, still more than half would have been preserved. Coleridge has remarked that out of a single play of Shakespeare the whole of English literature might be restored. Much more true is it that, in short portions or single verses of Scripture the whole spirit of Christianity is contained. I. 352.

είναι,—betrays a state of mind, in regard to the twelve, out of all sympathy with the grounds of their authority. And the necessity, in order to agreement, of marking out for each, not a separate geographical beat, but a distinct religious and ethnologic ground, shows that, with external mutual toleration, there is yet wanting the inner unity of an identic faith. Only in the absence of a common gospel would each party have to take its own, and spare the other. Indeed, the difference was so fundamental as to involve everything that St. Paul then, and Christians now, would deem characteristic of their religion. The question was this,—“How might a born Gentile become a Christian?”—“By becoming a Jew first, and then accepting Jesus as appointed to be the Jews’ Messiah,” was the answer at Jerusalem. “By believing in Jesus straight-away,” was the reply of Paul. With irresistible force he contended that, according to his opponents’ view, the Gospel opened no door at all, and was simply nugatory. For it had *always* been possible for a Gentile to become a Jew; and if, without this step, faith in Christ was unavailing, the real efficacy must lie in what the Jew brought to Christ, not in what he received from him; so that it was hard to say what good there could be in passing on from Moses at all, or what essential difference between the unconverted and the converted Hebrew. And, in truth, they were *not* strongly contrasted in Jerusalem; and in habit, thought, and feeling, the twelve were probably much nearer to Gamaliel than to Paul. The altercation between Peter and Paul at Antioch is full of instruction on this point; proving, as it does, that the intensest form of ritual exclusiveness,—the refusal to partake at table with the uncircumcised,—was retained in the parent church, and enforced with jealous vigilance. In the Syrian capital the Gentile disciples were numerous, the Pauline comprehensiveness prevailed, and the intercourses of life were unhindered by ceremonial scruples. Peter, thrown amongst them on a visit, yields to the local impression, and as long as he can do so unobserved, falls in with their free ways; feeling all the while, no doubt, like the Quaker from home tempted into a ball-dress or regimentals. Soon, however, the strict brethren at Jerusalem send to look after him or the Antiochians, and instantly his liberality is gone; he is the prim Jew again, and the Gentile dishes are all unclean. And who then are these new witnesses, that he should so fear their report? They are deputies from James, “the brother of the Lord,” who, on account of this affinity,* was the

* Was it in reference to this mere *family-title* to a *spiritual* authority that Paul says of the Jerusalem apostles, “Whatever they were, it maketh no matter to me: God accepteth *no man’s person*.”—Gal. iii. 6.

recognized head of the Judæan Christians; and of whose ascetic abstinences, and constant devotions *on the temple pavement*, till "his knees were become like the knees of a camel," Hegesippus preserved the tradition.* It was clear, therefore, that Peter's association with the Gentile Christians was exceptional,—a violation of his professed rule, and of the allowed usage of the apostolic church. To own brotherhood with the uncircumcised believer, was a forfeiture of character, probably an outrage on his own conscience, to the Christian apostle! This was the result among his first disciples, of nearly twenty years' belief of Christ in heaven. There could be no real sympathy between such an evangelist and Paul's. It let him make converts, but would not acknowledge them when made. It could not resist the fact of his success, but treated his "children in the faith" as in a doubtful case, left to Heaven's "uncovenanted mercies," and needing to be put in a securer state, as soon as his back was turned, and teachers could be sent to complete the task. Hence the opposition that tracked the steps, and so much marred the work of the apostle wherever he went; and in repelling which he wrote his chief epistles, and matured the form of his great theology. Mr. Jowett, whilst allowing that this opposition was systematic and persistent, and in some degree connived at by the twelve, is yet anxious to lay it mainly to the charge of their followers, and defines the relation of the two sections thus:—"Separation, not opposition; antagonism of the followers rather than of the leaders; personal antipathy of the Judaizers to St. Paul, rather than of St. Paul to the Twelve." (I. 326.) These are fine distinctions, and for this very reason likely, we fear, in the rough movement of human passions, to be more ideal than real. True, the feeling of a leader is ever apt to run into exaggeration among the followers; nor probably was apostolic control over the mass of believers so complete as to exclude this danger. But the Epistle to the Galatians is written by one leader, and speaks of the others; and the impression it conveys is surely one of very decided antagonism, and that, too, not accidental, but depending on permanent differences of principle, which discussion did not smooth away, and which penetrated into the very organism of daily life. In the altercation with Peter, what was the point of Paul's rebuke? Did he simply censure his moral weakness and inconsistency? Not so, or he would have exhorted him to take whichever course he approved, and stick to it. Did he find fault with his *exceptional* act, of eating with the Gentile Christians? Not so, for he did the same

* Ap. Fusch. Hist. Eccles. ii. 23.

himself. The thing he blamed was nothing less than the rule and usage by which Peter *habitually lived*, and which, it is declared, virtually made Christ of none effect. Here was a collision of irreconcilable principles, and every subsequent occasion of personal contact, under like conditions, would be as liable to produce it as the first. Nor have we, in fact, any reason to suppose a closer approximation at a later part of the apostolic age. That Paul looked with any particular respect on the other apostles, is surely not proved, as Mr. Jowett imagines, by his appeal (1 Cor. xv. 5) to their testimony respecting the *fact* of their Lord's resurrection, or by his claiming (1 Cor. ix. 5) to stand on a like footing of privilege with them.* To produce the spectators of an event as its proper witnesses, is no expression of feeling towards them at all; and to say, "Are the other apostles to have the right of taking their wives with them at the cost of the church, and may not I take or decline my mere personal maintenance as I think proper?" institutes a comparison in which it is difficult to discover any strong sentiment of "respect." Nor do the doctrinal agreements, of which, as well as of the personal relations of fellowship, our author makes the most, amount to any substantial concurrence, when we penetrate to the essence from the form. On both sides, says Mr. Jowett, the disciples were baptized into the *same name*. (I. 340.) Yes; but how different the *object named* as present to their thought; in the one case, the human life in its detail, with the resurrection as its crown; in the other, the cross of Christ that stands between them, and his life in heaven that passes beyond them! Both sections, it is again said, find their *ground* in the Old Testament. (I. 341.) True: but the one on Moses, the tables and the holy place; the other, on Adam's nature, and the patriarchs' freedom, and the prophets' insight; the one, moreover, using the ground to entrench the law for ever; the other, to drive the plough-share over its ruins, and make it a fruitful field. Once more, it is said that on both sides there was a looking for "the day of the Lord," an expectation of Christ's return to end the world within that generation. (I. 341.) Assuredly, but with such differences in the vision, that in the apocalyptic picture of the one, Paul is not among the apostles, or his followers among the white-robed

* In proof of an essential unity of teaching, Mr. Jowett quotes Paul as declaring that what they preached against him was "*not another*" gospel, "for there was not, could not be, another." (I. 340.) But far from bearing this conciliatory turn, which is out of character with the whole context, Gal. i. 6. affirms that what his opponents have been preaching *is* (1) another gospel; and yet (2) *not* another gospel, (not so good even as that), but mere disturbance and perversion, the negation of a gospel.

and crowned (Rev. xxi. 14, and ii. 2, 14, 20) ; while, in that of the other, the advent will but perfect and perpetuate a union with Christ, already present to their consciousness, and open to all who live with him in the Spirit. In short, twenty years after the death of Christ, the two elements that were harmonized in him, but are ever apt to part in our imperfect minds, the ethical and the mystical, the historical and spiritual, ascetic concentration and outspreading trust, fell into determinate antithesis, realizing their conflict in the immediate question of Jew and Gentile, and finding their respective representatives in the Twelve and St. Paul.

Whether, besides and beyond this general development of the Christian system, there was also a special development of doctrine into higher degrees of spirituality within the mind of St. Paul himself, is a question of less interest and more difficulty. Both Mr. Stanley and Mr. Jowett find traces of such a change in the modified sentiment of his later writings, and even make the apostle himself depose to his own enlargement of view. We must confess that this speculation, though excluded by no antecedent improbability, appears to us less well supported than anything in these volumes. It is ingeniously presented and argued by Mr. Jowett in his introduction to the Thessalonian Epistles ; and by means of it he explains the marked absence from these letters of St. Paul's usual topics and manner, and gets rid of the objection urged on this ground to their authenticity. Applied at the other end of the apostle's career, the hypothesis accounts for the prominence, in the Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, of certain conceptions, doubtfully traceable elsewhere, of the place of Christ in the hierarchy of the universe, and of his union with his disciples as his "body." The Pastorals may be left out of consideration, as their mixed phenomena cannot be much used in the service of this theory. The broad facts are undoubted,—that the four great central epistles (Galatians, Corinthians, Romans) must be taken as our foci of authority for the characteristics of St. Paul ; that in the earlier Thessalonians, these characteristics are overshadowed by the more Judaic doctrine of the "day of the Lord ;" and in the later Ephesians, &c., by the more Gnostic conception of a spiritual hierarchy and pleroma. But these facts are quite overworked when set to prove our author's thesis. In order to establish a process of personal development, they ought to exhibit certain natural links of psychological and moral succession, and not mere abrupt and unrelated contrasts of subject. To look for such organic indications in the sparse productions of the apostle's pen, is to ask too much from a few incidental letters, bearing to his whole

life the proportion of a dozen pages of random excerpts to a cyclopædia. If only the matters treated be different, the whole group of writings may very well express, in its several parts and aspects, one simultaneous state of mind. If the types of thought be such as could scarcely co-exist, the cause may be sought as reasonably in a plurality of authors as in a succession of beliefs in the same author : and only a most delicate combination of symptoms can rescue the problem from this indeterminate state of double solution. Nor ought we to forget, in weighing the probabilities, that the whole set of epistles comprising the phenomena of difference, were written within nine years ; and that, ere the first of them was produced, St. Paul had been a convert fifteen years, and had reached the age of fifty. The earlier and longer of these periods is a more natural seat of mental change than the later and shorter ; especially of a change not apparent so much in particular judgments and opinions, as in the whole complexion of spiritual feeling and idea.

But, we are assured, the apostle directly testifies to his own progress in doctrine ; and intimates (2 Cor. v. 16) that there was a time when he had "known Christ according to the flesh,"—had preached him "in a more Jewish and less spiritual manner,"—though "henceforth he would know him so no more." Mr. Stanley, explaining this much-disputed phrase, says :—

"Probably, he must be here alluding to those who laid stress on their having seen Christ in Palestine, or on their connexion with him or with 'the brothers of the Lord' by actual descent ; and if so, they were probably of the party '*of Christ*.' But the words lead us to infer that something of this kind had once been his own state of mind, not only in the time before his conversion (which he would have condemned more strongly), but since. If so, it is (like Phil. iii. 13—15) a remarkable confession of former weakness and error, and of conscious progress in religious knowledge."—II. 106.

Did St. Paul then ever "lay stress on having seen Christ in Palestine" ? or on actual blood-connexion with him ? or on "something of this kind" ? To personal relations with Jesus in his ministry or family he had no pretensions : and the spirit with which he had *always* treated everything "of this kind," is so apparent from his narrative to the Galatians as to contradict Mr. Stanley's inference. Mr. Jowett gives the phrase a different turn. Finding (Gal. v. 11) the apostle charged with at one time "preaching circumcision," he accepts this as synonymous with "knowing Christ according to the flesh." (i. 12.) This, however, would imply that he was originally no "apostle to the Gentiles," but insisted on *mediate* conversion

into the gospel through the law. Feeling the irreconcilable variance of such an hypothesis with the autobiographical notices in the epistles, Mr. Jowett lowers his phraseology, and attributes to St. Paul's early teaching only such sentiments as "*might be thought*" to make him "a preacher of the circumcision." And so we lose ourselves again in "something of the kind." Yet at last, in the following passage, we find the critic's finger distinctly laid on the doctrine which he proposes to identify with the apostle's "knowing Christ according to the flesh."

"That such a change" (in the apostle's teaching) "is capable of being traced, has been already intimated. Both Epistles to the Thessalonians, with the exception of a few practical precepts, are the expansion and repetition of a single thought—the coming of Christ.' It was the absorbing thought of the apostle and his converts, quickened in both by the persecutions which they had suffered. Not that with this expectation of Christ's kingdom there mingled any vision of a temporal rule over the kingdoms of the earth. That was far from the apostle. But there was that in it which fell short of the more perfect truth. It was not 'the kingdom of God is within you;' but 'lo here, and lo there.' It was defined by time, and was to take place within the apostle's own life. The images in which it clothed itself were traditional among the Jews; they were outward and visible, liable to the misconstruction of the enemies of the faith, and to the misapprehension of the first converts; imperfectly, as the apostle saw afterwards, conveying the inward and spiritual meaning. The kingdom which they described was not eternal and heavenly, but very near and present, ready to burst forth everywhere, and by its very nearness in point of time seeming to touch our actual human state. Afterwards the kingdom of God appeared to remove itself within, to withdraw into the unseen world. The earthen vessel must be broken first, the unbeliever unclothed that he might be clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life. He was no longer 'waiting for the Son from heaven;' but 'desirous to depart and be with Christ' (Phil. i. 23). Such is the change, not so much in the apostle's belief as in his mode of conception; a change natural to the human mind itself, and above all, to the Jewish mind; a change which, after it had taken place, left the vestiges of the prior state in the Montanism of the second century, which may not improperly be regarded as the spirit of the first century overliving itself. Old things had passed away, and behold, all things became new. And yet the former things—the material vision of Christ's kingdom—have ever been prone to return; not only in the first and second century, but in every age of enthusiasm men have been apt to walk by sight and not by faith. In the hour of trouble and perplexity, when darkness spreads itself over the earth, and Antichrist is

already come, they have lifted up their eyes to the heavens, looking for the sign of the Son of man."—(I. 10.)

If to announce the coming of Christ is to "know him according to the flesh," St. Paul assuredly did not keep his resolve "henceforth to know him no more." For the expectation re-appears, without any perceptible change, in his later epistles; as in Rom. xiii. 11, 12: "Do this the rather, knowing the time,—that now is the time to awake out of sleep: for our salvation is nearer now than when we first believed: the night is far spent; the day is at hand;" and in Phil. iv. 5: "The Lord is at hand."* Moreover, it is utterly impossible that *this* element of his teaching could be adduced in proof of his "preaching circumcision." It had nothing to do with the question of Jew and Gentile; with the most opposite solutions of which it is equally compatible.

In truth, our author has here combined two passages, which throw no light on one another, and has extracted from each what neither is able to yield. The words (in Gal. v. 11) "if I *still* preach circumcision," do not really imply that the apostle once *did* so preach; though in an accurate writer this sense might be insisted on. He is not thinking of *his own* former notions, but of *other people's*, continuing unaltered after they ought to have changed. There *were* persons who, in spite of the dispensation of the Spirit, *still* preached circumcision after its significance was gone. This did not Paul; but he was charged with doing so: and he says, "Well, if so, I am a Judaizer like you, and I cannot be *also* chargeable with teaching that the cross of Christ supersedes the law." The true sense is, therefore, given by the rendering, "If I preach circumcision *still*,"—that is, as *still necessary*; and no tale is told of the apostle's earlier teaching.

The other passage (2 Cor. v. 16) *does* undoubtedly refer to a former state of the writer's own mind, when he "recognized Christ according to the flesh." But he alludes, we apprehend, to the period when he was a "Hebrew of the Hebrews;" and had no conception as yet of a suffering, dying, and heavenly Christ;—when he was full of the thoughts still occupying the Twelve, who did not take in the significance of the cross, but carried past it their old Messianic notions. "There may have been a time," he means to say, "when I thought only of a national, Israelitish, historical Messiah, bound by the law of

* Comp. also Rom. xiv. 10, Phil. i. 6, 2 Tim. iv. 1. Nay, the very passage in which he renounces the "knowing of Christ according to the flesh," contains the doctrine: 2 Cor. v. 10.

his fathers, and binding to it. Had this been the true conception of him, then would it have been a matter of privilege and pride to be near his person, to stand in natural relations with him, and be mixed up with the incidents of his local career. But ever since I understood the cross, and saw that Messiah's life began in death, a far other truth has dawned upon me. When he gave up the ghost, all the accidents of his humanity—his lineage, his nationality, his earthly manifestation—were left behind and died away; and they must carry with them into extinction whatever feelings had collected round them,—family pride, Jewish exclusiveness, and the memories of personal companionship. From that moment, clear of earthly entanglements, Christ in the spirit draws to him a community of human spirits,—one with him in self-abnegation, dying to the earthly past; one with him in re-birth, living to heavenly union with God. Thus, if any one be in Christ, it amounts to a new creation; his old self has passed away; behold, all things have become new." The apostle, therefore, sets up the death of Christ, as cutting off, for all disciples, the prior time from the subsequent; as flinging the former, with all the human conceptions that cling to it, into eclipse and annihilation, and beginning a new and luminous existence in the latter; as breaking the very identity of the believer, and delivering him from the thralldom of nature into the freedom of the Spirit. The cross had already done its work ere St. Paul became a disciple. He had never known his Lord but in the spirit; and the "Christ," whom he had "known according to the flesh," was the Jewish Messiah of his previous and unconverted conception. Mr. Stanley's objection, that the apostle could hardly have spoken of his unconverted state without stronger condemnation, might perhaps hold, were the allusion to his fit of persecuting violence against the church. But there was no occasion for self-reproach in describing the picture of a national Messiah, on which, in common with his countrymen, he had permitted his imagination to dwell.*

* With a curious inconsistency Mr. Stanley fixes at the apostle's conversion the date after which he would no longer "know Christ according to the flesh;" yet in the very next note declares, that this state of mind must be referred to a more recent period than the conversion.

"ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν, from the time of my conversion." It is to be presumed that this is also Mr. Stanley's interpretation of the νῦν οὐκέτι of the next clause, which only repeats specifically of "Christ" what has just been said universally.

"εἰ καὶ ἐγνώκαμεν κατὰ σάρκα χριστόν, even though I have known; granting that I have known." γινώσκομεν, i. e. κατὰ σάρκα, "henceforth we know him no longer." . . . "The words lead us to infer that something of this kind had once been" [prior, surely, to the "henceforth"] "his own

Neither, then, from his own direct assertion, nor from comparison of his several writings, *inter se*, do we learn anything of the alleged *development* of the apostle's doctrine. There is no element in it, that, from inability to co-exist with the rest, requires to be assigned to a date of its own. The breach with Judaism, especially, we conceive to have been complete from the first, and unsusceptible of degrees; nay, to have been the initial principle of his conversion, the secretly prepared condition or tendency of mind that rendered him accessible to the Divine call, and open to sudden change in the direction of his character. When first released from the formulas of a Jewish Christology, and communing in spirit with a heavenly and universal Lord, his mind would doubtless be met by a multitude of new problems, and would work freely towards their resolution, with the quickening consciousness of new light streaming in, and a grander landscape of Providence opening before him. The very intensity of this inward action, however,—the thirst it sustains for its own completion,—forbids us to attribute to it a life-long duration; ere fifteen years were passed, its force would be spent by having realised its work, and attained the equilibrium of a holy peace. Whatever subsequent changes occurred would be of a different nature, enforced by the turn of the world's affairs; a mere re-moulding or re-proportioning of inward faiths, in adaptation to the altered pressures of the hour. Of such modifications, such retreat towards the background of once-favourite ideas, and advance of dim suggestions into strong light, there are doubtless examples in St. Paul. The expectation of Christ's speedy coming to close the world's affairs, and realize "the kingdom," could not but dominate at first, and pale every other interest and belief by the terror and glory of its light. But there is a limit beyond which the strain of longing cannot be sustained; as it subsides, the present and actual recovers power, and pushes its problems forward, and gains once more the eye that had looked beyond them. And so, after a while, spring up questions of Christian order that will not bear to be put off;—how to live in a world that, however near its doom, entangles the disciple still in a web of difficult relations; how to touch the skirt of its idolatries, and not be tainted; how to behave to wife and child in this last generation of human affairs; how to seal up the passions that *ought to die* within the saints, but were not dead; how to prevent the gifts of the Spirit from overstate of mind, *not only* in the time before his conversion," . . . "*but since!*"

How then can the "*henceforth*" serve as the *terminus a quo*, if the same state lies on both sides of it?

balancing themselves, on the heights of a dizzied mind, into outrages on nature; how to preserve to the woman and the slave, in their exulting reaction from degraded life, the sense of modest reverence, and the appreciation of faithful service. Day by day questions of this kind insisted on attention, and brought out a fresh type of sentiments proper for their determination, and offering to view a new side of the Christian thought and life. Nor, again, could many years elapse, before the Jew and Gentile difficulty changed its whole aspect, and expanded, from a petty scruple compromised at Jerusalem, into a world-wide theology, regulative of all future history. When it became evident that it was no question about a small sprinkling of Ethnic converts,—mere hangers-on of Hebrew families and synagogues; when the delay of Messiah, and the energy of Paul, gave occasion for thousands to pour in; when it seemed imminent that Palestine should be outvoted and overpowered by the growth of the foreign gospel, the alarm of the Judaic Christians became great. They tracked Paul's steps; their emissaries were everywhere; their arguments and doctrine became more constricted, and his more wide and free: and as the clouds visibly lowered over Israel, touching him as well as them with gloom, all the more did he see the sunshine flood the lands beyond; and his national trust assumed this form—that, maybe, the outlying heavenly light may creep back as the dark hour passes, and again set the shadows moving on the hills it has so long glorified. The apostle died before the question settled itself by the mere force of the facts,—by the utter breaking up of the Jewish nation, and the inpouring Gentile numbers. Others waited to be driven into catholicity by events; it is his glory to have surrendered himself to the inspiration that implanted in him its principle from the first. He lived, however, to see a mighty growth, though not the final fruit; and the grand scale on which he conducts the controversy, in his Epistle to the Romans, by converging reasonings fetched from afar out of history, and aloft out of the perfections of God, and deep out of human nature, shows how his thought expands with the exigencies of experience, and advances to fill the whole greatness of his opportunities.

There can be no doubt that the earliest apostolic Christianity consisted mainly in the faith of Christ's coming again, "to-day, or to-morrow, or the third day." This event, with its effect on the living, was *the one only point*, Mr. Stanley conceives, on which St. Paul, in his great chapter on the Resurrection, professed to have a distinct revelation:—

"On one point only he professes to have a distinct revelation,

H H

and that not with regard to the dead, but to the living. So firmly was the first generation of Christians possessed of the belief that they should live to see the second coming, that it is here assumed as a matter of course; and their fate, as near and immediate, is used to illustrate the darker and more mysterious subject of the fate of those already dead. That vision of 'the last man,' which now seems so remote as to live only in poetic fiction, was, to the apostle, an awful reality; but it is brought forward only to express the certainty that, even here, a change must take place; the greatest that imagination can conceive."—I. 398.

That this belief, where held at all, should be paramount and absorbing, follows from its very nature. Accordingly, St. Paul, as Mr. Jowett remarks, makes even the essence of the Gospel to consist in it:—

"It appears remarkable, that St. Paul should make the essence of the gospel consist, not in the belief in Christ, or in taking up the cross of Christ, but in the hope of his coming again. Such, however, was the faith of the Thessalonian church; such is the tone and spirit of the epistle. Neither in the apostolic times, nor in our own, can we reduce all to the same type. One aspect of the gospel is more outward, another more inward; one seems to connect with the life of Christ, another with his death; one with his birth into the world; another with his coming again. If we will not insist on determining the times and the seasons, or on knowing the manner how, all these different ways may lead us within the veil. The faith of modern times embraces many parts and truths; yet we allow men, according to their individual character, to dwell on this truth or that, as more peculiarly appropriate to their nature. The faith of the early church was simpler and more progressive, pausing in the same way on a particular truth, which the circumstances of the world or the church brought before them."—I. 46.

Only it is not on "a particular *truth*," but on a particular *error*, that the "pause" of faith was here made;—an error found or implied, as our author observes, "in almost every book of the New Testament; in the discourses of our Lord himself, as well as in the Acts of the Apostles; in the Epistles of St. Paul, no less than in the Book of the Revelation." Mr. Jowett does not evade the difficulty. In an admirable essay on this special subject, he frankly states the facts, traces their influence on the early church, accepts them as among the limits which human conditions impose on Divine revelation, and shows from them, how, even in God's highest teachings, He leaves much truth to be drawn forth from time and experience.

"It is a subject," he says, "from which the interpreter of Scripture would gladly turn aside. For it seems as if he were compelled to say at the outset, 'that St. Paul was mistaken, and that in support of his mistake he could appeal to the words of Christ himself.' Nothing can be plainer than the meaning of those words, and yet they seem to be contradicted by the very fact, that, after eighteen centuries, the world is as it was. In the words which are attributed, in the Epistle of St. Peter, to the unbelievers of that day, we might truly say that, since the fathers have fallen asleep, all things remain the same from the beginning. Not only do 'all things remain the same,' but the very belief itself (in the sense in which it was held by the first Christians) has been ready to vanish away."—I. 96.

It is the infirmity of human nature—an infirmity irremovable by inspiration—to translate eternal truth into forms of time, to throw colour into the invisible till it can be seen, and look into any given infinity, till finite shapes appear within it, and it is felt as infinite no more. The soul tries, as it were, every apparent path, from spiritual apprehension to scientific knowledge, from deep insight to clear foresight, from perception of what God *is*, to vaticination of what he *does*; and abides alone with the Holy Presence, that will not tell His counsels, but is ever there Himself. From the world of Divine reality into that of transient phenomena, there is no bridge found as yet; and only He, whose footsteps needs no ground, can pass across. We know somewhat on both sides; but the chasm between vindicates its perpetuity against all invasion. *Vision* for faith; *prevision* for science;—this seems to be the inviolable allotment of gifts by the Father of Lights. And whoever overlooks this rule, and, inspired with discernment of what absolutely is, ventures to pronounce what relatively will be, embodies his truth in a form whence it must again be disengaged. The deepest spiritual insight is ineffectual to teach *past* history; it is equally so to teach *future* history. The moment you lose sight of this fact, and expect the sons of God to *predict* for you, you confound inspiration with divination, and will pay the double penalty of missing the truth they have, and being disappointed at that which they have not. It is not always much otherwise with themselves; the light which they *are*, they do not *see*; and that which shapes itself before them, and becomes the *object* of their minds, is but the shadow of human things, deepened and sharpened, perhaps also misplaced, by the preternatural intensity. By its very inwardness and closeness to the soul's centre, God's Spirit may express itself chiefly in the unconscious attitudes and manifestations of the mind; especially as it is these that often leave the most

ineffaceable impressions of character upon others, and may, therefore, be the vehicle of a more life-giving power than any purposed teaching or more conscious authority. The disappointment of an avowed prediction, or the error of an elaborated doctrine, no more affects the Divine inspiration at the heart of Christianity, than the miscalculations and failure of the Crusades disprove their Providential function in the historical education of mankind. Mr. Jowett takes up the question from another side, and shows how the faith in a future life, though not directly *given*, necessarily disengaged itself in the end from the expectation of the coming of Christ.

"We naturally ask, why a future life, as distinct from this, was not made a part of the first preaching of the gospel?—why, in other words, the faith of the first Christians did not exactly coincide with our own? There are many ways in which the answer to this question may be expressed. The philosopher will say, that the difference in the mode of thought of that age and our own, rendered it impossible, humanly speaking, that the veil of sense should be altogether removed. The theologian will admit that Providence does not teach men that which they can teach themselves. While there are lessons which it immediately communicates, there is much which it leaves to be drawn forth by time and events. Experience may often enlarge faith; it may also correct it. No one can doubt that the faith and practice of the early church, respecting the admission of the Gentiles, were greatly altered by the fact that the Gentiles themselves flocked in; 'the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force.' In like manner, the faith respecting the coming of Christ was modified by the continuance of the world itself. Common sense suggests that those who were in the first ecstasy of conversion, and those who after the lapse of years saw the world unchanged and the fabric of the church on earth rising around them, could not regard the day of the Lord with the same feeling. While to the one it seemed near and present, at any moment ready to burst forth; to the other it was a long way off, separated by time, and as it were by place, a world beyond the stars, yet strangely enough, also having its dwelling in the heart of man, as it were the atmosphere in which he lived, the mental world by which he was surrounded. Not at once, but gradually did the cloud clear up, and the one mode of faith take the place of the other. Apart from the prophets, though then beyond them, springing up in a new and living way in the soul of man, corrected by long experience, as the 'fathers one by one fell asleep,' as the hopes of the Jewish race declined, as ecstatic gifts ceased, as a regular hierarchy was established in the church, the belief in the coming of Christ was transformed from being outward to becoming inward, from being national to becoming individual and universal,—from being Jewish to becoming Christian."—I. 99.

With the apostle Paul, however, the "coming of Christ" occupies the place of our "future life;" the *living* mass of disciples, waiting till then for the "redemption of their bodies," fill the foreground and largest space in the scene; the rising of the dead is the subsidiary fact, needful to the completeness of the gift of life in Christ. On this crisis, supposed to be so near, his eye was exclusively fixed whenever he spoke of the Christian's "salvation;" and could he have been told that no such crisis would come, that, for fifty generations, the present order of the world would vindicate its stability, we cannot imagine what shape his faith would have assumed; whether he would have made light of all these centuries, said that with the Eternal "a thousand years are but as one day," and still opposed to one another the *αἰὼν οὗτος* and the *αἰὼν μέλλων*; or, whether he would have found that the distinction was evanescent, and the kingdom of God was to be not sent hither, but to be created here; or how, in either case, he would have represented to himself the state of the innumerable dead. These are questions which did not arise for him; and it were vain to conjecture his solution. He is engaged with other problems;—all, indeed, having reference to that never-doubted crisis, and arising out of its manifold relations, yet so treated by him as to detach them unawares from their origin, and give them a permanent place in the religious consciousness of men. *Who* were to be the subjects of that salvation? How were they *qualified*? By what act of God's, and what temper of their own, to reach the blessing? What present *assurance* had they of this approaching good? It is in dealing with these questions that St. Paul darts from his objective theology into the deepest recesses of human experience, and fetches into expression spiritual truths that transcend their incidental occasion, and will remain valid while there is a soul in man.

In the apostle's habit of thought there is a certain antique *realism* which renders many of his doctrines and reasonings almost unrepresentable before a modern imagination. With our sharp notions of personality, of the entire insulation of each mind as an individual entity, of the antithesis of inner self to the outer everything, we are quite out of St. Paul's latitude, and shall be perpetually taking for figures and personifications what had a literal earnestness for him. The universe is with him full of Agents that for us are only Attributes,—the theatre of certain *real* principles (*i.e.* principles having existence independent of us), that carry out their tendencies and history among themselves, and upon and through individual men, as organs or media of their activity. Thus, *Sin* is neither the mere voluntary unfaithfulness of the transgressor, nor the person of the tempter;

but *both* of these; and that not apart from one another or alternately, but blended together under the conception of a universal element of evil, having its objective focus in Satan and its subjective manifestation in man. In like manner its opposite, *Righteousness* (Justification) is not exclusively human rectitude, or the Divine justice, or *quasi*-goodness substituted for genuine; but less ethical than the first, less forensic than the last, and more ontological than either; that element, we may say, in the essence of God which sets man at one with Him, and is the common ground of their harmonious relation. Around these two contrasted principles, others, equally conceived as real elements, and misunderstood as mere attributes or phenomena, group themselves on either side. With the former is *Death*,—the pair being *gemini*, not simply joined by decree of God in time, but inseparable in *rerum naturâ*, coordinates by physical necessity; and *Flesh*, the material or medium that furnishes the endowments of sense, and instinct, and the natural will, and affords to Sin its seat and hold upon us; and *Law*, the discriminating light that parts the mixture of good and evil, and, on entering into us, brings the slumbering evil into the conscious state, and so makes it sin relatively to us, and simultaneously shows us the good without adding to the force for producing it. With the latter—*Righteousness*—are enjoined *Life*, the positive opposite of *Death*, and, like it, a function of the moral as well as the natural constitution, the immortal energy inherent in sinless being; and *Spirit*, the absolute essence of God, present as the vivifying source of whatever transcends nature,—a faint susceptibility, felt only to be overmastered, in the sons of Adam,—a conquering power, coalescing with the personality itself, in Christ and his disciples,—and a spontaneous flow of higher life seizing on converted men as organs of its charismata; and *Faith*,—the opposite of *Law*—the passing out of ourselves to embrace unseen relations, to make conscious appropriation of the Spirit, and thus enter into union with Christ and God. Even this most subjective of all the great principles of the apostle's theology, is more than a mere private and personal act. As common to all the disciples,—the simultaneous gaze that connects them as a whole with Christ,—its single threads pass out and become a converging web. As something other than the act (of obedience) which men were under bond to render, it is a new institute of God, and, relatively to them, reads itself off as *Grace*. As opposed to *Law*, in which there is a delivery of the Divine will *into* men, it involves a *drawing* by Divine love of an affection *out of* men. And under all these aspects it acquires something of that indeterminate character, subjective and objective at once, which the

associated elements possess in a much higher degree. The same mode of thought is traceable in another form. The apostle exhibits the providential scheme of the human race by distributing them into two successive *gentes*,—the earthy or natural, the heavenly or spiritual; and lays down all the predicates of each direct from the personal history of their respective heads, Adam and Christ. Whatever is true of the founder is considered as known of the followers: the phenomena of his being spread themselves inclusively to theirs. He is regarded, not simply as a representative individual, while they are the represented individuals; but as a *type* of being within which they are contained, and which in its history and vicissitudes carries them hither and thither. Condemnation and redemption take place by *Kinds*, and fall on particular persons in virtue of their partaking of these kinds. Settle the attributes of the species, as found in its archetype, and you know what to say of individuals. It is not difficult to understand this way of thinking so long as the apostle applies it, as a naturalist might, to the *Adamic gens*; and argues, that being made of earthy materials (*χοῦκοί*), and having the focus of personality in *σάρξ*, with no adequate counterpoise of *πνεῦμα*, it is the seat of sin and death. But it is less easy to follow the apostle's meaning when he similarly identifies Christians with Christ, and transfers, or rather extends to them, all the great characteristics of his existence. They are crucified to the world. They are "all dead" with him: they are "buried with him" in baptism: they are "risen with him:" their "life is hid with him in God." And while this is true of *living* disciples, he is no less "the first-fruits of them that sleep;" his resurrection is but the first pulsation of an act that next proceeds to theirs, and then completes the transformation of the living. All this is meant for more than rhetorical analogy. With Christ, and in Christ, took place a re-constitution of humanity. Of the new man, he was the ideal and archetype; inverting the proportions of *σάρξ* and *πνεῦμα*, and having his essence and personality in the latter, so as to render sin an unrealized possibility and death a transitory accident. The spirit in him which evinced its life-giving power in raising him from the dead, is no more limited to his individuality than flesh and blood were the attributes of Adam only. It spreads to the whole family of souls, springing up into his kindred; it flows into them as they look up to him in faith, and are reborn to him: it repeats in them the fruits it produced in him,—the sacrifice of self,—the dying-away of passion and pride,—the heavenly love that darts upon the wing whither the bleeding feet of conscience fail to climb,—together with many "a gift less excellent," of

healing and of tongues. The consciousness of this new heart, set free with Divine affections, is immediate evidence of their union with Christ, of the Real Presence of his Spirit within them, of their substantive incorporation into his essence, and therefore of a restored harmony and even oneness with God. To what extent the apostle conceived that this transformation of nature, by partnership in the properties of the heavenly Christ, might be carried in the living disciple, it is not possible to say. It amounted to "a new creation;" and among the "old things" that had already "passed away," he probably included more than the moral habits and feelings of the unconverted state; and conceived that the same spirit by which these died out was purifying also the bodily organism of the believer, and leavening it with antiseptic preparation for its final investiture with immortality. That last "change," like the resurrection itself, is not regarded as an external miracle, suddenly forced on an uncongenial material by mere Almightyness; but as the last and crowning stage of an internal development, whose principle had long been active,—the emergence from all entanglement with "flesh and blood" of that spiritual element which in Jesus "could not be holden of death," and which, dwelling in his disciples, already deadened and damped the vitality of the *σάρξ*, and would at last quicken the *σῶμα* with imperishable life. Thus it is that "Christ" is not to St. Paul an historical individual, but a generic nature,—the archetype of a spiritual species, sharing his attributes and repeating his experience.

Cleared as a stage for these contending principles, the universe witnesses their co-existence and antagonism from the beginning to the end of time.

The great drama has two main acts, and the cross of Christ divides them.

The first is a descending period, accumulating the force of evil to a pitch of frightful triumph. The second is an ascending period, at whose goal the last enemy is gone.

In the opening scene of the first, extending from Adam to Moses, both Flesh and Spirit were there; not yet, however, in conflict; but the latter sleeping as a mere susceptibility, and the former having its own way in the instinctive life of man. The state was not one which, had the comparison been made, would have accorded with the Divine will. It was therefore really, though unconsciously, a reign of Sin, as was proved by the presence of Sin's inseparable sign—the generations *died*.

The next scene was marked by the introduction of *Law*. The effects were, to bring into full consciousness the sin before unmarked, and so make it exceeding sinful; to set man at

variance with himself by giving him discernment, and quickening his longing and his fear, without any new spring of force; and actually to multiply transgressions by enumerating and suggesting them.

Hence, at the close of the period, an utter rotting away of human society, and a confirmed moral incapacity of the widest sweep. The spontaneous law of nature and the written law of Moses being equally set at nought by Gentile and by Jew, any promises God might have given fell through, from human breach of the conditions. This was the moment seized for instituting a new creation; the promised Messiah of the Jews being the vehicle of its accomplishment, and the link of connexion between the old and the new.

All the Messianic conditions were *fulfilled*,—the right tribe, the right family, the right personal marks and characteristics. But they were also *transcended*. Along with the human infirmities and liabilities, was present, in this archetype of a new race, the Spirit in such full measure as to constitute his proper self, or at least, win that centre by complete victory over nature and temptation and surrender of all he had and was to a Divine Love. As he had baffled and held off Sin, Death had so far no business with him. Yet what was to be done? for there were conflicting claims upon him. Sinless in himself, he was of a sin-doomed type, the *likeness* of sinful flesh (*ὁμοίωμα σαρκὸς ἁμαρτίας*), and therefore liable to the incidents of such a race. This was at least his property by nature. At the same time, he was internally and essentially of the opposite type; the image of God (*εἰκών τοῦ Θεοῦ*), and so, foreign to the mortal fate, at once imperishable and life-giving. In the person of this double nature, the contest between the antagonists must come to an issue; and while *both* gain their due, it is the last triumph of evil, the first opening of eternal good. Sin recognizing in his suffering and mortal frame its own physical counterpart and shadow, strikes him with death, exerting for that end, its own "strength" and instrument, "the Law." But in thus carrying its course upon the guiltless, it overreached and spent itself; and the Law, lending itself to such an act, fell into self-contradiction, and disappeared in suicide. He died, therefore, in virtue of what was really foreign to him, as *representative* of a Sin which was not his, but which yet involved him, as human, in sorrow and mortality. But no sooner had this happened, than his "Righteousness" vindicated its power. He came out of death, which *could not keep* one so holy: and now, escaped from nationality, and placed aloft as the ideal of the new humanity, his vivifying spirit penetrates the heart of men below, and taking them on the side of faith and

love instead of will, kindles a divine fire that burns up the dead elements of the "old man," and wraps the "heavenly places" and the earthly in a common blaze. By spiritual affiliation with him, his disciples enter the essence of all holy and immortal natures. And so it comes to pass that, through the incidence of sorrow and death in the wrong place, an objective power of "righteousness" is set free, that reconciles mankind with God, and restores them to sanctity and life. The past and the future of humanity were concentrated, just at the turning point between them, in one person: the natural element, bearing the burthen of the past, perished and fell away: the spiritual and divine principle, containing the germ of the future, asserted its inextinguishable life; and from heaven evinced its self-multiplying power, making him only "the first-born of many brethren."

Thus was the second act initiated, which also presented two successive scenes. During the first, the Christ was still in heaven; and his Spirit on earth, having the community of disciples for its organ or "body," stood in presence still of the opposing powers. In the world, it encroached upon the province of evil continually, and reclaimed a citadel here and there. In the church, if it infused as yet no *perfect* grace, it left its "earnest" everywhere;—ecstatic gifts and mystic insights: hearts set free from pride and scorn, and brought to the meekness and gentleness of Christ; the self-seeking will surrendered; the anxious conscience led to trust; the tangles of thought smoothed out by a wisdom not its own; and outward distinctions reduced to nought by faith, and hope, and charity. Nevertheless, Satan disturbed the *κοσμος* still: and even the children of the Spirit were but prisoners yet, and felt the tent of nature but a poor abode. They had yet to wait for their full adoption; when the tabernacle in which they groaned being dissolved, they should be invested with an unwasting frame.

This was reserved for the final scene, the coming and the reign of Christ. At this culminating crisis, the antagonism which in Adam was as yet unfelt from the ascendancy of nature, was to die out and cease on the absolute triumph of the Spirit. Physically, death was to disappear; the departed being finally re-instated in life, and the living "clothed upon" with their new garment ere yet they were stripped of the old. Morally, the remnant of inner strife and temptation, that even the faith of saints might leave unappeased, would pass away, aspiration be harmonized with achieving power, and in conscious presence of the objects of deepest affection and reverence the sighs of separation would cease. As soon as resistance was

over, and there was nothing to subdue, the separate function of God's redeeming and sanctifying Spirit would find no work; "the kingdom would be resigned to the Father;" "the Son would be subject;" and "the Trinity would cease."

Whether the Apostle's vision of trust was really of universal success, and included even those who should still be found astray at last, is a question difficult of direct determination; but not very doubtful when tried by the general scope of his doctrine. Mr. Jowett's judgment, given in the following passage, truly seizes, we think, the feeling of St. Paul. The author is commenting on the parallel drawn between Adam and Christ, especially on the words, "As by one man's transgression sin entered into the world, and death by sin," and has shown that they do *not* teach any imputation of Adam's sin.

"It is hardly necessary to ask the further question, what meaning we can attach to the imputation of sin and guilt which are not our own, and of which we are unconscious. God can never see us other than we really are, or judge us without reference to all our circumstances and antecedents. If we can hardly suppose that He would allow a fiction of mercy to be interposed between ourselves and Him, still less can we imagine that He would interpose a fiction of vengeance. If He requires holiness before He will save, much more, may we say in the Apostle's form of speech, will He require sin before He dooms us to perdition. Nor can anything be in spirit more contrary to the living consciousness of sin of which the Apostle everywhere speaks, than the conception of sin as dead, unconscious evil, originating in the act of an individual man, in the world before the flood.

"On the whole, then, we are led to infer that in the Augustinian interpretation of this passage, even if it agree with the letter of the text, too little regard has been paid to the extent to which St. Paul uses figurative language, and to the manner of his age in interpretations of the Old Testament. The difficulty of supposing him to be allegorizing the narrative of Genesis is slight, in comparison with the difficulty of supposing him to countenance a doctrine at variance with our first notions of the moral nature of God.

"But when the figure is dropped, and allowance is made for the manner of the age, the question once more returns upon us—'What is the apostle's meaning?' He is arguing, we see, *κατ' ἀνθρώπου*, and taking his stand on the received opinions of his time. Do we imagine that his object is no other than to set the seal of his authority on these traditional beliefs? The whole analogy, not merely of the writings of St. Paul, but of the entire New Testament, would lead us to suppose that his object was not to reassert them, but to teach, through them, a new and nobler lesson. The Jewish Rabbis would have spoken of the first and second Adam; but which of them would have made the application of the figure to all mankind? A figure of speech it remains

still, an allegory after the manner of that age and country, but yet with no uncertain or ambiguous interpretation. It means that 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth;' that 'he hath concluded all under sin, that he may have mercy upon all;' that life answers to death, the times before to the times after the revelation of Jesus Christ. It means that we are one in a common sinful nature, which, even if it be not derived from the sin of Adam, exists as really as if it were. It means that we shall be made one in Christ by the grace of God, in a measure here, more fully and perfectly in another world. More than this it also means, and more than language can express, but not the weak and beggarly elements of Rabbinical tradition. We may not encumber St. Paul with the things which he 'destroyed.' What it means further is not to be attained by theological distinctions, but by putting off the old man and putting on the new man." (II. 166.)

On surveying the picture of time and the history of humanity that lay beneath St. Paul's eye, the question naturally arises, What is its significance and value for us? Manifestly not those of an absolute guide through the labyrinthine depths of the divine counsels. "We can scarcely imagine what would have been the feeling of St. Paul, could he have foreseen that later ages would look not to the faith of Abraham in the law, but to the Epistle to the Romans, as the highest authority on the doctrine of justification by faith; or, that they would have regarded the allegory of Hagar and Sarah, in the Galatians, as a difficulty to be resolved by the inspiration of the apostle."* We cannot say of him less than Mr. Jowett says of a greater than Paul, that in many places "his teaching is on a level with the modes of thought of his age," (I. 97). The ultimate point towards which all the lines of his expectations converged, and all the history of the past appeared to gaze, we know to have had no existence where he placed it; and as the whole scheme was laid out to lead up to this, it might seem to disappear as the fabric of a dream. Yet it is not so; and the very fear implies that we look in the wrong place for the permanent amid the evanescent in the gospel. Religion,—revealed or unrevealed,—is no production of the systematizing intellect—inspired or uninspired. The workings of constructive thought follow, not lead it. Their function is not creative, but simply adaptive; to find a settlement and orderly method of being and growing for some new principle of divine life, or for some old principle in an altered scene; to ward off from it uncongenial elements, remove dead matter that chokes it, and surround it with conditions whence it may weave its organism around it and send deep roots into the mellowed soil

* Jowett, ii. 142.

of humanity. Divine truth is the coming of God to man, pathless and traceless: theologic thought is the retrogressive search of man after God, not by "*His* ways which are past finding out," and invisible as night, but necessarily by such tracks as the age has opened and another age may close or change.

The manifestation of supernatural realities to the human soul involves so much which is mysterious and unique, that only under great qualification can we compare it with the known mental processes. But were we to conceive of it less by the analogy of scientific discovery, and more by that of artistic apprehension, many an embarrassment would be saved. In a work of high art, you give a Phidias or a Raffaele *his subject*; he necessarily takes it from that which stirs the heart of his time, and has a solemnity for his own; and you do not find fault that there is mythology in the group, or Mariolatry in the picture. Through the conceptions of one time there speaks a feeling for all; and the representation may be immortal, when the thing represented has long been historical. Nor is it that it only reflects honour on its author's name. It springs from an inner harmony with the very heart of things, and it gives a new expressiveness to life and nature, and leaves behind a self-luminous spot in the world, where there was "gross darkness" before. Hence it looks into the eyes, and finds the soul of one generation after another; and, amid the change of materials and the succession of schools, keeps alive the very sense by which alone "materials" can be wielded and "schools" exist. With just the same result do the accidental and temporary media fall away from early Christianity; disengaging a residuary spirit that takes up the life of all times, touches a consciousness else unreached, and breathes upon the face of things, till the meanings writ there with invisible ink, come into clearness before the eye. If it please God, instead of spreading at our feet the things to be seen, rather to quicken our vision till we see them where they are, it is revelation all the same, only deeper and more various; not an incident of position, but a power that can migrate in place and time, and read the Providential perspective everywhere. This profounder insight into divine relations it has been the especial office of St. Paul to awaken; and none the less that the flashes by which he gives it are incidental, and do not proceed from the Rabbinic lamp which he holds up to his apocalyptic pictures. Indeed, it is he, in great measure, that has carried Christendom into regions other than his own. His thought is everywhere penetrated with an intense heat, leavened with lightning, that fuses the mass containing it, and runs off alive for other media to

hold it. The revelation to him of Christ in heaven, set in action all the resources of his nature, and gave them a preternatural tension. The sentiments which found satisfaction, the intimations which came into expression, in his form of doctrine, are now for ever *human*, fixed in the self-knowledge of men by his faithful words, and sure to transmigrate into other forms, when their first embodiment will hold them no more. And so much is the apostle's later exposition of his hope divested of what is special to himself, that to all ages since it has struck upon the ear of mourners along with the very toll of the funeral bell; and though often indistinct to their mind, it has jarred with no falsehood on their heart, but sounded like an anthem in the dark,—great music and dim words. It needed only time and events to transmute the doctrine into that of a future life. For it included,—in order to meet the case of those who had “fallen asleep,”—the conception of a path, through death before the time, “to depart and be with Christ;” only that this was the minor provision, the by-path of the early few. Reopened, however, as it always was when a disciple passed away, it became an evermore familiar track; and experience had but to negative the opposite direction by leaving it untraced, in order that the upward track should become the *via sacra* of human faith. And can any one doubt what the justification by faith means, when construed into the language of universal experience? It means that God wants more from us, and also less, than the anxious will can do; more, because He wants ourselves; less, because He does not want our niceties of work. It means that we are called to spiritual heights we strive in vain to climb; that the most patient feet, step after step upon the ground, will but stand upon the earthly mountains after all; and it is the fiery chariot of love and trust that must bear us into heaven. It means that there is an affectionateness in God that looks to what we are, rather than what we do, and more readily speaks to us of communion than of obedience. True, this is but another way of saying what our religion elsewhere more ethically expresses, that God requires our perfect service, and yet has forgiveness for what is imperfect. But this statement, though it means also that heaven is open to the pure, intent, and single heart, touches a spring less deep and strong. It divides the integral and living fact, even in regard to God, by describing it as a demand of the whole, and then a subtraction of a part; and so exhibiting it rather as a dissolution of justice, than as truth and wholeness of love. And the Pauline doctrine appeals with far more immediate power to human consciousness, especially to that third of

mankind whom a fervid enthusiastic mind renders little accessible to the cold solemnities of duty. And, finally, if we are insensible to the grandeur of St. Paul's teaching as to the universality of the gospel, it is not more because it is entangled with the question of Jew and Gentile, than because the sentiment has become the common atmosphere of Christendom, and we feel not its freshness, because it blows not on us as a breeze, but *only* as our breath of life. Let Mr. Jowett remove from us the spell of our indifference.

"Let us turn aside for a moment to consider how great this thought was in that age and country; a thought which the wisest of men had never before uttered, which even at the present hour we imperfectly realize, which is still leavening the world, and shall do so until the whole is leavened; and the differences of races, of nations, of castes, of religions, of languages, are fully done away. Nothing could seem a less natural or obvious lesson in the then state of the world; nothing could be more at variance with experience, or more difficult to carry out into practice. Even to us it is hard to imagine that the islander of the South Seas, the pariah of India, the African in his worst estate, is equally with ourselves God's creature. But in the age of St. Paul, how great must have been the difficulty of conceiving barbarian and Scythian, bond and free—all colours, forms, races, and languages—alike and equal in the presence of God who made them! The origin of the human race was veiled in a deeper mystery to the ancient world, and the lines which separated mankind were harder and stronger; yet the 'love of Christ constraining,' bound together in its cords those most separated by time or distance; those who were the types of the most extreme differences of which the human race is capable.

"The thought of this brotherhood of all mankind, the great family on earth, not only implies that all men have certain rights and claims at our hands; it is also a thought of peace and comfort. First; it leads us to rest in God, not as selecting us, because he had a favour unto us, but as infinitely just to all mankind. To think of ourselves, or our church, or our age, as the particular exceptions of his mercy, is not a thought of comfort, but of perplexity. Secondly; it links our fortunes with those of men in general, and gives us the same support in reference to our eternal destiny, that we receive from each other in a narrow sphere in the concerns of daily life. Thirdly; it relieves us from all anxiety about the condition of other men, of friends departed, of those ignorant of the Gospel, of those of a different form of faith from our own, knowing that God, who has thus far lifted up the veil, 'will justify the circumcision through faith, and the uncircumcision by faith;' the Jew who fulfils the law, and the Gentile who does by nature the things contained in the law." (II. 126.)

What the doctrine of universality in the Divine government

was to that age,—as new and transporting,—is in our own “the clear perception of the moral nature of God, and of his infinite truth and justice.” This is one of the many deep sayings, sad and wise, quietly dropped by our author in a series of disquisitions, that show, among other things, how well he understands its scope. Everywhere his care is to disengage Christianity from the theological conceptions fastened on it by a coarser age; and, having restored the purity of its moral vision, to enlarge its horizon to the whole extent of modern knowledge and experience. Penetrating beneath the figures natural to St. Paul, the very changes of which show them to *be* figures—he finds that nothing can be more abhorrent from the apostle’s thought than the doctrine of “satisfaction,” which is hunted down, in every form, with exhaustive and indignant logic; that even the analogy of sacrifice “rather shows us what the death of Christ was not, than what it was;” and that to draw us into union with Christ,—to fix our eye on his pure self-renunciation as “the greatest moral act ever done in this world,” to keep us in a mood that harmonizes our trust in God with our distrust of ourselves, and to suggest more than it can explain of hope and peace to a reconciled world, are the real functions, as of his death, so of all the stages of his existence. This pure type of faith emerges, we venture to affirm, without straining the rights of the interpreter. The rest and freedom it gives to the mind is singularly evident in the fine essay on Natural Religion. The author sets forth from the Christian centre, and consciously marking where he passes the boundary of the apostolic view, surveys and brings to its religious place the whole outlying realm of nature, history, and life, that was unknown to Scripture, but is fact to us. The great Gentile religions, now discriminated and interpreted, and ascertained to follow certain laws of development; the breadth in philosophies, purer and brighter as history passed on; the Natural Religion, which is the counterpart of these in Christian times, and holds its place by the side of revelation; and the ordinary state of character in morally good but unspiritual persons, (state of “nature” rather than of “grace,”) are reviewed and estimated with a breadth of observation and a delicacy of reflection singularly impressive. Indeed, the literature of religious philosophy affords few nobler productions than this essay. With how true a hand and bright a touch is the following picture drawn! We will but hang it up in our reader’s imagination, and leave him to commune with it alone.

“It is impossible not to observe that innumerable persons—may we not say the majority of mankind?—who have a belief in God and immortality, have nevertheless hardly any consciousness

of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. They seem to live aloof from them in the routine of business or of pleasure, 'the common life of all men,' not without a sense of right, and a rule of truth and honesty, yet insensible to what our Saviour meant by taking up the cross and following him, or what St. Paul meant by 'being one with Christ.' They die without any great fear or lively hope; to the last more interested about the least concerns of this world than about the greatest of another. They have never in their whole lives experienced the love of God, or the sense of sin, or the need of forgiveness. Often they are remarkable for the purity of their morals; many of them have strong and disinterested attachments, and quick human sympathies; sometimes a stoical feeling of uprightness, or a peculiar sensitiveness to dishonour. It would be a mistake to say they are without religion. They join in its public acts; they are offended at profaneness or impiety; they are thankful for the blessings of life, and do not rebel against its misfortunes. Such men meet us at every turn. They are those whom we know and associate with; honest in their dealings, respectable in their lives, decent in their conversation. The Scripture speaks to us of two classes, represented by the church and the world, the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats, the friends and enemies of God. We cannot say in which of the two divisions we should find a place for them.

"The picture is a true one, and, if we change the light by which we look at it, may be a resemblance of ourselves no less than of other men. Others will include most of us in the same circle in which we are including them. What shall we say to such a state, common as it is to both us and them? The fact that we are considering is not the evil of the world, but the neutrality of the world, the indifference of the world, the inertness of the world. There are multitudes of men and women everywhere who have no peculiarly Christian feelings, to whom, except for the indirect influence of Christian institutions, the fact that Christ died on the cross for their sins has made no difference; and who have, nevertheless, the common sense of truth and right almost equally with true Christians. You cannot say of them, 'There is none that doeth good; no, not one.' The other tone of St. Paul is more suitable: 'When the Gentiles that know not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, these not knowing the law are a law unto themselves.' So of what we commonly term the world, as opposed to those who make a profession of Christianity, we must not shrink from saying,—'When men of the world do by nature whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, these not being conscious of the grace of God, do by nature what can only be done by His grace.' Why should we make them out worse than they are? We must cease to speak evil of them ere they will judge fairly of the characters of religious men. That with so little recognition of His personal relation to them, God has not cast them off, is a ground of hope rather than of fear—of thankfulness, not of regret."—Vol. II. p. 416.

ART. IX.—THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

*The Despatches from General Simpson to Lord Panmure, dated the Ninth of September, announcing the fall of Sebastopol.**

A GREAT victory has been won, but we cannot yet tell how great. At this moment the most recent history exactly resembles the most ancient. The narrative of remote antiquity is made up from scattered, short, fragmentary notices of ancient authors, by the acute diligence and laborious ingenuity of speculative scholars. If you see the small scraps of authorities, you wonder at the copious narrative to which they give rise. It is the same with the telegraphic fragments of recent information. The sharp acuteness of eager writers, the painful curiosity of an anxious people, a strong hope, and an interested fancy, soon turn a sentence from Sebastopol into elaborate and flowing composition. But both processes are rather speculative. One ancient historian commonly confutes another ancient historian. The article of September the twenty-first is usually inconsistent with that of the twentieth.

But of one thing there can be no doubt, that the victory is very great. There are many cases in which the seeming truth is far more important than the real truth. Suppose we had listened to Mr. Gladstone, and had made peace three months ago. Conceive—what he did not in reality venture to maintain—that by a principle of “equilibrium,” by a limitation of naval forces, we had obtained for Turkey an effectual guarantee,—imagine that Russia had yielded all that was important;—yet every one would have said that she had won. None would have understood the complicated terms; the world would have fancied a baffled expedition. We have now the imagination on our side. While Sebastopol was untaken, peace on any terms would have been a Russian victory; now that Sebastopol is fallen, peace on any terms is a Russian defeat.

Some writers have maintained the contrary. The Germans consider that the loss of 4000 cannon is a “beneficial separation of noumenal force from heavy *matériel*.” A Brussels paper discovers that the retreat of Prince Gortschakoff from the city is a military “advantage;” *les braves Belges* having always

* It may be well to state that we are writing on September 22nd.

thought it an "advantage" to be as far from the enemy as possible. But these speculations will not persuade mankind. If people lose what they have endeavoured to keep, it will be thought that they are beaten; if they have strained every anxious nerve to save what they have lost, it will be added that the intensity of their care truly measures the greatness of their defeat. The Russian loss is especially of this kind. It is said, that when a discerning Frenchman tried to found an Indian empire, one of his first steps was to build a great city, to erect a high column, and to call them "The Pillar and the City of the Greatness of Dupleix." The susceptible fancy of the orientals, which yields too easily to visible and prominent facts, was subjugated at once. The French were everywhere thought the greatest of western nations. Lord Clive broke the spell. Not a stone now remains on the site of the "City of Dupleix." Sebastopol is the City of the Czar. It is the image which he has set up for Jews, and Armenians, and Persians, and Greeks, and Tatars, to worship. It is the sign of his power: it is the type of his empire; the symbol of his right to rule the south. That the French flag floats on the summit of the Malakhoff—that English voices are heard in the Great Harbour—really means that the image is broken, the symbol defaced, the "City of the Czar" no longer a terror amongst the nations.

Nor as we know, though Sebastopol was a city of display, was it a city of mere display. A fanciful observer might call the peninsula of the Crimea a kind of protruding hand, which Russia is putting forth—is about to open upon Turkey. And if the mere territory seems a menace, assuredly that which was upon it, is not less so. It is, perhaps, an abuse of terms to call Sebastopol a "city" at all. It was a station for the navy and army, a depôt for military stores. Not a mercantile ship was allowed to enter one of the finest harbours in the world. The only trades tolerated were those serviceable in supplying soldiers, constructing vessels of war, manufacturing warlike implements. Formerly, in the east, great cities arose on a sudden, because a monarch chose them as the seat of his court; and mounds and tiles and tombs only mark how completely such towns decayed when that sign of favour was withdrawn. It would be the same with Sebastopol. No doubt its site has natural advantages, which in other hands and times might on other grounds become celebrated: but as far as the present town, the existing population—as far as all which makes the present Sebastopol the present Sebastopol—is in the least concerned, a change of policy in the Czar would abolish it in a very few years. If Russia were to confine her plans to the Baltic,

if she were to apply her enlightened attention to the conquest of Iceland, there would be no occasion for the arsenals, the stores, the ships, the soldiers of Sebastopol; the men would be drafted off, the movables be moved, the forts would rot, and the "City of the Emperor" again become the petty Aktiar of the village Tatars.

This is no dream of a hostile or ignorant mind. A cultivated German of rank was a few years ago admitted to the confidence of the Russian Government. Both parties knew he was to write an account of the country, and ample information for that purpose was given him. The crafty administration did not, of course, select a man of original mind. It would have been absurd to cast a man of wise and bold genius into a world of serfs and bribes and peculations and bureaus. What they wanted was a human note-book, an instructed registering-machine. And such they found. M. Haxthausen has carefully inscribed, has studiously annotated, all that he was told; and this is what he has set down on Sebastopol. "The object of the fleet," he says, "is to secure the dominion of Russia in the Black Sea, and this is still further assured by the construction at Sebastopol—at the present moment—of a fortified port of war, which, according to the accounts of competent persons, will not have its equal in the world. When Europe shall have a moment of feebleness—and we may fairly expect this to come to pass after what we have seen to happen in 1848—and when she shall think the time arrived for conquests, then the establishment of Sebastopol will allow this power to take the offensive against Constantinople with equal energy and safety, by making use of the fleet, either to disembark her troops behind the lines of mountains and rivers which perpendicularly on the western shore of the Black Sea cut at a right angle the line of approach on Constantinople, or to strengthen the base of operations of a grand army, by supporting it wherever there are ports along the Euxine."

It is strange to think of the fortunes of the "fortified port of war." So far from being a basis for aggression, it is a point for defence. So far from "taking the offensive against Constantinople with equal energy and safety," every soldier she contained has been required to man her walls, every gun in her forts has been required to maintain those forts, every fort and battery in her vast circuit has done its utmost in defence, and has failed. The energy of the defence, the prodigies of labour, the masterpiece of ingenuity, have made evident the importance of the failure. "Certainly," says M. Haxthausen, "the military position of Russia, in a war against the Ottoman Porte, has undergone *une modification capitale*" by the foundation of

Sebastopol. Certainly also it has undergone *une modification capitale* by its fall.

It is curious, too, to compare the actual result with the very recent negotiations. At Vienna there was a copious discussion of how many ships Russia should have; whether as many as Turkey and the Western powers; or as many as Turkey; or a fixed number. She has ended by having no ships at all. The fleet whose enumeration fills so many pages in Haxthausen, is food for the fishes; the noble armament, on each detail of which the placid German dwells with erudite wonder, has not dared to brave one combat with its equals; has fallen more short of its anticipated exploits than any similar fleet since the Spanish Armada; has even exceeded the latter in degradation, for the Russian ships were sunk by Russian hands, and the Spanish braved at least a more daring destruction from winds and waves. So great a failure, so complete a frustration of plans so much meditated, so laboriously executed, is scarcely to be found in civilized history.

It will be inferred from our remarks, that we think that the forts on the north side of Sebastopol will not detain us long. In truth, we only regard them as a halting place, which Prince Gortschakoff has chosen before commencing his final retreat. The case would have been entirely different, if the south side had been taken by a *coup de main*. If Marshal St. Arnaud had lived, if we had assaulted the south side of Sebastopol this time last year, if we had taken it, we cannot doubt that the north side would have given us great trouble and much uneasiness. The Russian energies were then wholly unexhausted. They have now, on at least two occasions, brought down immense forces from an enormous distance; they have at once sent them to the attack, and been repulsed; they have for a very long time sent great supplies across a great tract of country; it is reasonable to think that they have exhausted it. The only wonder is, that they did not do so before. Above all, they have themselves disclosed the position in which they stand. They have now voluntarily abandoned what it was of immense importance to them to have kept—cannon, powder, stores, arsenals, ships. They have set at liberty an immense army of besiegers; they have abandoned their *prestige*; they have lost, rightly or wrongly, the opinion of the world. It is clear they would never have done this, except under the compulsion of an imperious motive, of a strong necessity. Nor is there anything in the step they have taken to remove that necessity. If they wish to maintain a large force in the neighbourhood, they will have to supply it as before; and the aggressive power of the allies is vastly increased. If they

only leave a small force to defend the northern forts, these may be soon invested and certainly taken. Either way, it would seem that there would be not much likelihood of great operations in defence of such a position.

We think, therefore, we are bound to assume that we have obtained nearly complete success in our aggressive operations. We conceive, that if Sebastopol were wholly in possession of the allies, there is little doubt that the Russians would evacuate the Crimea. There would be every military reason for their evacuating it. Its defence requires the transmission of vast supplies across a vast territory, unprovided with means of transmission. There would be no political reason for wishing to retain it. So long as Sebastopol could be defended, it was worth while for Russia to expend any money—to put forth every energy—to sacrifice every man. But when Sebastopol has fallen, it is not worth her while to defend a distant territory, poorly provided with warlike resources, and containing nothing peculiarly eminent in a political consideration. They will doubtless recur to their peculiar tactics of retreat. They will try to retire judiciously and decorously; but they will certainly retire from what it is so costly, so difficult, and so little important to defend.

We have therefore to ask ourselves, what will be the result of complete success? If we drive the Russians from the Crimea, what shall we do? In a military point of view, we do not consider it our province to recommend anything. When the war began, a west-country rustic met a soldier we know at a roadside railway station. The former began, "Well, zir, can you tell I this here? They do tell I, you be agoing to fight agen the old Czar. Now, I can't think, myzelf, however you will take *he*. They do tell I that Rooshie is a very big place, and that if ye do go away right down into the middle of 'n, you won't get at 'n not nohow." Our military friend tried to explain that it was possible to exhaust Russia, by crippling her trade, ruining her merchants, exhausting her resources; but he produced little effect. The reply was, "Well, zir, I hope you be right; I do hope, zame as you do zay, zir, you'll take *he*." We have always felt that the untutored intelligence of the provincial mind early grasped a great difficulty. If possible, it will of course again be our object to entrap the Emperor into a distant and exhausting conflict at an exposed extremity of his dominions. But if this be impossible, we must wait the slow operation of a commercial blockade—must let the time run on, until ruined nobles, a starving peasantry, disorganized industry, destitute commerce, compel a great ambition to yield. But this, as we said, is for military gentlemen.

The political aspect of affairs is more pressing. It is of great importance that there should be no hasty conclusion of an ill-advised peace. The English, as history shows, are a nation peculiarly prone to this error. Napoleon said, that even at the Congress of Vienna Wellington had peace 'as if he had been conquered.' There are many more marked occasions on which, satisfied with having shown our power, we have relinquished the real causes for which we put it forth. So long as Sebastopol was untaken, it would have been most unpopular to do this. The English people, commercial as they think themselves, are as sensitive as soldiers to a stain on their honour. They could hardly have borne with patience that a great national effort should fail to attain a defined and important object. It represented too, in some sense, the cause; in answer to the refined arguments of our Peelite statesmen—to their subtle questioning of the end and intention of the war—they at heart said, we are fighting for Sebastopol. It became a symbol to the popular imagination; and this we have now lost. In a similar point of view, the death of the Emperor Nicholas was a misfortune to the allied cause. He, as Napoleon did formerly, represented the idea of the enemy. It was felt at Chobham that you must have some fellows in white to run away, and show whom we were fighting with; just so, it was a great advantage to have a Czar who incarnated his cause—to have one single, imperious, steadfast, arrogant, over-weening will, which it was necessary to break or bend. In him we lost our symbol of the enemy; the fall of Sebastopol has removed our symbol of the end.

It is to be hoped that the English people will really remember the cost at which they have attained this great victory. We do not mean the pecuniary loss, great as that is; but the real cost, which our pacific statesmen have so carefully and wisely explained to us. Mr. Gladstone said, on the 27th of May, in one of his most remarkable speeches—"We have seen, a few days ago, with the deepest interest, some of the fainter traces of the desolation of war in the forms of those heroic men who received from the hands of their Sovereign at least an acknowledgment of their glorious deeds. We rejoiced to see that many of those noble forms were again erect, and that they had regained the elastic step of health and youth. But what shall we say to the thousands of our countrymen who sleep beneath the waters of the Black Sea, and under the rocks of Balaklava? What are we to say to our gallant allies, side by side with whom we have been fighting these battles, and whose losses, I believe, have been very severe? If we have lost 12,000 or 15,000 English, and twice that number of gallant French,

great in proportion must be the number of Russians—perhaps four times as many sleep beneath the turf. Nor is there any consolation in what I saw in *The Times* the other day—and the statement has every appearance of truth,—in which it was said that the loss of the Turks was 120,000. (Cries of “No, no, —Russians.”) No; that was the loss of the Turks. If we have, then, 15,000 English, between 30,000 and 40,000 French, and 120,000 Turks numbered among the dead as the consequence of this war, it is no consolation to think that 250,000 Russians have been killed. The total number of the slain is nearly half a million; so that, during this war, on an average, the lives of 1,000 of our fellow-creatures have been extinguished daily.”

Now is the time when these reflections become valuable. When they were used to prevent our taking Sebastopol, they were most mischievous: during a great effort, it is unwise to dwell on its agony and intensity; but at present we can scarcely think too much of the scenes of carnage, of wounds and groans, of dying men and grieving women. They will ensure us against surrendering the prize of our victory. Let us think, if a thousand men should be slain daily for a barren laurel—half a million, and thousands since for a *status quo*! Let every family which has lost a friend reflect if they would like to have lost him for nothing.

A great help will be the dread of diplomacy, inspired by the Vienna conferences. The English people tend to believe in the utility of recognized institutions. Until lately, it was believed that, though the really important points of foreign policy were not commonly discoverable in dispatches, yet, that in some mysterious latent obscure form they truly existed there. It was the same with the science of special pleading. A gentleman of sense went to law for twenty pounds. His solicitor informed him that his case presented points of professional interest, and would be heard at large before several judges. He attended accordingly to a serious and admirable argument of four counsel on profound points of the ancient science—assignments, replications *de injuriâ*, rebutters, surrebutters. At the end, he said quietly, “They never mentioned the £20 at all.” The day’s proceedings cost him £40, and he has never yet been able to see the use of the science. The English people are much in the same position. As to the Vienna protocols, they think those dialogues were “much ado about nothing,”—that no really effectual plan of controlling Russia was at all discussed there,—that so much intellectual refinement is unnecessary on plain and practical topics.

We now understand something about the power of Russia.

The war at the outset was an object, to one party of irrational fear, and to another of irrational contempt. Mr. Cobden was not the only person who thought he could "crumple her up" easily. Gentlemen who had travelled in the east, brought home the idea, which she has so much striven to communicate to oriental nations, of her mysterious, awful, omnipotent might. Lord Grey, if we remember, divided his speech into a dilemma: either she is weak, and you need not defend Turkey from her; or she is strong, and it is of no use trying to repulse her. The exact truth, as we now know, is halfway between these two conclusions: she is so strong that it has taken a year for the two greatest powers in the world to drive her from a single isolated point; she is not so strong as to be able to retain that point against them. It is idle now to talk of her being unable to conquer Turkey, if Turkey were unassisted; it is equally foolish to imagine that she can do so, if Turkey is aided by France and England.

The real point is very evident. It is to prevent Russia beginning any future war with the wonderful advantages with which she commenced this. *We*, it is quite obvious, shall not uniformly be able to command the power and resources which we now possess; we do not know what may be our domestic situation; we may have distant wars of great magnitude, American wars, or Indian wars; we may have a commercial crisis, or a bad cotton crop, or a hundred impoverishing events. Nor can we always reckon on our ally. There is no power upon earth upon which it is so difficult to reckon: because there is no power in which the determining and deciding part of the state is subject to so many changes and fluctuations. After sixty-six years of various revolutions, the most thoughtful observers are content to doubt, whether the conditions of any stable government can be found there. At present we can rely on the judgment of one of the most anxiously discerning of living politicians. But we cannot always hope to be so fortunate. The bullet of an assassin, the transition of events, may again throw the practical government into the hands of a large divided Assembly, in which Russia would soon have a party, and of clever newspapers in which the Czar would invest his capital. What would be the foreign policy of such a period no one can say, but it is not likely to be very consistent or very wise. The position of Western Europe may be so different, that it is most necessary that the position of Russia should not be the same.

The only way to prevent this, is to secure the general independence of the shores of the Black Sea. Mr. Gladstone has strongly and justly insisted on the necessity of looking to

the elevation of the independent nations in that region, and not merely endeavouring to cripple and impair the power of Russia. But the truth is, that it is impossible for those nations to be really independent, so long as what is, in comparison with them, an omnipotent power holds the Crimea. Whatever may be the strength of Russia as respects France and England, there can be no doubt but that over Asiatic nations she has, and from her position must have, the greatest influence. This arises from her wealth, from her magnitude, from her resources; it is quite enough without a vantage ground. If you give to the most powerful nation on the shores of the Black Sea the sovereignty of a peninsula which, from its natural position and evident features, certainly must command the whole of that sea, it is absurd to fancy that anything like independence can arise in any of those nations. A recent writer denies that we can judge of the instinct of animals, because it is kept down and utterly depressed by the preponderating influence of man. We are not responsible for this idea; but are certain that, exactly in the manner supposed, it is idle to expect original energy or free development in small and half-formed nations, which are under the influence of a meddling and enormous power.

The Crimea, therefore, we are clear, ought to be taken from Russia, and should never be given back to Russia. Every other means—especially, we are inclined to think, the conquest of Bessarabia—ought to be taken to free the coasts of the Black Sea from the overweening supremacy of Russia. The thorough opening of the commerce of the Danube, a proper treaty with the Circassian tribes, a complete introduction of Western influence into that part of the world, seem among the most necessary steps. But we are not at present concerned to enter into details, which would require much discussion, and will receive the anxious attention of those practically familiar with Eastern Europe. One thing is certain, that the complete independence of the Euxine is essential to the security of civilization, and that no such independence is possible so long as the Crimea is held and ruled by Russian garrisons.

We turn again to the consideration of the great event which has given rise to these considerations. Such a victory is among the greatest of the gifts of Providence. Independently of its remote effects, and putting out of view the protection which it has afforded us from the menaces of Barbarism and the pride of Despotism, such moments are the life of a country. They send a thrill through the heart of a people. We feel our companionship in great trials, our common posses-

sion of deep feelings. There is little that is truer in human sentiment than the *Te Deum* for a great victory.

In some sense this is peculiarly the nation's victory. The *mens aqua in arduis* has seldom been exhibited by more persons. The war was begun in a manner upon the testimony of Statesmen. All those whom the English people had been wont to trust and honour told them, nearly with unanimity, that a war was necessary. The scene lay out of the line of our customary reflections. It was some time, especially amid the nice perplexities of diplomacy, ere we could estimate the force of different arguments and the value of various considerations. But when the real nature of the subject was thoroughly explained, the strong conviction of the nation became more clear, more true, more persistent than that of the Statesmen from whom it was first derived. In opposition to the *questiuncule* of negotiation, we felt at once that we had commenced a great war for a great object. Most of our Statesmen were chargeable with Mr. Gladstone's reproach of making war for "small, secondary, petty objects;" and, not least, the advocates of a war for the four points, of whom the speaker was one. The nation felt that we were "making war in a just and sufficient cause, that will bear examining in our hearts and consciences, in the face of man and in the eye of God." Lord Palmerston is the only man in the whole House of Commons who has, with strong ability and manly energy, worthily expressed and steadily displayed a high and noble daring. It is not too much to hope that we must make peace as we have made war, on just and sufficient terms; not upon "small, secondary, petty" concessions; but on sure guarantees; with realized intentions; upon a lasting basis; on conditions "that will bear examining in our hearts and consciences, in the face of man and in the eye of God."

ART. X.—SUMMARY OF THEOLOGY AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN the zealous reformer of the higher education, who represents North Lancashire, has sufficiently remodelled the ancient Universities, he will probably resign to them the care of English theological studies. But meanwhile he seeks to repair their deficiency in courage or learned activity by naturalizing the results of recent German researches in illustration of the Hebrew literature. Under his editorial auspices, and with preface and additions from his pen, appears a well-executed translation of Professor Von Bohlen's *Genesis*.* In many respects, the book is happily adapted to Mr. Heywood's purpose, of familiarizing English readers with a less uncritical and unhistorical treatment of Scripture than tenacity of dogma allows to prevail at home. The first eleven chapters of *Genesis* (which is the limit of the commentary) have the charm of a very various interest, carrying wonder and curiosity in every direction,—ethnological, scientific, linguistic, historical, religious. The critic brings the stores of extensive Oriental reading to the elucidation of his text. He possesses whatever art of style or arrangement is needful to an attractive book; and his work is avowedly written, not chiefly to advance Biblical knowledge among the learned, but to distribute it among the schools and families of the educated classes. On the other hand, it is perhaps unfortunate that a treatise intended to procure favour for the *mythic* criticism should be deeply pledged to a very questionable opinion respecting the origin and date of the book with which it deals. Von Bohlen assigns the composition of *Genesis* to a time unsteadily described as *almost as late* as the exile (I. 311), and elsewhere (II. 161) as *subsequent to* the exile; and, with equal critical paradox, considers the Book of Deuteronomy (which he supposes to have been Hilkiah's forgery in order to work upon Josiah) as the oldest part of the Pentateuch. Could this relative order be proved—nay, were it ascertained that the first book did not precede the fifth by a vast interval—we should never trust the indications of language again. The author's main evidence of so late an origin for *Genesis* is found in the narrative of the Flood; in the assigned duration of which he detects an acquaintance with the solar year. The beginning of the crisis being referred to the seventeenth day of the second month, and its close to the twenty-seventh day of the corresponding month in the next year, the interval exceeded the com-

* "Introduction to the Book of Genesis, with a Commentary on the opening portion. From the German of Dr. Peter Von Bohlen, late Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Königsberg." Edited by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S. London. Chapman, 1855.

plete lunar year (which the Hebrews used) by eleven days, or nearly so. This, however, exactly makes the solar year of 365 days, with which, therefore, the duration of the event was intended in the original myth to coincide. Confirmation of the conjecture is found in the mention of "150 days" and of "five months" (Genesis viii. 3, 4) as equivalent terms, betraying an acquaintance with the month of *thirty* days, characteristic of the solar reckoning, instead of the proper lunar cycle of *twenty-eight* days. How, then, could a Hebrew compiler have stumbled upon these vestiges of a reckoning other than his own? The *locality* of the legend supplies the answer. The legend is evidently Mesopotamian, shown to be so by the references to Shinar and Ararat, by the cypress-wood and bitumen of the ark, and other indications. Now it is precisely here that Nabonassar introduced the use of the solar year, B.C. 747. Not, therefore, till after that time could a narrative with this feature in it have arisen. It is further argued, that, in order to assign the rains to the right months for such a phenomenon, the year must be understood as beginning in the *autumn*, which was the Babylonian method, and was first adopted by the Jews after the captivity. Neither of these arguments has any real base; and Mr. Heywood has very properly corrected their statements by inserting a critique of Professor Tuch's. The *round* numbers in Genesis viii. fail to establish any reference to the solar year; and if they did, Egypt supplied an older source of familiarity with this reckoning. There is every reason to suppose that, in the narrative of the Flood (if founded on Mesopotamian physical phenomena), the year is meant to be commenced in the Hebrew way, from the spring equinox. And if it were otherwise, we know nothing of the Babylonian year, or of any change of the Jewish reckoning after the captivity, except in the adoption for the months of new names, which, moreover, are not of Chaldean but of Persian origin. In general, Von Bohlen's acumen appears to us more ethnological than chronological; and his tracing of the myths of Genesis to Central Asia is skilful and probable. His appreciation of the interior spirit of the Jewish literature is less conspicuous than his perception of its exterior affinities and analogies; and his book is the production of an Orientalist, to whom Hebrew studies were incidental, rather than of a Hebraist (like Ewald), drawing to his own centre the illustrative treasures of cognate languages and civilizations.

It cannot be exactly said that Christian literature, like Jewish, has its præ-historical period, opening the same boundless field for conjectural combinations that is presented by the antecedents of the Hebrew nation; and yet, though the formation of the church falls wholly within an age of authentic records and intellectual culture, it is surprising how many undetermined, and probably irresolvable, problems lie around the incunabula of Christendom. No one, we suppose, unless previously habituated to the dim light of theological criticism, has ever risen from the study of Lardner's "Credibility," or Jeremiah Jones' "New and Full Method,"—to say nothing of De Wette or Credner,—without painfully feeling the

disproportion between the expenditure of learning and the gain in positive result. The assemblage of probabilities, shaded off from full certainty to free conjecture, respecting the precise age and origin of the New Testament writings, is very far from sustaining the sense of secure authority with which, prior to such study, the mind is accustomed to repose on Scripture. How much too high is the tone of ecclesiastical assumption and teaching upon this subject, becomes strikingly evident the moment an attempt is deliberately made to exhibit its warrant in historical evidence. Such an attempt—made, too, in a spirit of candour, and with sufficient apparatus of learning—is Mr. Westcott's "*History of the Canon of the New Testament*,"* one of the new Cambridge Theological manuals. The author's purpose is to trace to the sub-apostolic age the idea and use of a *written rule* of faith; to identify that written rule with our present New Testament; and to show how, after the time of Hegesippus, the books, previously in separate circulation or process of gradual collection, were detached as a whole from the mass of ecclesiastical literature, till, in the period after Diocletian's persecution, the usage of the church was defined and ratified by councils. It does not fall within the scope of the treatise to compare the books *inter se*, or touch upon their *separate* history and claims, but only to treat of them as a collection, and under the assumption of their unity. Mr. Westcott, in short, writes the history, not either of living persons or of tangible products, but of that shadowy thing, *church authority*; and, taking for granted that it must always have existed *somewhere*, he embodies it, first, in the apostles themselves; next, in apostolical tradition; and finally, as the immediate disciples of the apostles passed away, in the New Testament. The author carries into the execution of this design a careful and painstaking scholarship; and in the course of his work checks, by the exercise of good critical judgment, some of the more hasty of Schwegler's decisions. But the design itself appears to us unhappily conceived, and incapable of successful execution. The idea of "a canon," or authoritative rule, being of later date than the writings to which the term is applied, and arising only as an after-thought, fixed upon them when their place had been settled, is no proper clue to their earliest relations, much less to their genesis. The "*History of the Canon*" must either commence with the date when the group of writings existed as an authoritative whole, and tell us its travels and adventures afterwards; in which case no light is thrown on the ulterior period and process of growth; or it must go beyond the limits of its title, and investigate the *formation* of the canon; and, in this case, it is quite impossible to take the New Testament as a whole, and shun the inquiry into the separate origin of the particular books. Mr. Westcott's book is neither the one nor the other. If you want to know what became of the New Testament after it had assumed a recog-

* "A General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament during the first four Centuries." By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge. Macmillan, 1855.

nized unity, his *history* does not help you. If you want to know the birth and fortunes of each book on its way into the collection, this also he declines to tell; for it concerns the parts and not the whole. The only thing he really gives you is, the history of the several books' *estimation* in the world, from the first notices of them to the time when their repute was fixed. Considered as a list of *testimonials* in favour of the canonical writings, our author's work deserves the praise of great diligence and manifest conscientiousness. Unfortunately, neither the nature nor the amount of this external attestation is such as to lead to any very satisfactory result, apart from the interior analyses and general survey of early thought and opinion, which Mr. Westcott declines. For instance, the first period of which he treats (A.D. 70—170) is that within which all the disputed literary dates are included; the most hesitating critics admitting that St. Paul's greater epistles were prior to the opening, and the fourth gospel to the close, of this interval. Indeed, it is within the first half of this century that the interest, for our question of authenticity, practically concentrates itself; for, if a gospel or epistle does not declare its existence before that boundary (A.D. 120) be passed, it matters little to its authority whether its first attestation be a few years earlier or later. What, then, do we gain when all the apostolic fathers have passed through the witness-box? At most, a testimony to the Pauline epistles, excluding Thessalonians, Colossians, Titus, and Philemon, to Hebrews, James, 1 Peter, 1 John; no testimony to any of our gospels; references to the outline of Christ's history, but no citations from his discourses, and no notice of his miracles. We say "*at most*," because, to obtain even this result, the epistles of Ignatius (shorter recension) and Polycarp are treated as genuine, against the judgment of critics like Hilgenfeld, who assigns them to a date as low down as A.D. 168. If these are excluded, the evidence limits itself to four or perhaps five of the epistles. The historical books have to wait for their witnesses till it is too late to prove, in this way, their character as contemporary records; and the whole stress of the investigation is necessarily thrown upon the contents of the books in relation to the general history of the early church. Even the next period (A.D. 120—170) does not at once relieve the long silence respecting the gospels; the anonymous "*Memoirs*" of Justin Martyr, with their curious textual deviations from our evangelists, presenting an intermediate phenomenon, suitable neither to the non-existence nor to the completed existence of our present gospels. Mr. Westcott resists this inference, and accepts Justin's citations as references to our synoptic gospels. We find no new element in his argument; but he states the facts correctly, and enables his readers to check his conclusions by re-combining the evidence, if they will. His book, indeed, is throughout a serviceable repository of selected facts bearing on the earliest literature of Christianity. Weak as an argument, and too inorganic for a history, it is useful as a critical catalogue of citations and testimonies from the various sections of Christendom in the first four centuries.

We confess to a certain feeling of satisfied expectation when a prize essay turns out to be a sufficiently dreary affair. Especially when it undertakes to establish the most solemn truths, we cannot but be aware of an incongruity between the incentive and the product; and rejoice that success should reserve itself for some higher inspiration, and prove to be beyond the command of human will. Some such consolation as this, we think, every reader of the first Burnett Prize Essay* will require; for a heavier task than the conquest of these two volumes we have not encountered since we laid down the last production of M. Comte. When we multiply in our imagination this treatise by 208 (the number of competitive essays sent in), we are affected with the profoundest compassion for the adjudicators, and can only hope that, after their labours, exhausted nature is permitted, by Mr. Burnett's will, to fall back on a handsome retiring pension. With Mr. Thompson's fundamental principles we are not greatly at issue, though often wishing for more precision in their expression and directness in their application. His attempt to retrace his way back to the actual psychological source of our faith in God, rather than to "underpin" it by an artificial logical construction, is every way praiseworthy. In fixing also upon the "principle of causality" as a real source and justification of the belief, he remains, we apprehend, on the right track. Further, in drawing the notion of cause from the act and experience of perception, as immediately giving to us the antithesis of *self* and *other than self*, he resorts, in our judgment, to its proper seat. So far he has Sir W. Hamilton for his guide, and walks securely. It is at the next step, when, from the dualistic relation between the Self and Nature, he passes to the third existence, God, that his movement appears to waver and his eye scarcely to see its way. The Ego, he says, is simple; the non-Ego is diverse: the simple may stand of itself, as if its own cause; the diverse, on the other hand, requires, by the law of causality, to be gathered up into a comprehending unity. Over and above the distinct cause demanded by each separate perception, there is needed also an all-embracing cause giving oneness to the multifarious contents of the whole sphere opened by perception. This higher term of causation is the Infinite Self-existing God. In this view we pass out, at two stages, from ourselves; first, into Nature, thence to God, who is the source of the objective world, as, again, the objective world is of our perceptions.

There are, therefore, *two sorts* of causation; one, merely secondary and material and unintelligent; the other, primary and spiritual; both, found for us by one and the same "principle of causality," at two successive pulsations; both, satisfying its demands; and the second being wanted only because the first is a plurality instead of a unity. Had it then been otherwise; had we been landed, not upon a

* "Christian Theism: The Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being." By Robert Anchor Thompson, M.A., In two volumes. London. Rivingtons, 1855.

diverse, but upon a single "percept," all else remaining the same, the causal principle would have been satisfied at the first and purely physical stage. And should the dynamics of science ever succeed in resolving separate natural forces into more comprehensive terms, till some one embraced them all, that one would fulfil all the required conditions, without having taken up any of the spiritual attributes of God. The only way to avoid this consequence, is to make all Causality homogeneous, and identify it with Will; to show that, in its psychological essence, Cause means Will; that the psychological law of Causality, therefore, requires Will; that the notion of Force is an artifice of abstraction, made by expelling the spiritual element, or neglecting it, for mere purposes of computation and prediction of phenomena. In this way the principle of Causality is, rather than contains, the principle of Theism, and no second step has to be taken. Mr. Thompson, however, after reaching the one Infinite Cause, has to trust to the theological argument, to turn that Cause into Mind or intelligent Spirit; that is, he excludes other sorts of causation, by pointing to *design*, which is the special characteristic of this. "*Design*," however, (which means end-in-view,) is not a phenomenon that can be observed or exhibited at all; it is an invisible mental fact that may be supposed or inferred, in order to explain visible relations and successions; but to mention it as in Nature, is simply to assume it as behind Nature. All that can be perceived is Order; and it is not clear to us how any one, who once admits the reality of secondary or physical forces, can maintain that they may be known by this mark,—that they produce disorder, while mind produces order; so that the presence of order excludes them, and indicates mind. What effects, other than orderly, do the so-called "physical forces" produce? Are they not detected precisely by tracking the analogies and unravelling the tangle of phenomena? And are not their "laws" simply our record of their method of order? If any Causations, other than mental and personal, be once admitted as real in the universe, the security of Theism, we must think, is fatally compromised. These, however, are abstruse metaphysical questions, and would have called for little remark, had Mr. Thompson thrown a preponderant strength into the moral side of the argument, and adequately interpreted the surmises of Conscience into a revelation of a holy God. But this part of his subject, though entered upon with the right clue in hand—of human freewill and natural consciousness of moral distinctions,—is less impressively treated than the more purely intellectual evidences in the first volume. The author seems to us not to be of one clear mind with himself in dealing with moral theory; for while he attributes character to God, and strongly insists on His holiness; he yet speaks of the Divine Nature as being that on which the law of right rests; and says that agreement with His Nature is that which constitutes truth,—disagreement with His Nature, that which makes a lie. (I. 333.) It is plain, moral qualities cannot be the predicates of One who, whatever He be, constitutes them by being what He is. We cannot but think that, if Mr. Thompson

had surrendered his mind to the treatment of Natural Religion alone, he would have seized and held ethical truth with a firmer grasp. But he had before him the task of taking up into one organism with his philosophy, a scheme of dogma of which it is impossible to render any moral account; and, in order to keep room for his special theology, constant resort must be had to the principle that right and wrong may be one thing in man, and another in God; and, therefore, we must abstain from forming any moral estimate of what the creeds ascribe to God. The author's scriptural theology is presented in the boldest way; the usual doctrinal list,—Adam first sinless, then fallen; hereditary depravity, and universal damnation; atonement by the sacrificial blood of the incarnate Son of God; eternal punishment of those who are not saved. These doctrines are invested with no life; they apparently never have given him any trouble; he shows not the faintest passing appreciation of any suffering or scruple from them; but deals with them in a hard external way, as given propositions which his logic has to manipulate as best it may. Those who, with the best modern interpreters of the English church, revolt from the "hereditary taint on Adam's posterity,"* as neither credible nor scriptural,—who find in the words, 'sacrifice,' or 'satisfaction,' or 'exhibition of Divine justice,' "the moment they pierce beneath the meaning, something which is irreconcilable with the truth and holiness of God,"†—are kept at a distance as "infidels," and desired not to sit in judgment on God. We do not think that an author whose ideas of revelation are, that "God used to converse with men in visible form," (II. 162)—who holds to the Mosaic chronology, (II. 257), and to the accounts of the Deluge and the Tower of Babel as historical, (II. 268),—is entitled to assume the harsh tone of superiority which characterizes his book, towards the class of men whom, we presume, he wishes to persuade; and especially towards a writer from whom, in more genial temper, he might, without any compromise, learn so much, intellectually and morally, as Mr. Newman.

* See Jowett's "Essay on the Imputation of Adam's Sin." *Epistles of Paul*, vol. ii. p. 162.

† *Ibid.* "Essay on the Doctrine of Atonement," vol. ii. p. 474.

[*The remainder of our quarterly Summary of Theology and Philosophy is unavoidably deferred.*]

ART. XI.—SUMMARY OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY AND ECONOMY.

"*The Limited Liability Act*, with Observations and Notes, by Charles Wordsworth."* This edition of the late measure on limited liability is specially intended for lawyers, but from circumstances contains observations suited to a more extensive circle.

The origin of the measure is not one to which it is pleasant to recur. There have, we think, been few occasions upon which, in this country, the admirers of free government have had so much reason to feel doubt and distrust. The question was great; the arguments on either side fit for popular statement; all intelligent men interested;—yet the discussion in Parliament was poor; the speeches in favour, rambling; those against, narrow and confused. The Act which was at last passed, was passed in a hurry; omits the most interesting part of the subject; was only pressed through the Upper House by an allegation that many persons were waiting for it to invest much money: has little purpose except to enable numerous capitalists to invest considerable funds. The rest of the subject was hastily postponed.

The measure as it now stands can indeed scarcely be considered as containing a principle new to the law. By the previous legislation, the Board of Trade had power to license companies to engage in commerce with an exemption from unlimited liability. By the present law, the conditions of obtaining the privilege are made statutory; the discretion is superseded; any company can obtain a limitation of liability on stated terms. The Act, therefore, is in the nature of a Parliamentary Charter to particular companies, and scarcely embodies a new maxim of legislation.

The promise of the government to deal next year with the remainder of the question, and especially to enable individual lenders to individual persons to obtain a limitation of their liability, without the machinery of a joint-stock company, still gives an interest to the recent pamphlets on the subject.

The most remarkable of these published† during the present quarter is that of Mr. Potter. It is not, indeed, on what we think the right side; nor does it embody with skilful diligence everything which may be said on the wrong side; but it is written with an evident knowledge of the scene of action; expresses the thoughtful results of attentive observation; and as may be expected from

* W. G. Benning and Co.

† This pamphlet, we believe, was *anonymously* printed a short time previously. Its exact title is, "Practical Opinions against Partnership with Limited Liability," by Edmund Potter. John Chapman.

this description, states at least one plain difficulty which it is necessary to remove.

"If," says he, "*limited liability is to be conceded*, I conceive it would be just to capital, and to individual owners, that such capital ought to be placed on the same footing as joint stock, in fact only liable for its own amount. Let A. B. give notice that he is going to trade with £5000 in a particular concern, and for that amount only ought that business to be liable; thus you would remove all restriction;—refuse this, and you keep a restriction on individual capital, (*but not on subdivided,*) certainly not compatible with the *Economist's* theory of freedom in partnership."

"I say," he adds, "treat all capital alike (admitting exceptional cases in regard to charters); make it all responsible. You cannot do this, as I have stated, if you absolve one £5000 because it is merely cut up into shares, and at the same time refuse like immunity because another £5000 is worked by an individual. Admit other systems, and you hold out a premium to irresponsibility, you encourage a moral cowardice, a shifting of risk, in contest with full fair responsibility; not, at all events, consistent with my ideas of political and economical fairness."

The answer to this is, that the apparent inequality arises from the nature of things. Consider the state of the old law. If the directors of an insurance company inserted (as they always did, and indeed, since the new Act does not extend to insurance companies, will still be obliged to insert) a stipulation into their policies, that neither they, nor any other shareholder in the company, should be liable for more than its capital stock, the law would have enforced the contract. The fund out of which payment was to be made was defined; the machinery of a joint-stock company secures its being separated from the other funds of the shareholders; kept apart from them by the appointment of auditors, really invested in their business. The law, therefore, when an express contract was made to look only to that fund, could and would enforce that contract. But if an individual were to give the notice which Mr. Potter supposes, there would be no real fund to be found. Nobody could tell that the £5000 ever was in the business—was ever separated from the trader's other funds; had ever an existence at all. It is of the essence of an agreement to restrict our demands to a specific fund, that the fund in question should be specifically held to meet those demands. There is no reciprocity, otherwise, in the bargain; if we agree to look to £5000, the £5000 should be really kept for us to look to. In the case Mr. Potter supposes, if the liabilities of the special business were only £2500, yet those who had made the contract which he imagines might never receive £250. The other liabilities of the trader might be enormous: it would be impossible to say *what* £5000 of his property was to be specially kept for the £5000 creditors: they would have no claim *in rem* to compensate for their relinquishment of their claim against the person and general funds of the trader. The law would set the agreement aside as unilateral and impracticable. The same principle applies when the limitation of liability results from legislative permission, and not from express and verbal agreement. It is also-

lutely necessary before parties, one or many, should claim to restrict their liability to a particular capital, that they must so fix and isolate that capital, as to ensure its being solely, or at least, in preference, liable to those demands. This, and not any desire to treat individual capital unfairly, is the ground of the inequality to which Mr. Potter objects. So anxious has the legislature been to carry out this principle, and strictly define and keep apart the special funds of the limited company, that it has enacted, that "no note or obligation given by any shareholder to the company whereof he is a shareholder, whether secured by any pledge or otherwise, shall be considered a payment of any money due from him on account of any share held by him, and no loan of money shall be made by any such company to any shareholder therein:"—that if the directors pay dividends out of capital, they should be personally liable to the extent to which they have done so:—that an auditor shall be nominated by the Board of Trade, to see that the accounts are duly kept, and the provisions of the Act observed. It would be impossible to make parallel stipulations in the case of an individual.

A great deal of severe criticism has been applied to the Act, for its inapplicability to the case of the working classes. Apparently in this spirit Mr. Wordsworth writes:—

"The company is still to be formed and regulated under the 7 & 8 Vict. c. 110; and every one familiar with joint-stock companies knows how troublesome and intricate the provisions of that statute are. The machinery is not suited to work a small capital. The minimum capital of a company with limited liability is £250. No solicitor would undertake to establish a company, taking all preliminary steps, preparing the deed of settlement, &c., for a sum less than £100, at the lowest estimate. If, then, it is desired to form a company with the minimum capital of £250, there is at once an absorption of two-fifths of the company's funds before it can begin to work! What can be more absurd? And this on the supposition that all the shares are paid up; whereas the statute only calls for 20 per cent. to be paid by the shareholders before a certificate of limited liability is granted; that is, £50 on the £250! It follows, that a company having a small capital cannot be economically established. This objection may be added to the one already stated—that the machinery is not suited to work a small capital."

We have little sympathy with these objections. So far as the necessary provisions for registration, &c. of joint stock companies can be made cheaper, so much the better—the less is the friction of our industrial machinery. But, so far as the working-classes are concerned, the tendency of the times is rather to afford them artificial facilities by incomplete formalities, than to restrict their rights by complexity of legislation. We would not tolerate needless encumbrances on the incorporation of associations of any class; but we would not give the working-classes a hair's-breadth of special facility. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether it will be of real advantage to them. There is much force in Mr. Potter's observation:—

"Pursuing, then, briefly, the question of the practicability of profitably working joint-stock establishments by the working classes, nothing can be more absurd to the thought of parties like myself, than the idea of conducting any concern, where the workers are all, or in great part, partners or shareholders. Instead of the theory that each has an interest working for good to all, a feeling of jealousy would be created; each would regard his fellow-workman with a master's eye, measuring the quantity and quality of his work, constantly sitting in judgment on his neighbour's value as a workman, with little benefit truly to his own producing power. In fact, suspicious watchfulness would interrupt that continuous industry which the master now takes care to insure, and which, in fact, a master only *can* secure or estimate. A workman ought to have no other care than the simple discharge of the duties named in his contract; if he fulfils these honestly, he performs his duty to himself and his employer. I believe that the substitution of joint-stock working amongst hands, (supposing it at all practicable) with its jealousies and consultations, and the want of a ruling, decisive power, to meet questions hourly arising, would be a tenfold greater mischief even than the evils of strikes, to the hands themselves. They, wanting knowledge,—a want not to be supplied, except by a very slow process, as it were, the work of a generation,—would be influenced by feeling, led by others below the average even of themselves in real worth, in a contest with practised and successful individual energy."

In the second place, the class of working-men who would benefit by such special facilities are even now undue favourites of our social system. The really distressed and degraded classes of our poorer population—the boors of Dorsetshire and the Irish of St. Giles'—could no more take advantage of such an Act, than bottles could start a gin company, or ploughs an agricultural one. The high-paid skilled artizan is at present the luckiest man in the State. He pays far the least taxation; the income-tax just stops short of him; he is infinitely more comfortable than the clerks of the middle classes; he has no "appearance" to maintain; the long code of enjoined and unenjoyed expense does not press upon him; he can lead, if he chooses, a long life of remunerative labour and wholesome comfort. It is only a very weak philanthropy which can ask a special sympathy for such persons.

The most important portion of the subject relates to the middle classes. Mr. Field very justly observed, that the present law was unduly favourable to the "speculative man." There is a great deal of capital in the hands of persons who have saved, and cannot employ it; there are a great many people close by their side, who have every wish to employ that capital—who have talents which just fit them for employing it, an education which fits them for nothing else; there is absolutely nothing which forbids those who have, lending to those who have not, except the present law, which says, that if they do so on the natural and suitable terms—"Make what you can of it, and let us have what you can make of it"—the only terms which are really fair and reasonable—the lender shall be liable to lose, not only the amount of the loan, but likewise everything else which he has in the world. This is the really important part of the subject; the speculative man, who is willing to pay to banks and discounters on extravagant interest, is unduly

raised in the social scale; the economical man is discouraged by an unnatural reduction in the interest of his money; the prudent trader is deprived of his legitimate capital; yet it is this part of the subject which our rulers—our Parliament especially—have selected for neglect.

By way of contrast to the strictly practical nature of the last subject, Mr. Jennings* has given us a dissertation on the abstract theory of political economy. The preface commences boldly:—

“The object of this treatise may, perhaps, be best explained by pointing to a passage in the history of philosophy, which, frequently as it has been referred to, has always proved a trustworthy exponent of the principles of scientific discovery.

“When the astronomers of the Ptolemaic school undertook to explain the courses of the heavenly bodies, they taught ‘that the real motions of such beautiful and divine objects must necessarily be perfectly regular, and go on in a manner as agreeable to the imagination as the objects themselves are to the senses.’ They accordingly ascribed to each of these intricate courses a geometrical form, which they conceived to be the most perfect—a method admirably simple, easily understood, and vitiated only by this defect, that it does not faithfully represent nature. ‘Having settled it in their own minds that a circle is the most perfect of figures, they concluded of course that the movements of the heavenly bodies must all be performed in exact circles and with uniform motions; and when the plainest observation demonstrated the contrary, instead of doubting the principle, they saw no better way of getting out of the difficulty than by having recourse to endless combinations of circular motions to preserve their ideal perfection.’†

“The science of astronomy, at this stage of its growth, was in much the same state as political economy now is.”

It is somewhat difficult to explain the mode in which he thinks the Copernican political economy is to be founded. Certainly, in as far as we can discern, there is nothing in this book especially new in the way of results. If the new science be what *seems*—we speak diffidently—to be indicated in this volume, it is very like the old one. We scarcely notice a startling conclusion. We do not, indeed, coincide in the whole of it, but we do not think our author will falsify, in more than one case, the dictum of Coleridge, that it is no longer possible to discover even a new *error* in the moral sciences. A new nomenclature, of course, there is. Mr. Jennings seems to have been a good deal impressed by the relation of political economy, as the “science of property,” to the material world in which that property exists. He has thought that it was needful to analyse the nature of that property, as it exists externally, and likewise the nature of the sensations and perceptions by which we know and enjoy it. He takes, accordingly, a distinction between primary and secondary commodities,—the first of which are objects of “common,” and the second of “special” sensation; these terms being employed, he tells us, in the language of physiology, the last

* “Natural Elements of Political Economy,” by Richard Jennings, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Longman.

† Herschel’s *Natural Philosophy*, p. 97.

to denote the sensations transmitted by the five senses, and the first to denote all other sensations. The description of labour is still more peculiar.

"Having investigated the former of these provinces of sensation, and observed whatever appeared to touch most nearly the subject of political economy, we may now enter on the consideration of the latter, if, indeed, the toilsome sensations experienced during the performance of productive labour are properly expressed by the word pain. These sensations, conveyed like all others to the sensorium by means of the afferent nerves, are, as we have seen, distinguished from the sensations attendant upon consumption by this characteristic, that whereas, when commodities are consumed, fruition being the object of the action, the agency of the afferent trunks of nerve-fibres is then paramount, and the efferent trunks act in a subsidiary capacity, when commodities are produced, the agency of the efferent trunks is paramount, and the afferent trunks subserve to indicate the direction and the degree in which muscular contractility ought to be exerted, and to convey those sensations of toil from which the producer would gladly escape, but which are inseparably attached by nature to protracted labour."

There are a great many other definitions and descriptions which may be safely neglected. If we were to venture to describe the work generally, we should say it was a translation of Economy into the language of Physiology. There is of course no occasion for any such translation. The mere publication of such works is significative of the present state of the moral sciences. These branches of knowledge—and the remark is particularly applicable to political economy from its congeniality to men of business—are at present truly but vaguely conceived. A large number of people comprehend a great portion of them rightly; but each has some error. No one can give an account in quite precise and accurate language of conclusions which are universally adopted; around every principal term is a slight mist of ambiguity; at the edges of each truth a small belt of indefiniteness and confusion; but still on the whole, the broad truths are broadly conceived, fairly explained, fairly acted on. Every now and then some reasoner, who is rather subtle than comprehensive, is vexed at this state of things, and wishes to set it right by a more elaborate analysis, a more exact definition, a more precise and delicate disquisition. Thus with Mr. Jennings; his immense apparatus of definition and discussion will seem to a man of business to end in nothing: all he will carry away is the somewhat amazing conclusion, that, in the present state of the world, "no taxes are to be imposed for merely fiscal ends," there being so many which ought to be imposed for moral ends,—which is all that we know of Copernican political economy.

Some of these remarks are applicable, though with modifications, to Mr. Macleod's "Theory and Practice of Banking;"* a book which is not accurately described by its title. It would have been

* "Theory and Practice of Banking, with the Elementary Principles of Currency, Prices, Credit, and Exchange." By Henry Macleod. Longman.

better described as a history of banking, and a theory of "all things." It begins by stating—

"Many of the works already existing on these subjects (currency and banking), are excellent in several respects, and contain much valuable information, but it must be admitted that the widest and most fundamental differences of opinion upon almost every point prevail amongst them, and that there is no one which is so comprehensive and systematic, or has investigated the subject with such accuracy, as to be generally accepted as an authority."

He has accordingly designed to go regularly through these topics, and set at rest all their controversies; and has, with that end, gone profoundly into several subjects not exactly or strictly appertaining to his particular design, especially the laws of copyright, the "natural" rate of wages, the theory of value, the substances used as currency, &c. &c. We are not inclined to agree with Mr. Macleod as to the extent of the disagreement which he conceives to exist on the subject of currency. It seems to us, as we have just said of the rest of political economy, that the main topic is truly though vaguely conceived. One or two practical questions certainly remain open; there are many terms of which the definition is partially unsettled,—many propositions of which we cannot tell the exact and precise limits; yet, on the whole, most persons who attend to the subject have nearly the same opinion on nearly all of it, and there can be no doubt that this opinion is substantially sound. At any rate, the greater portion of it coincides with that which Mr. Macleod has set forth. Here and there, of course, there are points of novelty. Mr. Ricardo is the writer most contrasted with the literary philosophers who have proposed to put a sharp edge on the terms and dogmas of the science. He was essentially a man of business, and set down his opinions concisely and barely, as if he had been writing a letter of business to a person desirous of knowing his meaning, and took no pains to give the explanations which a cultivated theorist would think necessary. Accordingly, Mr. Macleod begins by criticising his theory of value.

"It has often been said that the value of an article depends upon its *cost of production*; thus, the late Mr. Ricardo, in speaking of corn, said that the 'cost of production did not the less vary, and that must regulate the price;' and again, 'no principle was more true than that the cost of production was the regulator of value, and that demand only produced temporary effects.' A little observation shows that this measure, however plausible in theory, is so rarely practically true as to be of little service. If it were true, it would mean that a perseverance in producing any article at a great expense, if continued long enough, would in the end succeed in raising its value, whereas it is quite clear that if it were produced in greater quantities than required, its value would infallibly fall, and it may very easily happen, that while the cost of production increases, the value diminishes. The value of an article depends not upon the cost of its production, but upon the necessity which the purchaser has for it, at the time of the purchase, or the degree of benefit it renders him. Thus, in the instances above mentioned, when a crust of bread is given to a famishing man, who had no other resource within his reach, what appreciable proportion did the cost of the crust of bread bear to the value of the service rendered? Abso-

lutely none. Just in the same way, in the case of the boatman saving a man from a wreck, what would the value of the hire of the boat for an hour or so be, compared to the service rendered?"

In terms, unquestionably Mr. Ricardo's theory is exactly applicable to commodities capable of being indefinitely increased by human labour. What he meant may be thus expressed:—all things are valuable in proportion to the desire there is for them, and the difficulty there is in obtaining them: but in the long run, things which are of equal cost, that is, take equal trouble and expense to produce, will be produced in exact proportion to their desirability; and therefore, of such articles there will be most of those which are most wanted, fewest of those which are least wanted; the extra quantity in the supply will compensate for the extra intensity of the demand; and *very* desirable things of any cost will be equivalent, and only equivalent, to *rather* desirable things of the same cost. Ricardo had no idea that a person, by continuing to produce at a "great expense," might raise the price of the article; he would have said, no one will produce except with a fair prospect of pecuniary profit; and if he can obtain the ordinary profit, the article he sells will be of the same price as others produced with the same labour, and the same capital. In endeavouring to criticize Ricardo, Mr. Macleod has fallen into a serious scientific error. He says—

"The rule, then, which determines price, may be expressed in this way. *Price varies directly as the intensity of the service rendered, and inversely as the power of buyer over the seller, which may be thrown into an arithmetical form, thus,—*

$$\text{Price} = \frac{\text{Intensity of service rendered.}}{\text{Power of Buyer over Seller.}}$$

This expression, properly interpreted, will be found to be of universal application, and to comprehend all transactions of whatever nature they be, whether by way of wages, rent, or price, of which we shall give a few examples."

Now this may be true—though oddly expressed—for brief moments; but it is very unscientific to put it forward as an ultimate regulator of value. The power of "buyer over seller" is only a new expression for the supply of the article in the market. If a man can buy what he wants elsewhere, he has much power; if he cannot, he has none. And it is obvious that the supply of articles capable of indefinite augmentation by human labour can never be one of the facts in the last resort regulating their value. Men must have some motive for producing so long as they produce, and some motive for ceasing when they do cease to produce; and this motive it is the duty of the political economist to discover and assign. As has been stated, it is only on special points that there is novelty in Mr. Macleod's speculations. He is a disciple of Mr. Tooke, and irritably opposed to the *Scotch* Act of Sir R. Peel. There are many good explanations of detail in the work; the system of cash credits in Scotland is very elaborately explained. The following criticism on accommodation-bills is clear and just:—

"It is easy to show how much more dangerous it is for a bank to discount accommodation paper than real paper. Suppose it has discounted B's accommodation acceptance to A, then B, on the face of the instrument, is the principal debtor to the bank, which will of course make B pay; but as it is A's duty to provide the funds to enable B to pay, if he fails to do so, B has his immediate remedy over against A. So that if the bank presses B, he will immediately press A, just as every other surety is entitled to recover from his principal. But if A be not in a condition to pay up immediately, and has other bills current in the bank, the latter dare not press B, for fear of ruining A, and inducing a greater catastrophe. Now if A gets ten of his friends to accommodate him with their names, and discounts these bills at his banker's, it is A's duty to provide funds to meet every one of these bills at maturity. If the bills were real, it would be the duty of the ten acceptors to provide funds to meet them, and the bank would have ten real principal debtors, nor would the bank hesitate to press any one of them who failed in his engagement. As all these accommodation acceptors were most probably induced to lend their names to A on his promise to provide funds to protect them, they in all probability took no pains to provide any funds to meet them, as few persons would put their names on an accommodation bill if they really thought they would have to pay it, and they are most probably ignorant of each other's transactions. In the case of real bills, then, the bank would have ten persons who would each take care to be in a position to meet his own engagement; in the case of accommodation paper, there is only one person to meet the engagements of ten. Furthermore, if one of ten real acceptors fails in his engagement, the bank can safely press the drawer; but if the drawer of the accommodation bills fails to meet any one of the ten acceptances, and the bank suddenly discovers that it is an accommodation bill, and they are under large advances to the drawer, they dare not for their own safety press the acceptor, because he will of course have immediate recourse against his debtor, and the whole fabric will probably tumble down like a house of cards."

The style is very clear. On the other hand, there are some crotchets,—an idea that "credit is capital," a great deal too much elaboration in the simple explanation, and a great deal too great length in the book altogether.

A great contrast in style and conciseness are Mr. Rickard's "Two Lectures on the Funding System."* These comprise an excellent summary of the most important elements of the subject; and, as is the case with such explanation when really excellent, suggest much that is very valuable on matters more abstruse and complicated. Mr. Rickards was a good deal induced, he tells us, to publish these lectures by the work of Mr. Newmarch, to which we devoted some space in our last number. We are happy to be able to cite Mr. Rickards as an authority in favour of the conclusion at which we then arrived, viz. that the older view of Mr. Pitt's loans was the sounder view, and that Mr. Newmarch has failed to show that the nation has obtained any real equivalent for the obvious and enormous augmentation of burden which she has entailed upon her-

* "Two Lectures on the Funding System, and on the different Modes of raising Supplies in Time of War, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Trinity Term, 1855." By George K. Rickards, M.A., Professor of Political Economy.

self. The public mind will doubtless continue to believe that it is a spendthrift policy to borrow £50 on condition of repaying £100. Nor will the refined calculations of numerous actuaries make any real impression on that idea. On most points we are happy to coincide with Mr. Rickards. We are not, however, disposed to agree with him in his adoption of Dr. Chalmers's theory of "war prices." That eminent economist believed that one effect of loans to the government was a rise of general prices throughout the country. He explains his view in a passage quoted by Mr. Rickards:—

"The sum borrowed by Government is withdrawn from commerce and manufactures, and must, to the extent of its power in producing commodities and bringing them to market, lessen the supply of those commodities.

"Should Government borrow £20,000,000 for the exigencies of the current year, there are, in that year, £20,000,000 worth less of commodities brought to the general market than there would otherwise have been. But there is nothing in this transaction between Government and so many of the capitalists of the nation, that can affect either the power or the inclination of buyers to purchase. There is as effective a demand as before, but a diminished supply: the same expenditure on the part of customers, but, on the whole, £20,000,000 worth less of enjoyment in return for it."

Mr. Rickards allows that in a progressive country, in which loans may be supposed to be taken from the annual savings and accumulations of the nation, this remark would not apply. It may be doubted, indeed, if it ever has any truth. If government contract a loan, and thereby withdraw £20,000,000 from the existing capital, this would mean that Rothschild would lend them that sum; that other lesser houses in London would lend it to Rothschild; that people in the country would lend it to the lesser London houses; that the loanable capital—the money-market, both in town and country—would be unequal to the demands which it had formerly satisfied. Banks and money-lenders must lend £20,000,000 less, and the people who would have borrowed that £20,000,000 must buy £20,000,000 less. It is obvious that persons who borrow, do so with the view of purchasing something. Take the case of a brewer: if he borrow £1000, it is because he wants more malt, more dray-horses, more waggons; if, from any circumstance, he ceases to be able to borrow it, the effect is a diminished demand for waggons and dray-horses. The error of Dr. Chalmers arose from his forgetting that a trading capitalist is, *ex vi termini*, a continual purchaser. Dr. Chalmers, it is plain, regarded him as a mere seller, without taking into account the mode in which he obtained the articles which he sold; and we are surprised at so acute and sound a writer as Mr. Rickards repeating such a mistake.

The crop of currency pamphlets which precedes the periodical renewal of the Bank charter seems beginning. We have one entitled, "The Errors and Evils of the Bank Charter Act of 1844, as divulged by Lord Overstone (late Samuel Jones Loyd, Esq.), in his Lordship's Evidence before the Select Committee of the House of

Parliament, appointed to inquire into the Causes of the Commercial Distress in the year 1847. By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Macdonald."* The writer is wroth "because ignorant men have made a law, declaring that bank notes shall be convertible into a *fixed* quantity of gold, in defiance of, &c. &c."

Mr. Leone Levi has written an odd book, under the imposing title of "The Law of Nature and Nations as affected by Divine Law."† He has given us substantially a Peace tract. He says: "The question of the illegality of capital punishment and war, are indissolubly connected. If Divine law sanctions our killing a person who commits or attempts to commit murder at home, it will necessarily follow, that we may kill a foreigner, or many such, who make or attempt to make an aggression upon our country." He seems, if we understand him, to believe that the right of one man to kill another in self-defence existed in the so-called state of nature, but ceased on the institution of civil society. His great idea, however, is the application to this subject of the "divine law." A writer who can consider the Bible—New Testament as well as Old—to be opposed to war and capital punishments, is not one with whom it is wise to commence a discussion.

A good many pamphlets crowd our table, which, however, only fall within the scope of this summary, when they either state or elucidate some truth of abstract theory. "The National Debt no Debt at all,"‡ is a pleasing title suggestive of the sponge. After reading it, we are at a loss to know if this was the writer's meaning. He explains that the "national debt" is only a perpetual annuity, and then digresses on the folly of giving "pensions," *i. e.*, annuity, to wicked persons who have aided governments to carry on wicked wars. The discussion between Mr. Howe and Mr. Hincks, on the right of colonists to posts in other parts of the empire, and in the mother-country, derives an interest from the appointment of the latter, a Canadian, to the governorship of a West India Island.

* Richardson, Brothers.

† Cash.

‡ "Speech of the Hon. Joseph Howe on the Union of the North American Provinces, and on the Right of the British Colonists to Representation in the Imperial Parliament, and to Participation in the Public Employments and Distinctions of the Empire." Effingham Wilson.

"Reply to the above, by the Hon. Francis Hincks, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Canada." Ridgway.

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A LIST OF BOOKS SUITABLE FOR READING
SOCIETIES.

Phœnicia. By John Kenrick, M.A. 1 vol. Fellowes.

Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover. By
Dr. Doran. 2 vols. Bentley.

Maud. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Moxon.

[Reviewed in Article VI.]

Lyra Germanica. Hymns translated from the German. By
Catherine Winkworth. 1 vol. Longman.

[This is a faithful,] harmonious, and delicate translation of fine,
sometimes very fine, German hymns.]

The Works of Professor Wilson. Vol I. Being the first volume of
Noctes Ambrosianæ. Blackwood.

[Lavish in imagination, and sometimes in power. The less gentle
personalities should not have been republished.]

The Newcomes. By W. M. Thackeray.

A Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. 1 vol. Smith and Elder.

[Reviewed in Article IV.]

The Old Court Suburb. By Leigh Hunt. Hurst and Blackett.

Street's Brick and Marble Architecture. Murray.

The Phasis of Matter. Being an outline of the discoveries and
applications of Modern Chemistry. By T. Lindley Kemp,
M.D. 2 vols., with woodcuts. Longman.

Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

The War in the East, from the year 1853 till July 1855. By
General George Klapka. Chapman and Hall.

Memoirs of Lieut. Bellot. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

A Campaign with the Turks in Asia. By Charles Duncan, Esq.
2 vols. Smith and Elder.

[A very lively as well as very interesting narrative.]

The Wabash ; or, Adventures of an English Family in the interior
of America. By J. R. Beste, Esq. 2 vols. Hurst and
Blackett.

Burton's Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca. Vols. I. and II.
Longman.

Seymour's Russia and the Sea of Azof. 1 vol. Murray.

A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

Russell's Letters on the War. 1 vol. Routledge.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

ON the 30th *June*, 1855, it is intended to publish the *First Number* of "**THE NATIONAL REVIEW**," a new **QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL LITERATURE, POLITICS, and SOCIAL and RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY.**

In originating such a Periodical the Conductors believe that they will supply a want long recognised, and every day more urgently felt by thousands of their thoughtful countrymen, who are unable to identify themselves with any one of the acknowledged parties in Church or State. It appears to us that there is no party, ecclesiastical or political, that is not manifestly embarrassed rather than sustained by its own watchwords and traditions. The established and conventional formulas of thought are confessedly inadequate to express the actual convictions of the time; and, though often liberally interpreted or questionably stretched to embrace the new conditions, this very accommodation virtually surrenders their essential life, and confesses the presence of younger energies and aspirations, which claim independent and original expression.

The effects of this have naturally been unfavourable to periodical literature. We are far from denying the excellent tone, taste, and temper, the great information, the high and available literary talent which characterize many of our leading periodicals: but we believe they suffer from the state of the parties of which they are the organs—they are marked by a want of steady adherence to ascertained principle, of coherent and strict deductions, of defined and searching discussion.

On religious subjects especially we think it painfully evident, that there is not at present in this country any adequate organ for

the expression and instruction of the many minds which are trying to combine with a habit of free enquiry, the faithful adherence to realized and definite truth. The very aim at comprehensive principles is not recognised in most quarters; and in others the feeling of reverence, and the real existence of objects for reverence, seem to be altogether disregarded.

The selection of our name is no accident. Having a rooted faith in all *indigenous* products of thought and feeling, we conceive that too foreign a cast has been imparted to the character of our Christianity by the historical accidents of its introduction into this country. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism is the growth of English soil; and probably not till Christian truth has shaped itself afresh under the home conditions of affection and character, will the religious *malaise* of our society cease. The NATIONAL REVIEW will interpret, it is believed, the deliberate faith of most cultivated English laymen, however now scattered among different churches,—a faith that fears no reality, and will permanently endure no fiction. No one who recognises in Historic Christianity God's highest witness and revelation, can suppose that the world and the human mind are, or ever were, abandoned by their Divine and living guide; and we believe that to ignore or to disown the traces of His agency in the excellence and truth of every age, is not piety, but treason to His spirit. To preserve, in our treatment of philosophical or historical theology, the tone of reverence which is due to the earnest convictions of others, will be to us no artificial self-restraint, but the expression of natural disposition. With two things only, in this relation, we profess to keep no terms—the conceited Indifferentism, which, as its humour changes, pets or persecutes all faiths alike; and the insolent Dogmatism which treats eternal truth as a private and exclusive property. Believing that in this country, amid all the clamour of sects, the Religion of widest range and deepest seat is as yet without a voice or name, we aspire, in this department of our work, to help it into adequate expression.

As Englishmen, we place unbounded confidence in the bases of English character,—its moderation and veracity; its firm hold on reality; its reverence for law and right; its historical tenacity; its aversion to *à priori* politics, and to revolutions generated out of speculative data.

We think, however, that even here there is room for a more constant reference to general principle than is now usual in this country. Many of our most influential organs seem to us to wander into discussions of business and detail, which may be useful in the narrow circles of official and merely political society, but are scarcely suited to the perusal of thoughtful and able men in the country at large, whose occupations prevent their following the minutiae of transitory discussion, but who wish to be guided to general conclusions on important topics, and whose incalculable influence on public opinion makes it most important to give them the means of arriving at just conclusions.

We conceive the office of theory in such matters not to be, as was once thought, the elaborate construction of paper constitutions for all ages and all countries; but rather to ascertain and clearly define the conditions under which the various national characters and institutions have developed themselves; and to deduce, if possible, with fulness and sequence the rationale of the suitableness of each polity to its appropriate nation. We would neither confine our political sympathies at home, nor carry our political doctrines ruthlessly and indiscriminately abroad. We feel no vocation for any sort of cosmopolitan propagandism, which would merge the distinctions of Race in the common features of Humanity; and would assume that what is good for us must be good for all, without regard to intrinsic character or historic antecedents. But we *do* acknowledge and will enforce those mutual claims of sympathy and duty between nations which no division of the great human family can guiltlessly evade, believing that the virtue and well-being of States is forfeited, not fostered, by selfish exclusiveness, as surely as the egotist, most studious of his own happiness, finds it soonest waste away. The present exciting crisis may not be the most favourable for the prosecution of internal reforms; but the prospect of European danger, and the appeal to all classes for noble sacrifices, which have done so much to sweep away the dissensions of sect and party, and to make the whole Empire conscious once more of the pulsation of a common heart, have, we think, created a conjuncture pre-eminently favourable to the ripening of national sentiment, and the abatement of artificial divisions; and a survey of our institutions and relations, while the dominant temper is thus genial and generous, may prepare a body of opinion uncorrupted by narrow prejudices or selfish claims.

For the working classes we confidently anticipate a social condition far in advance of their present state; we have earnestly at heart the people's happiness and the people's elevation; but we shall not allow our warm sympathies and earnest wishes in this direction to betray us into any faithless compromise of the principles of economic science.

Our object in literature will be analogous to our aim in politics. We wish as before to secure a more constant reference to ascertained principle than we think is now common; but, at the same time, we shall not try to apply arbitrary canons to all writers and all ages, but rather to examine and describe the real features of great literary nations and writers, and explain the manner in which the genius and circumstances of each have influenced the works they have bequeathed to us.

In two points, moreover, it will be our endeavour to avoid errors which have been much and justly complained of in the conduct of other Quarterly Organs. We purpose to study brevity on all topics which will not justify length—and to give to the lighter departments of Literature that share to which they are fairly entitled in a periodical which aspires to please and aid the general reader, as well as to interest the studious one.

Like most other Quarterly Journals, the "NATIONAL REVIEW" will not be able to find room for more than a selection from the works which from time to time appear. We must endeavour to excel by making that selection judicious. We shall, however, endeavour to give a systematic summary of the new publications on topics insufficiently noticed by the daily and weekly journals—especially Theology and Mental and Political Philosophy. We shall likewise give a list of the books appearing in each quarter which seem suitable for reading Societies, and are most likely to interest the general reader.

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CONTAINING A SYSTEMATIC
COURSE OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

THE want of suitable manuals and an outline of connected and systematic instruction in the first principles of Religion, and of Biblical and Christian knowledge, has been long and painfully experienced by ministers of religion, and by teachers in Sunday Schools. The elementary works which are generally in use, not to insist on objections to the form in which nearly all of them have been framed, apply rather to the wants of the past, than to those of the present generation, and hardly in a single instance are brought up to the standard of existing knowledge and actual conviction; indeed, it would not be too much to say that, on some subjects, no book exists. Thus in many cases, it is believed, one of the most important functions of the Christian School and Church, that of the religious training of the young, if not wholly neglected, is at least very inadequately discharged, from the want of suitable materials and helps for many minds that are quite willing to undertake it. Our Transatlantic brethren, with characteristic energy and zeal, have forestalled us in this good work, in the publication, by a union of ministers, of a connected series of elementary works for catechetical instruction. The general conception of this series is excellent; many parts of it are well executed; and throughout it abounds with valuable suggestions and materials, which no one who should propose to execute a similar work, could overlook without damage to the complete fulfilment of his design. Nevertheless, every country, every condition of society, has some wants, peculiarly its own; and therefore in adopting the idea, and working out the plan, and profiting by many of the materials of the American series, we mean no disparagement to the labours of our brethren in the New World, when we declare our belief, that with reference to the requirements of our own Schools and Churches, a better and more complete work might be produced by a due distribution of labour among ourselves.

With these views an effort is now being made by a Committee of Ministers and Sunday School Teachers, to secure the production and publication of such a course of instruction. The object is to produce a series of manuals, which, besides furnishing instructions in the principles and practice of religion, shall also afford directions and aids for the use, not only of the manuals themselves, but also of the books of scripture; the whole course being distributed into a number of sections. Such a course will be intended to furnish rather a guide for the mind of the Teacher, than matter to be literally committed to memory by the young. It will also point out the order in which the different subjects of instruction can with most advantage be successively taken up. Previous to each lesson, the Teacher should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the matter which is to be the subject of it, not merely as contained in the book itself, but as digested in his own reflections, or

enriched by his own reading and inquiry, for pursuing which, it is intended, that sufficient references to the best sources of information should be given. So that instead of having questions technically framed, to be put in the same form in every instance, the Teacher will be assisted to adapt his questions specially, upon the matter before him, to the disposition, feeling, knowledge, and capacity of the catechumen. The exercise should not be one of simple memory, which may be conducted without any effort or interest on the part of the Teacher, or any improvement or advantage to the child; but the living, active heart and mind of the one should be brought to bear on the living sympathy and susceptibility of the other. For the object of such a course is not exclusively or even principally, to impart knowledge, but to awaken sentiment, and cultivate belief—to educate in fact, a religious frame and temper of mind—and to furnish such knowledge as can be embraced by the memory, mainly as a foundation of clear and positive ideas for the support and nutriment of the higher spiritual principles.

In such a series of works, it is thought desirable to keep as much as possible to what is now universally admitted by writers of the highest authority, and to exclude doubtful and controverted matter. Many even of our recent elementary works use little discrimination in this respect, and are quite below the present standard of religious and Biblical knowledge. They overstate their case; and being written too much in the spirit of advocacy, they sow the seeds of future doubt. It is well that young people should have as little as possible to unlearn, when they begin to read and think for themselves; for the process of unlearning what was learned in childhood and youth, weakens for the time the authority even of fundamental truths. Happily the things that are of the most importance, are the most certain, and the least exposed to the questionings of different schools and sects; such as the truths of a living God, a providence, a moral government, a future life, the great evil and misery of sin, the indispensableness of a pure and loving heart and a holy life to inward peace and the Divine blessing; the great historical facts, and the great monotheistic doctrines of the Old and New Testaments; the mission, teaching, character, and fate of Jesus Christ. These appear to be the matters which should be comprised within the range of catechetical instruction; speculation and controversy belong to a riper age; and if these matters be from the first intimately associated with deep religious feeling, with genuine reverence and tenderness of mind, with a strong sense of their bearing on human conduct and happiness, and the true interpretation of life, the most effectual provision will be made for encountering safely, and solving practically, at a more advanced period, the more difficult questions which will probably suggest themselves sooner or later, to all thoughtful and inquisitive minds, but which childhood and youth should be taught to regard it as their duty reverentially to postpone till they have knowledge enough, and mental strength and security enough, to find their way through them, and turn them to some practical use.

The following works will be included in the series:—

1. A book of elementary instruction, intended to impart, or rather to awaken and draw out the first principles of religious belief and doctrinal sentiment. To each of the simple propositions constituting the matter of this first book, and stating and evolving, one after the other, the elementary truths which lie at the foundation of a religious life, appropriate passages from Scripture, and beautiful extracts of religious poetry will be appended, to be committed to memory. When the sense and feeling of a God—a living, conscious, sympathising, universal Spirit—has been once awakened, and has become a fundamental sentiment and conviction of the soul, the subsequent evolution and development of religion will be a comparatively easy task. But it will probably be found, that all young minds cannot be treated in the same way; and provision will be made in this elementary book for points of access to them from different sides. As the reasoning or imaginative faculty predominates in the child's mind; as it is imbued with strong sensibility, or is dry, acute, and logical; as it shows quick observation of outward objects, or is prone to inward reflection—a different discipline will be needed to produce a deep and healthy impression; for the religious susceptibility not only exists in various degrees of intensity in different minds, but is greatly modified in its character by the diversities of temperament just alluded to. The best plan will be to offer a few pregnant hints and leading directions, exhibiting the subject on all its sides, and

leave a large discretion to the judgment and feeling of the individual Teacher. A copious supply of the most solemn and touching passages of Scripture, with extracts from the most beautiful and striking hymns, will prove his best aids, and most effectual instruments.

2. The second section will contain a simple Life of Christ, told in the simplest language—assigning it its place in the general history of the world, and illustrated by so much of the geography of Palestine, with the aid of a good map, and if possible of some accurate sketches, taken on the spot, as would enable the mind to realize to itself the early home of Jesus, and the scenes of his ministry. Into this narrative the most beautiful and practical of his parables and discourses, and the description of the most beneficent of his miracles, will be interwoven in the very words of Scripture for the purpose of being committed to memory, with extracts from hymns allusive to events in our Lord's Ministry. The spiritual end for which Christ came into the world, to turn men from wickedness, to assure them of God's mercy and love, and to prepare them for the kingdom of Heaven, should be kept in view throughout this narrative, above every doctrinal or speculative consideration, and impressed on the child's heart and conscience and imagination, as constituting the great truth of Christianity. When this narrative has been once gone through, the gospel of Mark—the shortest and most picturesque of all the gospels—might perhaps be read entire with the class, accompanied by short explanations of words, allusions, &c.—passages of the gospel, with extracts from hymns, again being committed to memory. The principal events and incidents of Christ's ministry, and the most striking features of his character and teaching, cannot be too strongly impressed on the young mind.

3. The third section will treat of Palestine and its history—physical geography, climate and natural productions, with collateral notices of Egypt, Arabia, Babylonia, Assyria, Syria, and Phœnicia. Earliest inhabitants of Palestine, different races—outlines of patriarchal history—Moses—conquest of Palestine—heroic and kingly times (progressive geography, distribution of the tribes) division of kingdoms—collateral notices of Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian history—Jewish history—Greek kings of Egypt and Syria—rise of Jewish sects—Rabbis—Roman dominion—capture of Jerusalem—conquest of Palestine. Great simplicity and clearness of style will be studied in this book, and only so much matter introduced into it, as it is necessary for children to know, in order to understand the Bible. Chronology and progressive geography should accompany it throughout, and the most important dates be committed to memory.

4. In the fourth section of this course, the learner should be introduced to a somewhat fuller acquaintance with Hebrew literature. This will be given in a small volume of extracts in two parts; the first containing the most graphic and edifying narratives of the historical books, such as passages from the life of Abraham, the story of Joseph, the Exodus, and the entrance into Canaan—the life of David—of Ruth—of Saul—Jonathan—Hezekiah—Isaiah—Ezekiel, &c., &c. In these narratives the attention of the child should be constantly drawn to the indirect illustrations they afford of the character and moral government of God. They are well fitted, from their antique and picturesque simplicity, to act beneficially on the imagination, and cultivate the religious taste of a child, and to familiarise it with the imagery on which so much of our best religious poetry is founded. The second part will consist of extracts from the poetry of the Old Testament, the odes and elegies which are interspersed up and down the historical books, but especially of selections from Job, the Psalms, and the Prophets, the finest passages should be committed to memory, together with Christian hymns and portions of religious poetry allusive to the great events recorded in the Bible. In both parts of this volume, such information will be added respecting the age, authorship, contents, style, &c. of the several books from which the extracts are taken, as will make it answer the purpose of an introduction to the Bible.

5. Moral and religious views of nature and man. This is intended to excite attention to the more striking facts of external nature, and of our own organization, as shewn by observation, or unfolded by science, and to take advantage of the interest which such facts always excite in the young, to cultivate a refining taste for the beautiful, and to nurture the religious feelings.

6. In the sixth section, the Gospel of Luke, (with notice of parallel passages in Matthew and Mark) and the book of Acts, should be read continuously, as two parts of one work, constituting the first and second chapters of the great general history of Christianity. A good practical commentary on Luke and Acts (as one work) will be prepared, to assist the teacher in conducting his class. A second part of the same section will be the Gospel of John, with an introduction explaining its object and character, and its relation to the three earlier gospels,—an epistle of Paul, with a similar introduction on the characteristic principles of his theology,—Epistle to the Hebrews,—Epistle of James, 1st of Peter, and 1st of John, with similar introductions. These parts of Scripture to be read and explained to the class, with free conversation on the difficult passages.

7. A brief outline of Christian doctrine and Christian ethics, as deducible from the New Testament; noticing the modifications observable in the different writers; including a sketch of Christian evidences.

8. Outlines of the history of Christianity, with especial reference to the state of manners and the progress of opinion; and sketches of the most eminent Christian characters; the latter part particularly devoted to the Ecclesiastical History of England, the rise and growth of Nonconformity, relations of the Church and the Dissenters, eras in the development of religious freedom, with notice of the most important Acts of Parliament for the security of religious rights; the whole largely interspersed with biographical notices of great and good men.

9. Nature and constitution of a Christian Church,—different theories,—first principles,—the significance, obligation, and spiritual value of Christian ordinances.

For the preparation of the books to be included in this Course, a general and central Committee has been formed to regulate and conduct the whole undertaking; the execution of the particular work belonging to each section of the Course will be entrusted to one individual, or at most two, while to each section a small sub-committee of men whose pursuits and habits of thought lie in the same direction, will be attached, for the revival of the work belonging to that section. Lastly, with a view to secure a general uniformity of principle and execution to the whole undertaking, the work of each section, after revision by the sub-committee of that section, will be submitted for approval to the general Committee.

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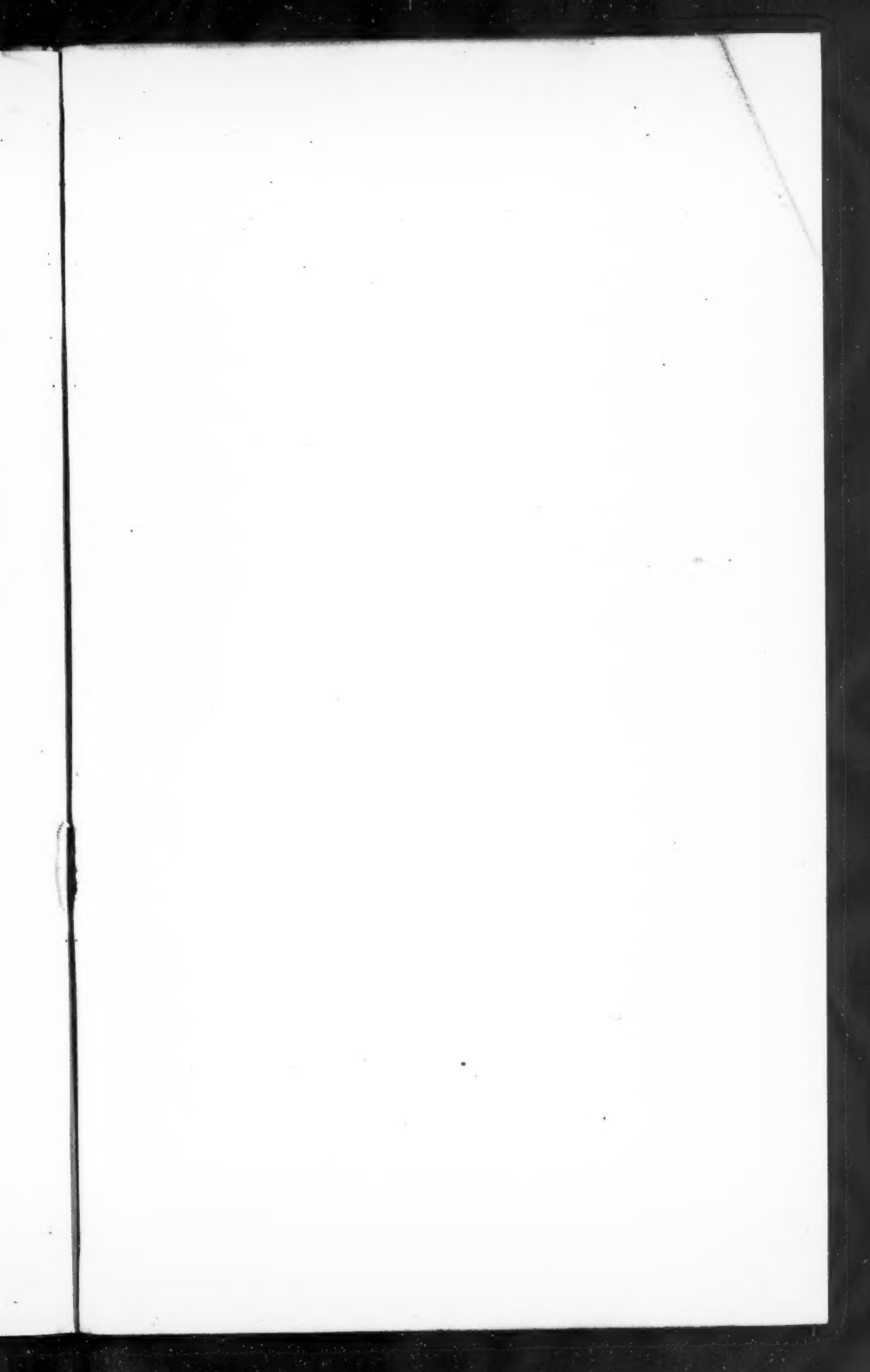
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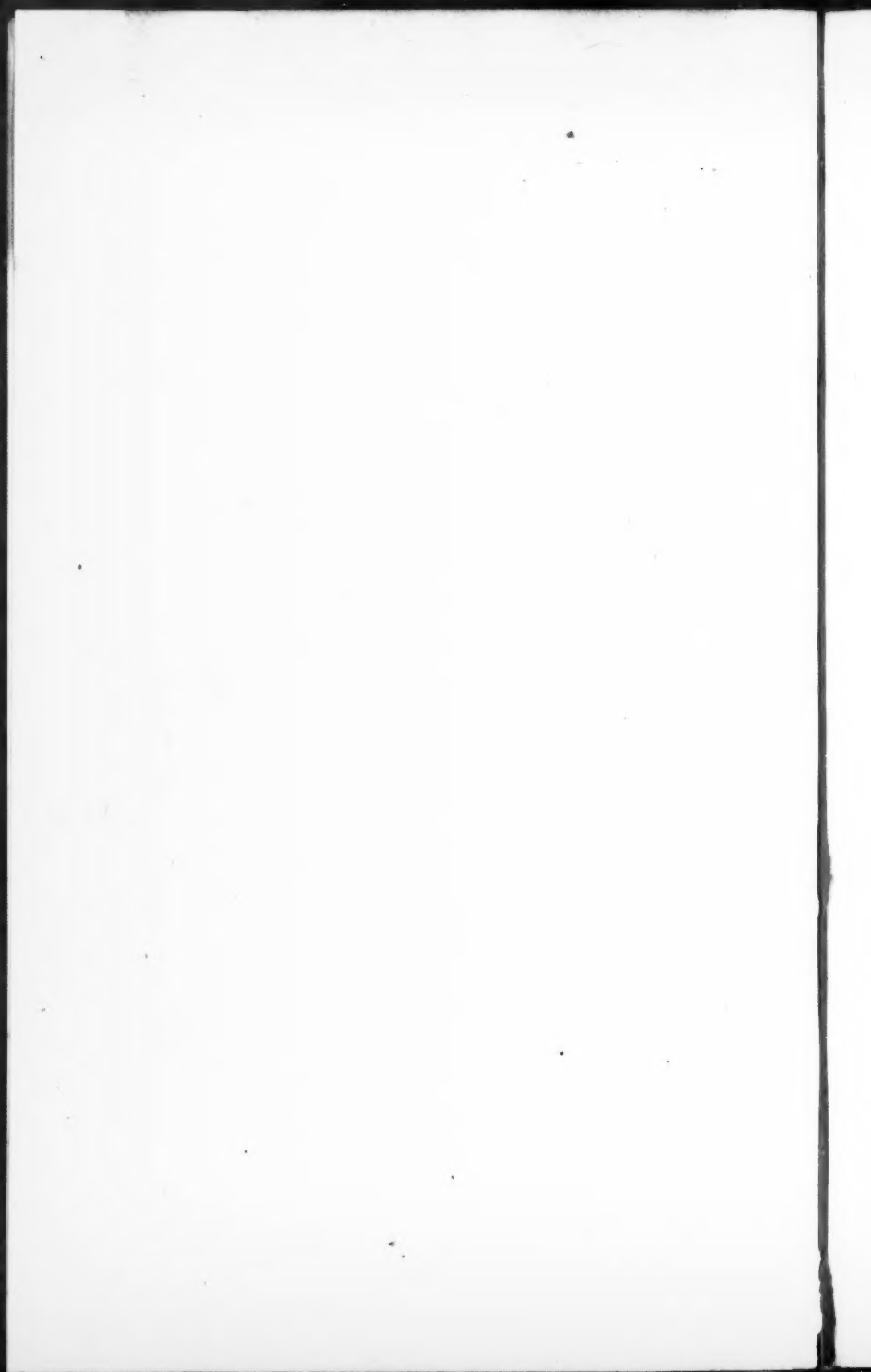
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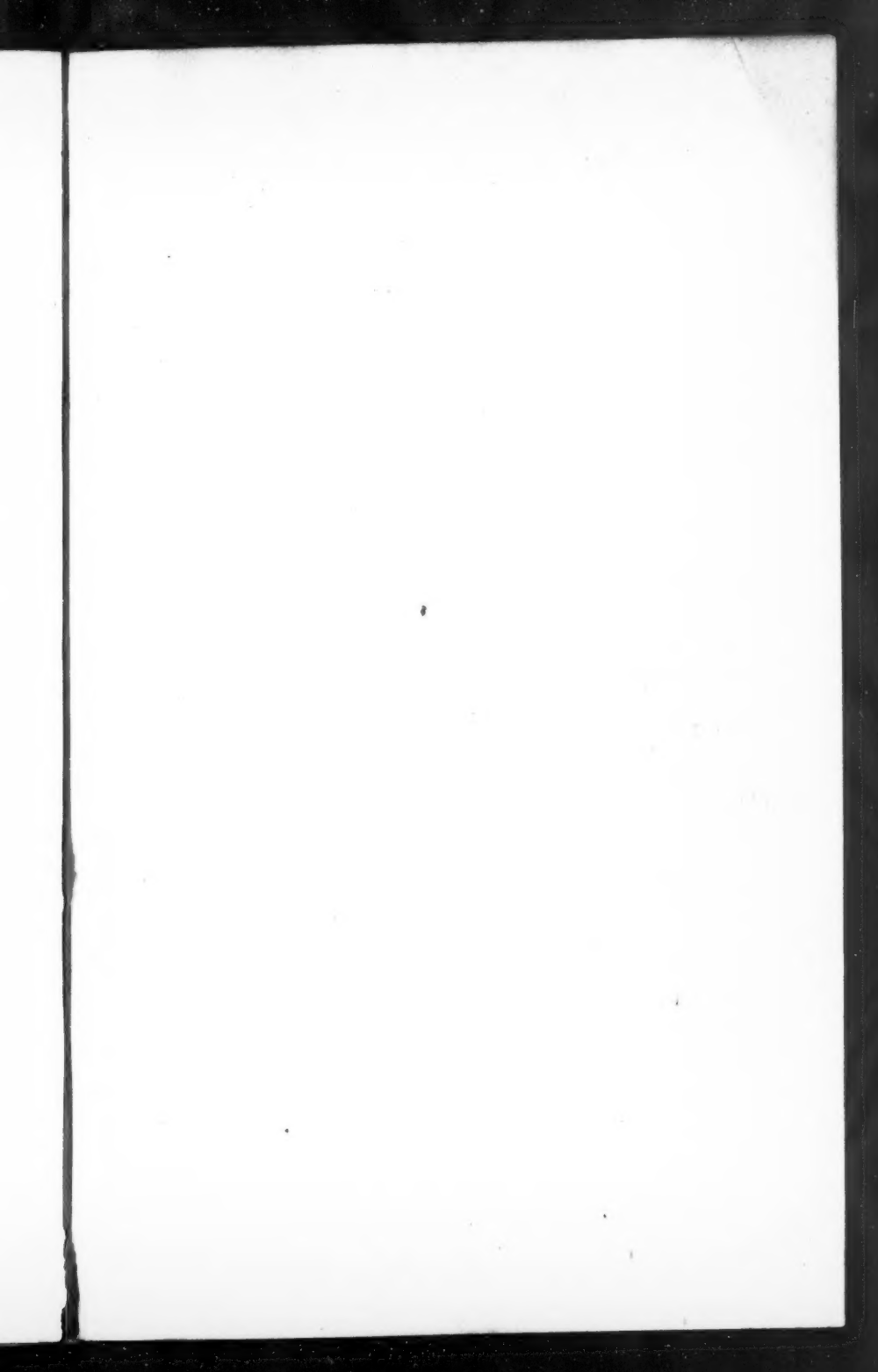
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